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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 15, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 7

HELPING HAND IN SICKNESS

THE Commonwealth Medical Benefits Scheme can only be welcomed as a contribution to the welfare of all Australians.

Its broad effect will be an added security against the worry caused by the fear of illness.

This burden of worry falls hard on the breadwinner, especially on the man or woman with dependents and whose own health is his or her greatest asset.

"If I should get ill what would happen to my wife and children?" is a nightmare that recurs to every wage-earning father. "I must have an operation, but how can I afford it?" is a familiar cry.

The Medical Benefits Scheme will not end these worries, but it will help to ease them.

Looked at in detail, it has obvious gaps and it has met with sharp criticism.

However, one heartening aspect is that it has included most of the best features of similar schemes operating in Britain, New Zealand, and the United States.

No doubt the Government, which has been imaginative enough to introduce it, will carry it through to its ultimate best by modifications and an even greater widening of its scope.

Many women tend to skip the details of published reports of Government measures.

But this scheme is one news item that should be studied and checked at every point. It affects the health and happiness of every individual, and its benefits are for everybody.

Our cover:

Our cover this week almost speaks for itself. It's an old—but always new in its appeal—situation: a man and his dog, with the dog, by his gentle, pleading insistence, being master to the master.

This week:

Alice Springs has an average rainfall of nearly 10 inches a year. When our staff reporter Joyce Bowden and photographer Ron Berg visited there recently to get the story and pictures on Pop Chapman (pages 24-25) three inches fell in eight days. They spent a certain amount of time listening to rain on the iron roof of their hotel—a tourist camp—and reading fiction till the weather cleared. None of the fiction, however, proved any more entertaining than the real life story of Pop, who, incidentally, doesn't let a little thing like wet weather bother him.

In the dry weather, the Todd River, which lies between his house and Alice Springs, is just a sandy depression in the terrain. But during the wet it swells to flood height, in the manner of so many Australian waterways. To get across, Pop Chapman simply swims it.

Next week:

Next week we have a special handicrafts section, and in it you will find some of the loveliest lampshade designs you could wish for. Most of these were dreamed up, and then made, by our fashion artist Rene, who is an extremely clever needlewoman as well as designer. The photographs (nearly all in color) of the shades will inspire you to go and do likewise. This you will be able to do, because there are full instructions on making each one. The shades which Rene did not create herself, she designed in collaboration with Eve Gye, our homemaker editor. Eve saw some striking shades in the Scandinavian countries during her trip abroad last year, and the best of these she described in detail to Rene. Also in the handicrafts section you will find ways to use rope for hearthrugs and bookshelves; and how to make Swedish shelves.

Two character novels—and both entertaining

Book reviews by
GEORGINA MORLEY

HERO of Mabel Seeley's "The Stranger Beside Me" is Carl Reiss, one of those tormented souls whose super-sensitiveness, driving ambition, and search for perfection are in constant conflict with the steady, simple side of his character.

When Carl joins Truro's department store at the age of 16 he sets himself a goal—one of the top jobs in the store.

He knows he will have to clear sundry hurdles on his way to the top, but does not foresee some of the man-made pitfalls.

His tenacious climb, his inability to enjoy the good things which come his way, including the love of a devoted, intelligent wife, and his alternate successes and failures form the main theme of an entertaining story.

Miss Seeley is a good storyteller. She introduces and probes each character thoroughly and with sound commonsense.

With her undoubted ability, it is unnecessary for her to resort to the style currently popular with a number of American writers—that of shooting at readers the characters' disjointed thoughts. Fortunately, in "The Stranger Beside Me" this style does not get the upper hand, though it is, at times, an irritating trait in a straight-forward story.

Published by Shakespeare Head Press, Sydney.

BRITISH writer Norah Hoult has turned out a very human story in her "Sister Mavis", an unpretentious novel which revolves round a type of woman who walks an extremely worthwhile but often unappreciated path through life.

Mavis Morgan is a Methodist deaconess in a London slum area. Once attractive, now in poor health, and getting fat, she is a woman who has known happiness, disappointment, and temptation.

She is essentially a giver. She is fastidious, but works uncomplainingly amidst poverty; she loves laughter, but spends her days listening to an endless recital of aches and pains.

The stream of people who seek help from her are an interesting collection. Some are amusing, others pathetic.

There are the righteous and the humble, the hypocritical and the sincere, the persistently morbid and the witty, the professional charity seekers and those acutely in need of aid.

Sister Mavis does her best for them all—for Mrs. Ferris, the blowsy, deserted wife who names her baby after Rita Hayworth; Tom Medways, the unhappily married man who falls in love with Mavis; the sanctimonious but thoroughly dishonest Mrs. Minter; the peroxide Doris, who deserts the road to the gutter for one which leads to a contented life.

Norah Hoult does not attempt to preach a moral in her book—she simply tells a story.

Published by William Heinemann Ltd., London.

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YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE

BY
DUDLEY HOYS
ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

DESPITE her look of calm poise, Helen felt a little nervous. She walked rather slowly along the quietness of Imperial Street, found number twelve, and studied the names on the long brass tablet: Land and Finance Limited was on the second floor.

A twist of distaste curved her lips. She hesitated, went up the two flights of stairs, and opened a door marked Inquiries.

The girl who got up from a typewriter and came across to her had a perky, intelligent face. The exaggerated wave of her hair and her cheap pearl earrings contrasted oddly against the severe background of the office.

"Yes?"

"Could I see Mr. Daniel Moss, please?"

"Got an appointment?"

Helen gave her a disarmingly apologetic smile. "I'm afraid I haven't."

That smile thawed Dot Clark. She said amiably: "Well, as a matter of fact, he isn't in." And she went on surveying Helen with a kind of frank wonder. She had seen all sorts and conditions of clients here, but never anybody like this.

Here, she told herself, was the real thing. You never bumped into it outside the photos in expensive magazines. The costume wasn't extravagant, but just quietly perfect. The girl wasn't exactly pretty, and yet she had the charm that made you think of a nice princess.

Helen said: "Of course, I ought to have phoned."

"Would you like to see Mr. Ned? He's the partner," added Dot, in response to the raised brows.

"Thank you. Yes, I would."

"Your name, please?"

"Miss Ashburn."

"Won't be a tick," said Dot, and went away. Helen waited, trying to picture Mr. Ned. Heavy, middle-aged, and hard, she decided. The prospect of asking a big favor of him was decidedly unpleasant.

"This way, please." Dot led the way to an inner room, tapped at a door, opened it, and gave her a side-long admiring glance as she steered her through.

The man who rose from the chair was not heavy, or middle-aged, or hard. He might have been thirty. He had a slim figure, a trifle spoiled by a suit of loud tweed with the shoulders over-padded. His long upper lip gave him shrewdness. As a contrast, his eyes were big and grey and remarkably boyish. She took to him in the instant.

He said: "Are you Colonel Ashburn's daughter?"

"Yes."

"I'm Dan Moss' son." He took her hand and shook it, and held it. His admiration, tinged with reverence, was so patent it was impossible to be annoyed.

She smiled and said: "I'm over

To page 53

Helen said: "Let me introduce you. This is Gerry Selford — Ned Moss."

When he met Helen he discovered that money meant nothing at all....



Signs of Spring

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Concluding our three-part serial
by **NIGEL BALCHIN** ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

LANG'S, big engineering works, appears to the outsider as the perfect example of a modern business, impersonal and efficient. But egoism, ambition, frustration, greed, loneliness, and hate dominate the lives of those who direct and work for it.

WALTER LANG, managing director, determined to gain control of the works, tries to buy out the shares left by his half-brother, **GUSTAVUS**. When senior director **HENRY SPELLMAN** refuses to sell to him, Walter makes a secret deal with **SIR FRANCIS PROUDFOOT**, head of another mammoth works. Sir Francis agrees to buy the shares himself and, between the two of them, they will have the controlling votes.

Walter, so engrossed, neglects his lonely daughter, **ROSAMUND**, who is having a clandestine love affair with **JACK PARTRIDGE**, a factory hand and former boy-friend of **HILDA PINNER**, who also works at Lang's. Hilda accuses handsome, philandering **LAWRENCE SPELLMAN** of having acted with unpleasant familiarity towards her in his car.

At the inquiry Lawrence denies her story and insists on seeing Hilda in front of the committee. **NOW READ ON.**

As soon as Rosamund saw the Hastings postmark she knew it was Jo Clay, and as soon as she remembered Jo Clay she thought of the plan. Lang was out to dinner, and she ate sandwiches and an orange and thought about it, so that by the time he came home it was complete in every detail. She made him a last cup of tea and while he was drinking it she said casually: "I had a letter from Jo Clay this morning."

Lang said: "Jo Clay? Oh, yes, Jo Clay."

"She wants to know if I'll go and stay with them."

"Oh," said Lang, without enthusiasm. He always hated her to go away. "I can't remember where they live. Brighton or some seaside place, isn't it?"

"Near Hastings."

"Well, why shouldn't you?" said Lang heavily. "Good for you."

"Would you mind being left? It would only be for a fortnight or so."

"Of course not, darling. When?"

"I'm not quite sure. Probably some time next month." Jack had grumbled about it—about having to take his holiday so early. But he hadn't told her the date.

Lang said: "Well, that's all right, darling. Time you had a change."

Jack seemed rather dubious about it and she was hurt and said: "Well, of course, we don't have to do it if you don't want to. I only thought."

He said: "Of course I want to, Rosey. But—well—supposing your father was to ring them up and find you weren't there."

"He can't. They're not on the telephone. Anyhow, he wouldn't. He never telephones or writes when I'm away." Rosamund gave a slightly hysterical giggle. "We could go to Eastbourne or somewhere and I could get myself a cheap wedding ring and we could be Mr. and Mrs. Shoborn or something."

"You are a little devil, aren't you?" he said with a grim smile. He thought for a while and said: "Anyhow, I don't see why I shouldn't come down that way if you're going to be there."

"You see I could really go and stay with Jo. For a few days, and perhaps go there again at the end, so that if he ever did happen to ask, I should have been there. And you could either stay in Hastings or one of the other places along the coast. There are lots of smaller places around there, and I could drive down so that we had the car

... They looked at each other for a moment in silence. "It would be awful fun," said Rosamund with a tentative grin.

Lawrence wasn't handcuffed to two policemen. He was just sitting there with his legs crossed smoking a cigarette. He stubbed it out as Miss Bell brought Hilda in.

Miss Bell said: "Mr. Lawrence wants to ask you some questions. Just sit down there and answer them, dear."

Lawrence leant forward and said quietly: "Hilda—I want you to look at me if you will." His eyes were grey and they had brown flecks in them, which was queer because she had thought his eyes were brown.

When she looked at him he didn't turn his eyes away or drop his head, but just went on looking for what seemed a long time without saying anything.

"Now," said Lawrence in the same gentle voice, "I want you to be sure that you understand what you're doing. You told your mother and you told Miss Bell that when I was taking you home in the car I said things to you and did things that were horrid for you and frightened you. That's what you told them, isn't it?"

She said: "Yes," soundlessly.

"Well, now, if people believe that, it will get me into a lot of trouble. It may even mean that I shall have to leave here, and leave my house and all sorts of things. Now I don't believe you want that to happen to me, do you?"

She gulped and said: "No."

"Then you must tell the truth and say it didn't happen. I know it's difficult when you've said it did. But you must be brave and tell the truth."

The grey eyes were very gentle and friendly. She was staring into them, and now she couldn't look away even if she wanted to. Everything was a muddle, and when he spoke again she wasn't listening and had to say: "Pardon?"

Lawrence said: "I said this story of yours isn't true, is it? Nothing like that happened in the car, did it?"

She hesitated and then her voice said: "Yes."

"Yes it did or yes it didn't?"

"Pardon?" she said helplessly.

He smiled at her and this time all his face smiled. "Listen, Hilda—I didn't touch you while we were in the car, did I?"

Her eyes filled with tears so that his face was a blur, but there was that other

inexpressible, indelible face turned to her as he drove the car. Her lips framed: "Yes."

Mr. North said: "I didn't catch that."

She turned away from the misty face at last and looked towards North and said: "Yes, sir. It did. Did happen. Like I said."

There was a long silence.

She looked back at Lawrence and then down at the floor. The grey eyes were no longer smiling. "Why are you telling this story?" he said slowly, without seeming to expect an answer. She said nothing and after a while Lawrence said in a different sort of voice: "When we got to Market Cross you got out and said: 'Thank you, didn't you?'"

"Yes."

"Why did you do that if I'd done horrid things to you?"

It was a muddle, and though her lips moved no sound came. "You went home and said nothing to anybody for nearly three days. Why was that?"

Miss Bell said: "It was because you didn't want to make trouble, wasn't it? And you thought your father—"

"Don't prompt her, please," said Lawrence curtly. "Let her answer."

Hilda nodded towards Miss Bell and said: "That's right, Miss Bell."

Lawrence said: "Then why, if you didn't want to cause trouble, did you go and tell your mother three days later?"

They were all looking at her and it had been going to Early Service and that smell that there was in St. Thomas', and the singing and saying her prayers, and she had felt bad and had to come out and cried and her mother knowing there was something.

But it was all a muddle and suddenly she felt loneliness and utter despair and she turned her head away and started to cry properly.

Miss Bell got up and said: "I don't think."

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders and sat back in his chair and said bitterly: "All right."

Mr. North said: "There's nothing else you want to ask her, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No, thank you," he said curtly.

She had to go past him as Miss Bell took her out, but he did not look at her.

Mr. North said: "Well, thank you, Mr. Lawrence. I don't think there's any more."

Miss Bell came back and said: "She's all right. Poor child. I really thought she did very well."

North took out his handkerchief, thought about it, blew his nose, and said: "I suppose the next thing is to decide on our views and prepare something for the Board."

Ryan lit his pipe and tossed the match-box on the table. "Well, you know what I think," he said decidedly. "And seeing them together hasn't altered it. I reckon he did it. I don't think the girl need have made a fuss. But I reckon she's telling the truth."

North nodded without comment and said: "Miss Bell?"

"Well, I don't like to say so, Mr. North, but I must say I rather agree with Mr. Ryan. I don't think she's made up a story like that—particularly what she told me about going to church and so on. And then the quotation. She couldn't have known that and he did."

"You," shouted Walter as Rosamund and Jack confronted him, "you young blackguard!"

Ryan: "Yes. He caught himself out there."

"I don't think I'm as certain about it as Mr. Ryan," said Miss Bell rather miserably. "But if I had to say what I thought—"

North tapped his dentures very gently with the end of his pencil. "Of course, there's no proof," he said, "not of the sort that would be accepted in a court of law."

He shook his head dubiously. "After all, the proper principle is that it's far better for a hundred guilty people to escape than for one to be wrongly convicted. And since the Board will presumably act on our findings—"

"But look here," said Ryan impatiently. "What are we really talking about? If we say we're doubtful and the Board lets him get away with it, there isn't a man or a woman in the factory who'll believe he didn't do it."

North said: "That's nothing to do with us. Our duty—"

"Maybe it isn't anything to do with us. But it's what matters." He shook his head and frowned. "By far the best thing would be if he resigned of his own accord. I don't see why he hasn't."

Miss Bell said: "That would practically be admitting it."

"Not necessarily. And it'd be the best way out for everybody."

North said: "Well, I certainly don't feel that we should be too—too positive in our findings."

"That's what I feel, Mr. Ryan," said Miss Bell. "It would be too awful if—"

"Well, we've got to say something, haven't we?"

Miss Bell said: "Couldn't we say that—that there's no proof, but that nothing we've heard shows the girl's story isn't true?"

"Something on those lines," said North. "Not proven, in fact."

"Yes. And leave it to the Board."

"But where does that get anybody?" said Ryan impatiently.

North said: "I don't think we need necessarily feel that we must get somewhere. After all—we might get

to the wrong place." He smiled with mild satisfaction. "Well, suppose I were to attempt to draft something on those lines and submit it to you . . .?"

There was a lot of traffic and it was seven o'clock before Laura reached home. Lawrence was sitting in the drawing-room with the drink tray beside him. He looked as though he had been there for some time, and the extra little shove that he gave himself as he rose confirmed it. He said: "Hallo, darling. Have a drink?"

Laura said: "Just a small one. Sorry I wasn't here when you got in."

"Oh, that's all right. I left my place of employment rather early this evening. I didn't feel much like trying to buy Walter leather washers to-night." He shook his head solemnly. "Not keen, young Spellman. No real interest in the job."

Laura sat down and lit a cigarette and said: "Well—how did it go?"

"The case of Regina v. Spellman? In the High Court of Justice, before North, J., Ryan J., and Bell, J.?"

Oh, it was a lovely three-ring circus. He waved a hand. "I had her in. I explained what it meant to me. I asked her point-blank to tell the truth—and she stuck to the story like a leech."

Laura said: "I always thought she would. What else could she do?"

Lawrence drew himself into a chair. "But it was a most extraordinary sensation, darling. I can't convey—" He shook his head. "I opened my eyes very wide. I spoke quietly and gently. With pathos. Definitely with pathos, as I sketched for her how she might be blighting my life. I even made touching references to my unborn children—"

"Darling—!"

Lawrence shook his head again and took a sip of his drink. "And that little so-and-so," he said moodily, "sat there staring at me with those big, innocent blue eyes full of tears, and said I was a liar. Honestly, there was a moment when I almost believed it myself."

Laura was looking at the end of her cigarette. "Do you think they believed her?"

"Heaven knows. I think I should have if I'd been in their place. But then I should probably have believed me, too. I was very sincere, darling. A most impressive witness. Quietly impressive." He smiled at his glass.

Laura said: "What happens now?"

"Lord knows. Presumably the

Royal Commission will report. Though what it's going to report that everybody didn't know before, I can't think. If it comes down to votes, my guess would be that Jim Ryan will be for me because we get on together, Miss Bell will be against me because she thinks young girls ought to be protected, and anyhow this girl goes to church. And North will sit on the fence, because that's his normal position."

Laura said: "I think some food would be a good thing."

Lawrence said: "You're a sweet person, darling, and I love you." He frowned. "Do you know what really surprises me about all this?"

"What?"

"That you believe me. I'd have bet a fiver you'd have said 'Of course he did it. He can never keep his hands off any pretty girl.'"

Laura kissed him. "I'm going to see about food . . ."

Lang turned over the sixth and last page of the document. "The matter therefore becomes one of judgment rather than of fact," it ran, "and the Committee does not

feel that it is within its province to express a positive opinion as to the relative truthfulness of the two parties, both of whom have been consistent in their opposing stories, where such an opinion is not supported by facts."

"It's only fair to Miss P. to say that nothing has emerged which suggests that she is not a witness of truth. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how Mr. L. S. could have disproved her story, were it untrue."

"The Committee therefore respectfully suggests that it is for the Board to decide whether a girl of excellent character would invent such a story, and would particularly draw attention, in this connection, to para. (3) (a)—where a quotation which she could hardly know and which she says was used, fits quite well with her story, but less with that of Mr. L. S."

"On the other hand, it is equally for the Board to decide whether one of its colleagues, whose qualities will be known even better to the Board than to the Committee, is likely

To page 42

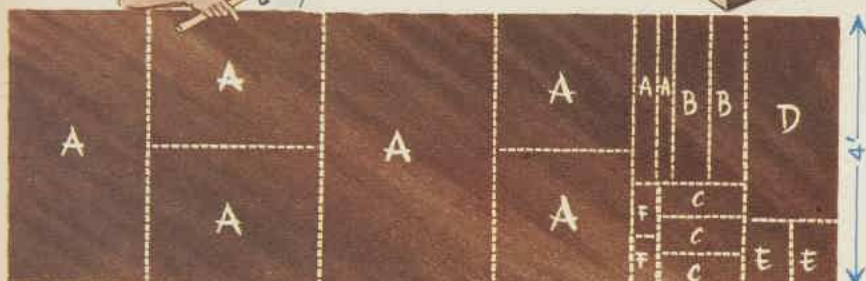
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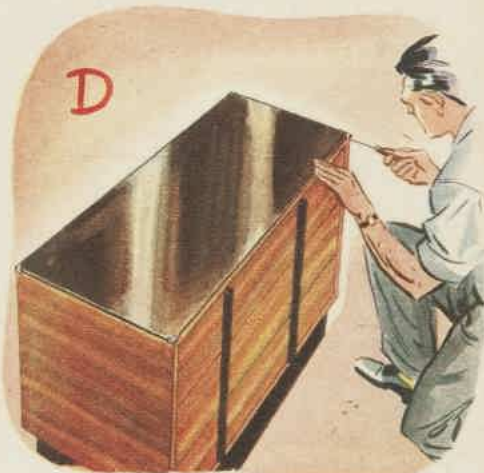
The illustrations on this page give some idea of the wide variety of useful and attractive additions to the home which *you* can make from a single sheet of Masonite. Extra-tough, steel-smooth Tempered Presdwood is the Masonite board best suited to most of the jobs shown here. It will stand up uncomplainingly and equally well to the hard wear of a table top, or a door kick-plate.



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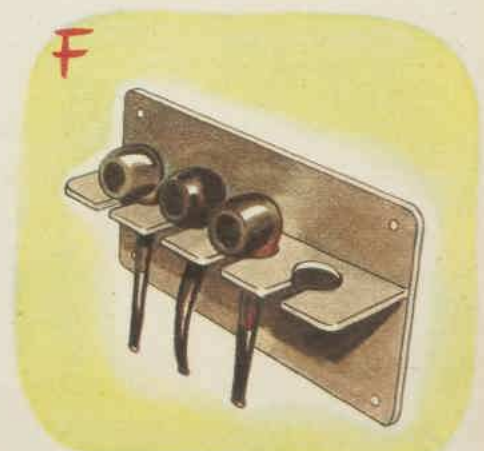
The way those deep wide drawers always get in a muddle is the bane of mother's life. Adjustable Masonite divisions are easily fitted—a simple way to restore order permanently.



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Together they saw the town
and Lyn never once let him
guess she was just a quiet
country girl.

ROUNDABOUT TO ROMANCE

FOR a few moments Lynette was afraid that her mother would not allow her to go; Ellen Wingate was staring disapprovingly at Aunt Sue's letter.

Ellen had grave doubts as to whether her sister's sense of responsibility was such that she should entrust a girl of Lynette's nineteen years to her care in the city.

"I can't imagine that Susan wants to be bothered with you, but would you really want to go?"

"Oh, Mummy, it'd be—wonderful. Theatres! The ballet! And—"

Ellen's grey eyes betrayed disappointment. "It means you'll miss the Golf Ball. Mrs. Chalmers was telling me she had invited her nephew down, so that he'd be here for it. Such a nice young man, I believe. I was— But there! If your father raises no objection, you may go to Susan for a month."

Lynette's spirits soared. She thought that Aunt Sue was the best of sports; there had not been the vaguest hint in her letter that the invitation was the result of a secret appeal from Lynette herself.

"A girl just had to do something," Lynette told herself in justification. "I'm sure Mummy means well, but—"

Ellen did mean well. She felt it her duty to ensure that her daughter contracted as suitable and happy a marriage as she, herself, had done, but she failed to realise that times had changed, even in Bankhurst, though it was three hundred miles from Sydney.

Given reasonable freedom, an attractive girl, such as Lynette, would have gathered a circle of suitable young men, but the mother's restrictions were so irksome that nothing more than mere social acquaintance had developed.

But something more had developed in Lynette! She resented the regimentation of male friends, and she had developed a violent prejudice against any local boy who found favor in her mother's eyes.

Her pet aversion for the past six months had been Mrs. Chalmers'

nephew. His name may have been mentioned, but, if so, Lynette failed to recall it.

"My nephew from Kootong Station, you know. I must ask him down to meet you, Lynette, dear. He's such a nice boy."

He might have been that, and more, but Lynette had grown to detest him, and, when faced with the inevitable meeting at the coming Golf Ball, had, for the first time, resorted to mild deception.

"Aunt Sue did tell me to let her know if I was in a jam, and I was." She became introspective. "I'm beginning to understand why she gave Bankhurst away so long ago. Mother must have tried to marry her off, too."

Lynette's supposition was correct. Susan was eighteen years younger than her sister, and only eleven years older than Lynette. To Ellen, Susan had seemed more like a daughter.

A divan in an alcove off the lounge of Susan's small flat looked inviting, so Lynette was relieved when her aunt vetoed a show on her first night in Sydney.

"We'll do one to-morrow night, but I knew you'd be tired after your trip, pet, so I told Jack we'd give it a miss for the evening."

"Jack?" Lynette was intrigued. "Oh, Aunt Sue! A boy-friend?"

Susan laughed flatly. "They just haven't come my way, Lyn. We go out together when we can both spare the time. He's a very old friend, Jack Westbrook, if his name means anything to you."

It did not, but Lynette met him on the following day at lunch with Susan in the city. He impressed; he was certainly tall and handsome. She judged him to be nearly forty.

"A nice age for Aunt Sue," the girl made mental decision. "I wonder—"

Before the end of the lunch, she was certain that there was something between Susan and Westbrook, if

only because they were preserving a kind of armed neutrality; occasionally one or other dropped the guard in a way that spoke volumes to the romantic in Lynette. She was still intrigued by them when Jack's voice edged into her consciousness.

"This fits in well, Lyn. My nephew, Bill Westbrook, is having a vacation. He can show you the town."

Bill did show her the town—and the surrounding country—but it was obvious to her that she knew Sydney almost as well as he did; he seemed more familiar with Melbourne.

Some inexplicable sense of reticence kept each of them from talking about themselves; Lynette knew what it was in her case. She did not want Bill to think of her as a country girl.

The nephew was a younger edition of the uncle. He spoke intelligently on many subjects, but he could be as light-hearted and care-free as any mood in her demanded.

It did not occur to her to think of him as other than a man who lived and worked in the city.

At the end of ten days, Susan

saying Bill is a wolf. And don't go letting your hair down over the first nice boy you meet. Just what Ellen will say if I send you back looking like a lovesick goon, I don't know."

Susan made a joke about it, but she was secretly concerned; so much so that she spoke to Jack about it. He laughed so uproariously that Susan got huffy.

"It's all very well for you to laugh; you don't have to account to Ellen."

"Praise be!" He was serious in a moment. "If it hadn't been for well-meaning Ellen you might have married me ten years ago."

"Don't bring that up, Jack. You promised."

"Yes, I know. I promised I wouldn't ask you this year, and it's not over yet. But let the kids enjoy themselves, Sue. If you only knew it, it's the joke of the season, but I'm not letting you in on it yet."

She could get little from him but vague hints, but throughout the following two weeks he seemed full of suppressed amusement every time he saw Lynette and Bill together.

Susan felt relieved when the visit drew near to its end; she knew her niece was very much in love with Bill Westbrook.

"If you'll let me have your ticket, I'll get Jack to reserve your seat for Wednesday's train, Lyn, dear."

"Here it is," Lynette said dully; then, after a momentary hesitation: "Aunt Sue, couldn't I possibly stay? Couldn't I find something to do here in the city?"

Susan's eyes had hurt in them.

"That's not the way out, pet. At least, in my case, career and love didn't mix. I've a lot of faith in Jack's judgment; he says it's best for you to go back home. Haven't you and Bill got down to facing up to things yet?"

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "I just haven't plucked up courage to tell him I'm just a quiet country girl, and there's something

seems to be holding him back. I suppose he can see through me and wants a smart city lass for a wife."

"May be," Susan agreed non-committally. "Jack thinks it better for you to go. He says that, if Bill's worth anything, he'll find out where you've gone and go after you."

It was cold comfort, and neither Lynette nor Bill broached their real problem on their last evening together.

Susan's eyes were moist when the train was pulling out of the station. "I'm glad in a way that Bill couldn't come, but I wish there had been someone else in her compartment. She'll be miserable travelling all that way alone."

Jack smiled a slow smile of satisfaction. "She won't be. I might as well tell you the joke, Sue. Bill's joining the train at the first stop; he doesn't know it, but the seat next to Lyn's is reserved for him. If they can't straighten out their troubles on the trip to Bankhurst, they deserve to keep them as long as we have ours."

Susan held tight lips on that last for a moment, then: "I thought he was going back to Kootong Station."

"He is, but he's staying off with Esther in Bankhurst for a while first."

"Esther! Esther Chalmers! I forgot she was your sister, Jack. No wonder you thought it was a joke, but you might have told Lyn who was who right at the start."

Jack squeezed her arm. "Grow up, Sue. Each of them was scared the other would hate a country bumpkin, and they already hated each other by hearsay as it was. Besides, I promised Bill I wouldn't give him away."

"The one thing I don't like about you sometimes, Jack Westbrook, is the way you always keep promises."

Susan was looking at him, and her eyes were soft. He breathed deeply. "Well, I think Kootong is big enough to build another house on, Sue," he said slowly. "Will you?"

She would.

(Copyright)

Page 7

A short story complete on this page
By MAURICE MANNING

surprised her in pensive mood. She looked her inquiry.

Lynette hesitated, then: "Aunt Sue, you didn't tell Bill I come from Bankhurst, did you?"

"No, I don't think it was mentioned, even casually. But it's nothing to be ashamed of, is it?"

"Well, no, but—"

"But he's a nice boy—and still a boy at twenty-three." Susan smiled understandingly. "And you think he mightn't go on being interested in a little nippy from back of beyond. Is that it, pet?"

Lynette nodded, not trusting to her voice. Susan looked concerned. "You can't always judge a wolf by his pelt, Lyn, dear, though I'm not



An enchanting story of how a big city took an unofficial holiday.

By Joseph Graham

THE feeling of expectancy, the inward assurance that something good was about to happen came again and Dan Martin shrugged it off impatiently.

Nothing was going to happen. In less than two hours the other reporters would begin drifting out to a late supper and he'd go with them; probably over to Blaine's.

They'd stand at the bar for a few minutes, sipping a drink, talking aimlessly. Then they'd go to one of the tables in the rear and dine. After a while the weariness and tension would bleed out of them all, conversation would quicken, and the night would take on its familiar pattern.

Somewhere in the middle of it he'd think of Pamela and loneliness would come, stealing through the smoke and laughter to sit heavily on his shoulders.

He'd recall the few times he had seen her in the past four months, going over each encounter again and again, like a small boy polishing a skimpy hoard of marbles. It was never enough, not to make any kind of lasting impression. He could see that.

He had been covering ship news the day he first met her. He'd gone down the Bay in the early morning, prepared to do a routine story on the notables coming in.

The ship was being tugged into the wharf when he saw her on deck, alone by the rail. There was something about her air of casual gaiety, as though she were merely completing a ferry-boat trip, that intrigued him. He'd gone over, scenting a paragraph or two for his report.

She turned at his approach, looking at him with serene eyes that matched the coolness of the morning sky over New York. She was quite lovely and, unexpectedly, he stammered as he introduced himself and asked for an interview.

"If you wish," she said in a soft, pleasant voice. Then she began to recite her

BROAD
HAST

The Perfect Day

story, simply, without self-consciousness.

Her name was Pamela Wynn. She was the daughter of a minor official in the consular service. Her mother had died when she was fifteen and she'd kept house for her father in half the capitals of South America. Recently her father had remarried and she'd decided to come to New York to live.

She had written to the States and there was a job waiting for her with a life insurance company; more important, a small apartment in the insurance company's housing development.

"Papa doesn't think it's a good idea, but I do." She laughed merrily and then glanced with undisguised curiosity at the meagre notes he'd scribbled on a piece of copy paper. "I'm afraid I haven't given you much news."

"It doesn't matter," he said. Impelled by a sudden desire to protect her gaiety against the dreary routine that awaited her on the wharf, he'd lingered, pointing out the harbor sights. When the ship berthed he phoned in his story and waited until she was through Customs. Then he hailed a cab and taxied her to her new home.

In little ways after that he had been as helpful as he could. Sometimes Pamela phoned him for advice about things that puzzled her; several times he'd taken her to a film and once to a concert.

One night they went to a Broadway play. Afterward they stopped off at Blaine's for a midnight supper. On the way home she talked charmingly about New York.

He found himself listening intently, chuckling, effortlessly capturing the light-heartedness that seemed to flow from her. The mean streets they

strolled began to recover a glamor long since lost for him; the whole city took on an unexplainable magic.

A week later the paper switched him back to general assignment. That meant his work-week included Saturday and Sunday; his work-day began in the afternoon and ended at eleven in the evening. It meant, too, that Pamela was effectively walled away from him. You couldn't ask a girl for a date at midnight.

To-night, suddenly, he hated the huge news-room with its row on row of desks, its chattering typewriters, its undercurrent of excitement. It was a prison, the source of his unrest.

The crowds in the streets below, moving homeward after their day's work, spelled out plainly what was wrong. It was odd how much the regularity of a nine-to-five job meant. When you didn't have those working hours you were shunted to a world apart; you were dependent on those you worked with for companionship.

Soon Pamela would drift away from him. She was developing other friends, other interests. Any chance that he might have had would shortly be ended.

A rasping cough sounded close to his ear and he glanced up, startled. Wolfe, the city editor, had come over and was standing at his desk, looking down at him.

"I hate to interrupt this day-dream," Wolfe said sharply, "but we have to get a newspaper out by morning." He laid a card file on the desk. "Ison's off sick to-day. I want you to do the weather story."

"Yes, sir," Dan said. Everyone said "sir" to Wolfe. He expected it.

"I want a humorous story," Wolfe directed. "Give it that light touch of yours." He mumbled his words so

that you had to hang on every one of them to understand.

Dan nodded, leaning forward, listening intently.

"Very bad weather this year," Wolfe said; "all the dreary spring rains." He shook his massive head sadly. "See what you can do, Dan. Get me a good, light story about tomorrow's weather."

"Yes, sir," Dan said again, and reached for the phone. The Weather Bureau's number was on the card Wolfe had put on his desk, and he dialled it.

Half turning, he watched the old man move back to his desk. The stern, wrinkled face under the close-cropped hair was granite hard. Wolfe was supposed to be the toughest city editor in the United States; some said the world.

"Weather Bureau," a voice announced over the phone.

"Mr. Shafer, please," Dan said, consulting the card. He pulled a stack

To page 10

People moved out to the parks, to the seashore, to country meadows.

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Continuing . . . The Perfect Day

from page 9

of copy paper closer and picked
up a pencil. He was alert as
the connection was made.

"Shafer," a voice said.
"This is Martin of 'The
Globe.' I'm doing the weather
story for to-morrow. Is the
report ready?"

"We've just finished it,"
Shafer said. "We've been check-
ing and rechecking." His voice
was excited. "I've never seen
anything like it! Not in all my
years with the Bureau."

"What's up? Anything
wrong?"

"Everything's right. That's
the strange part of it. To-mor-
row will be a perfect day! The
finest New York has ever seen.
We went over our charts again
and again. We've traced back
to 1871, the year the Bureau
was founded. The city never
had a finer day than to-mor-
row."

"Give it to me slowly," Dan
said soothingly, "the meteorolo-
gical part, I mean." He could
feel a creeping excitement
spreading through him. The
way he felt when a big story
was breaking. As Shafer dic-
tated, his mind began to puzzle
out a lead and a story angle.

"Temperatures will range
from the mid-seventies to the
low eighties," Shafer forecast.
"Night-time temperature will
be in the sixties. Relative
humidity will be low." The
report continued: "Skies will be
mostly clear. Clouds that
do develop during the after-
noon will be fleecy, white,
fair-weather cumulus. During
the early morning and evening
fair-weather detached cirrus
clouds will make the sunrise
and sunset very colorful."

"That's a perfect day!" Dan
couldn't keep the disappoint-
ment out of his voice. It should
have sounded more exciting.
"You'll see, to-morrow,"
Shafer said exultantly. "From
dusk to dusk it will be the
kind of a day people dream
about but never see this side
of Heaven. It's a shame they
have to go to work."

"Maybe they won't," Dan
said suddenly. "Why should
they?"
The enormity of the thought
stiffened him in his chair. After
a moment he realised the phone
was dead in his hands and he
hung up. Turning to his type-
writer, he fed paper into the
machine. Why shouldn't people
take the day off? A blizzard
could stop business. Maybe a
perfect day could, too.

Leaning forward, he relaxed
his fingers on the typewriter.
It was odd that he hadn't
noticed it before. There was a
heavy quality about the air
coming in through the open
window. You could detect its
effect on the crowds below shuf-
fling along Broadway. Their
movements were listless as they
filed reluctantly into the sub-
ways.

It was evident in the city
room where he sat. Reporters
who should have been bent over
typewriters in tense concentra-
tion were beginning to lounge
at desks or gather in small
groups, talking in low tones.
And the wonderful day was
still some hours away—two
great air masses forming a union
over the Great Lakes and mov-
ing south-east toward the city.

His best plan was to plant
the idea of rebellion. Probably
that's all that would be neces-
sary. The morning sun, the
balmy air, the soft breeze blow-
ing the scent of green growing
things into the city would do
the rest. He began to type.

His machine was still chat-
tering at supper-time as repor-
ters drifted over to his desk.
He shook his head, not bother-
ing to look up. They went
away and he continued to
work, trying to get it all down
carefully.

Once he stopped typing and
lit a cigarette, aware that his
fingers were shaking. Maybe the
story would not get past the
copy desk? He studied his
lead again and felt comforted.

It was all right. No one
would suspect anything. They
would think he was giving it
the light touch Wolfe wanted.
They'd know after it was out
in to-morrow's paper, of course.
But then it would be too late.

In a whisper, he read the
first few sentences aloud, test-
ing them with his ear this time:

"The Weather Bureau report-
ed last night that this would be
a perfect day! One like it may
never come again in your life-
time. Tracing back to its found-
ing year, the Bureau says it
has never recorded finer
weather. It may well be the
most beautiful day since God
created the world."

"Don't go to work to-day!
Go to the parks and the sea-
shore. Go with your friends,
your sweethearts; take your
wives and children. Let us
make this wonderful day a holi-
day. We owe ourselves that
much on this most perfect day."

Continuing to type, he began
to feel more confident. It was
coming easier, smoother. Fin-
ishing, he made careful cor-
rections. Signalling a boy to
take it to the copy desk, he went
over to the phone.

His fingers trembled a little
as he dialled Pamela's number.
"Hello, Pam?"

"How nice to hear your
voice, Dan. I thought you'd
just about given me up," she
said.

"You won't think so any
more. To-morrow's a holiday
and I want to take you on a
picnic."

"Splendid. I hadn't heard
about the holiday, though. Will
it be all right?"

"Certainly," he said hur-
riedly. "None of the office
buildings will open to-morrow.
It—it's Office Day. You know,
like Boxing Day in England."

"That's wonderful, Dan."

The complete trust in her
voice took him off guard. With
a deliberate effort, he steadied
his own words.

"Yes, isn't it?" he said casu-
ally. "A New York holiday for
office workers. About the pic-
nic, Pam. Can you be ready
by nine o'clock?"

"Easily, Dan. I'll prepare a
lunch basket."

"Don't bother," he com-
manded. "I'm going over to Blaine's
bar now. They'll roast a chicken
for me. I'll get a bottle of
wine and some coffee in a
thermos. You might butter a
few slices of bread and bring
a little fruit."

"All right. Where shall we
picnic?"

"We'll take a bus up to Bear
Mountain. It's a State park.

There's plenty of room there." He
laughed in sudden, un-
ashamed happiness. "Pam,
you'll love it. There'll be a
mountain, green grass, and trees
—things you haven't seen in a
long time."

When he hung up, Wolfe
beckoned him over.

"Nice story on the weather,"
the city editor said grudgingly.
"I'm giving you a byline and
putting the piece up front."

"Thanks," Dan said cau-
tiously. He felt a warm glow
of pleasure. Wolfe doled out
praise like radium.

The editor's mouth opened to
say something else. He stared
at Dan for a moment and then
bent over the assignment sheet
on his desk without speaking.

It was a gesture of dismissal
and he went on to his own
desk. Sitting there, making up
a list for the picnic lunch, he
realised he'd had no supper.
Hurriedly getting his hat, he
swiftly left the news-room.

Even before the alarm clock
went off, he was awake and
awaiting its ring. A faint breeze
stirred the curtain before the
open window. Breathing deeply,
he inhaled morning air that was
as heady as fine old wine. Auto-
matically, he switched on the
bedside radio.

"... Don't go to work to-
day. Get out into the parks
and to the seashore; go with
your friends, your sweethearts;
take your wives and children."

With a thrill of satis-
faction, he recognised the voice
of the early morning news
commentator. It was the famous
one, the one who had half the
city's ear at this hour. The
man had picked up his weather
story and was telling it straight.

He leaped joyfully out of bed
and started toward the shower,
pausing to glance out at the
open window. It was a per-
fect day! There was no doubt
about it.

It wasn't until the bus
reached the big meadow at Bear
Mountain that the right feeling
in his stomach eased. Pamela's
head was turned toward the
window. Suddenly she pointed
excitedly. "Look, Dan! Look
at all the people!"

He had seen them a moment
before, as the big bus swung
around the bend. Now he
studied them again with con-
scious satisfaction. They were
pouring along the sidewalks at
the edge of the grass, half run-
ning, some of them, swinging
lunch-boxes, scampering for
choice places on the half-mile
of meadow. The babel of their
voices beat like surf against the
windows.

Grimacing he reached for her
hand. "They'll be at the sea-
shore, too, and in the city
parks," he said proudly, "thou-
sands and thousands of people
taking a holiday."

"I love holidays, Dan." She
watched the crowd with ap-
proval. "New York doesn't have
enough of them."

Smiling at each other, they
moved along the aisle and out
the exit door of the bus. The
laughing crowds flowed past
like a swollen stream.

"It's too crowded here," he
decided. "I know a quiet
place."

They skirted the meadows,
and went through a tunnel
under the road. He felt an in-

To page 36

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



COME TO OUR Fireside Party

• In this special section we bring you a fascinating selection of games and quizzes to help pass the long winter evenings. We suggest you make it a party, and invite your friends, your neighbors, your relations. Or settle down with a box of chocolates, pencil and paper, and your cosiest slippers, and have a party all by yourself.



ARE YOU GROWN-UP?

YOU are not grown-up if you are always in debt; if your jobs never get finished; nor if you are always unkempt, out of luck, and letting your emotions gain the upper hand.

A good manager rules himself with discipline and intelligence. He doesn't overplay his hand and impulsively antagonise others or let himself in for unwise responsibilities. He is a mature and dependable person for whom the wheels of life roll smoothly.

(Add 3 for Yes; subtract 1 for No; then total your score.)

1. Do you usually manage to hold yourself in check when others get excited or abusive?
2. Would you say that you run your life on sensible, efficient lines?
3. Do you credit yourself with being above-average in demonstrating foresight and preparedness—does your past history confirm this?
4. Do you handle money wisely?
5. Do you try not to be lazy, negligent, to postpone things which should be done as they come along?
6. Do you avoid delegating matters which should be personally attended to?
7. Do you try to be cautious and discreet, to avoid getting involved in other people's quarrels or creating unnecessary entanglements?
8. Do you promise only what you can honestly fulfil?
9. Do you rarely fail to see things through to completion?
10. Have you shown strength of character in living up to your resolutions to overcome weak habits?

You are emotionally stable, self-disciplined, and intelligent in managing yourself and handling others if you scored between 22 and 30. You do not control yourself and your affairs as maturely and sensibly as you might if you corrected the deficiencies this quiz has exposed if your score is between 2 and 18. Below 2: You are a poor manager because of your impulsiveness, weak willpower, and lack of caution.

ARE YOU JEALOUS?

IF you are jealous, you are frightened and insecure. You show that fear is stronger than your respect for yourself and others. You make yourself wretched where you might be content. And you inject yourself into a struggle with others where you might have had peace.

(Add 3 for Yes; subtract 1 for No; then total your score.)

1. Do you brood miserably when a close friend shows an interest in new acquaintances?
2. You may protest you love and trust someone, but are you suspicious easily and quickly aroused?
3. Do you lend your things very unwillingly?
4. Are you hurt if certain friends do not include you in all their activities and parties?
5. Are you plainly envious of the friends whose luck or success is better than yours?
6. Do you take a dislike to anyone who outshines you, threatens your popularity?
7. Or to anyone who in any way might be a threat to you in your job or career?
8. Do you resent persons who have had greater advantages than you—education, travel, social contacts, etc.?
9. Are you upset when you see other people's children enjoying greater advantages than yours?
10. Are you the unattractive, ill, handicapped, or untalented person who makes himself doubly unhappy by being intensely and futilely jealous of others?

Score from 18 to 30: You are the frightened and insecure individual who is ruled by petty jealousy and who foolishly makes himself and others miserable. Minus 2 to plus 14: You are more than normally possessive and show to some degree that you are also not very secure. Less than minus 2: You may show concern for what you value or cherish but you are not excessively jealous.



ARE YOU SELF-CONFIDENT?

THE possession of self-confidence gives you a driving force that can take you almost anywhere. You may not be as talented, attractive, or as well trained as some other persons, but if they lack your self-confidence you will be the one who gets ahead.

You are not afraid to make errors, to take chances, or to experiment. However, you may tend to be stubbornly dogmatic and inflexible, and you must watch out lest this failing nullify the advantages you gain from your self-faith.

(Add 3 for Yes; subtract 1 for No; then total your score.)

1. Do you generally act decisively and boldly both in minor matters and those of major importance?
2. Are you poised and assured in meeting new people, in entering most new situations?
3. In group participation, do you bid for a post of leadership and responsibility?
4. Do you refuse to be discouraged when others seek to deter you from a course of action in which you believe?
5. Are you usually cheerfully willing to try your hand at a new game or sport, a new type of work?
6. Certain subjects or skills may have been difficult for you, but have you rarely been defeated?
7. Are you unafraid to dispute the statements of an expert or authority when you feel pretty sure they are incorrect?
8. Do you like assignments which leave it to you to do the planning and strategy?
9. You may have made some bad errors and mistakes, but are you still willing to test interesting opportunities, to embark on new ventures?
10. Do you rate yourself as self-sufficient and self-reliant—a person who rarely needs others for support or encouragement?

If you scored 22 to 30 points, you possess the powerful driving force of self-faith—just be watchful that you don't become blindly stubborn and cocksure. From 2 to 18: You are above average in demonstrating self-confidence, but there are still some areas where you are deficient in this quality as shown in questions answered negatively. Below 2: You show deep-seated fears and inferiorities which hamper you tremendously, and until you really fight them and triumph over them you will never be happy or fully effective.



HAVE YOU GOT CHARM?

CHARM may seem an intangible quality, but if you analyse the people whom you acknowledge have it, you find they all have these things in common:

They are friendly and unpretentious. They are interesting because they show a sincere interest in you. Because they are simple and approachable, they make you feel at ease and that you have always known them.

Answer the following questions honestly to discover your own charm rating. Score 2 for Yes, 1 for sometimes or doubtful.

1. Have you a pleasant greeting for others—a hospitable, welcoming smile?
2. Are you tactful, sympathetic?
3. Are you informally well-mannered and courteous?
4. Do you show consideration for the comfort and convenience of others?
5. Are you generous with your praise and compliments?
6. And careful to show your appreciation for what others do for you?
7. Do you keep conversation on cheerful, interesting topics—avoid mentioning your troubles or criticising or gossiping?
8. Are you careful to keep your witticisms from hurting or offending anyone?
9. Can you take it with a grin when others poke fun at you?
10. When inconveniences, delays, or upsets



occur, do you do your best to keep others from feeling upset or depressed?

You have a great deal of charm and with it a great deal of liking and respect if your tally soars to 14 or higher. Between 5 and 13 indicates that you can be charming in many circumstances, but there are others where your better side fails to show itself—recheck questions answered "no." Less than 5 lets you know that you had better memorise the formula given above and then practise what it teaches.



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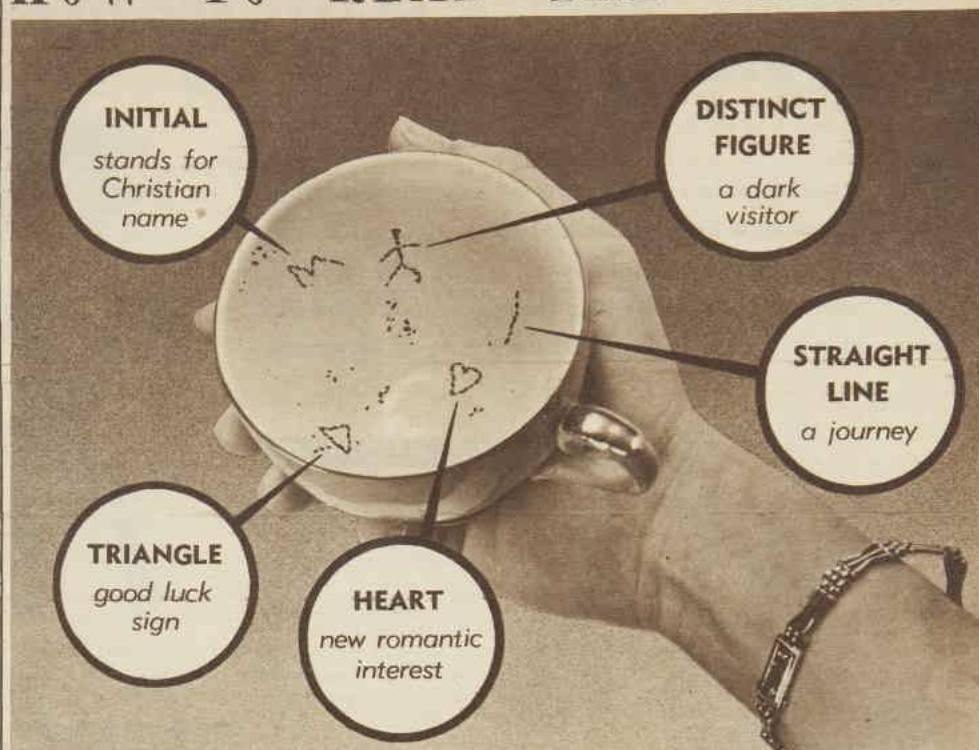
P. 40.8

THE LIFE OF PARIS

is featured in 10 big pages of pictures and articles in the
Latest issue of A.M.—ON SALE NOW!

Page 12

HOW TO READ THE TEACUPS



● Entertain your friends by reading their future in tealeaves. You don't have to be psychic, and it's good fun. Nobody, of course, takes teacup reading too seriously, but it's up to you to use your tact and not "foresee" any events that might be upsetting or painful to anyone.

THE assurance with which you give your reading of the teacups plays a big part in its success. So it is as well to get in some practice reading your own cup aloud when you are alone.

It is a help to get used to your own voice making such utterances as "I see a bright and prosperous future. There will be good news from abroad, but first some obstacles are to be overcome."

You'll need a plain cup from which the tea has been drunk, leaving only the dregs. Your subject may have had her tea either with or without milk or sugar, just as the usually does.

To ensure that the leaves are as widely scattered as possible, and thus more easily identified, ask your subject to once swirl the dregs round the cup, then carefully pour them away. No second swirls are allowed.

Now begins the important part. Using a clock-wise motion, the subject of your reading must solemnly pass the cup three times over the saucer before she sets it down.

The way in which the cup is put will influence the whole reading. If the spread of the tealeaves is towards the sitter, luck is moving towards her. If the general direction of the leaves is away from her, luck is receding.

The leaves left in most teacups yield sufficient information for a good reading if you look carefully enough. But you must be prepared to use your imagination, and not be too literal.

When the leaves merely suggest a human figure, there will be a fair visitor. When

they form a clearly defined figure, the visitor will be dark.

A heart in the tealeaves is the sign of a new heart interest. More than one heart means romance for a close friend or relation. But when the heart is going away from the sitter, she must beware of a rival.

An engagement is foretold when a ring of tealeaves has formed to the left of the largest leaf mass. When they have formed to its right, you can predict a marriage.

A ring that is very noticeably broken can mean that an engagement will be broken, or at least that heart balm will be needed for somebody.

Similarly, isolated tealeaves appearing around a ring, even

if it is perfectly formed, can warn of a disappointment in love.

To find bells in a cup is to foresee a happy wedded life. Teacup readers traditionally regard the figure 7 as an outstanding sign of good luck, and accordingly give all shapes in the same cup the most favorable interpretation.

The position of the figure 7 is important. Its strongest influence for good luck comes when it is found at the top of the cup. There it ensures a future holding prosperity and happiness.

Found about the middle of the cup, it points to an immediate change for the better in all affairs. At the bottom of the cup the figure 7 gives the

assurance of contentment and plenty in later years.

A fish in a cup is most usually interpreted as being the carrier of wished-for news from across the sea.

An anchor at the top of the cup means a move, at the bottom of the cup it promises a calm and peaceful time ahead.

Other lucky signs to watch for are horseshoes, clover leaves, black cats, and triangles.

A ship or an aeroplane is another sign that usually foretells a voyage.

When the leaves form a pronounced straight line, you can tell your sitter to prepare for a journey.

Clearly defined letters of the alphabet are often to be found among the leaves. Those on the sides of the cup are the initials of men, and those at the bottom of the cup are of women.

A letter going towards the sitter means that someone of that initial bears her kind thoughts. A letter surrounded by specks means that the person is not a true friend.

When the letter points away from the sitter, someone is trying to pull the person whose name begins with that letter away from her.

Obstacles ahead are represented by shapes in the nature of a wall, fence, or gate.

A mass of tree shapes is the indication of a wish coming true. But when the trees are imperfectly formed, there will be tears first.

Pay attention when there is a scattering of isolated tealeaves round any definite shape. Round a heart they mean that money is in the offing. Round a tree shape, they indicate that wishes will come true only after a journey.

Isolated leaves appearing round a ring warn of a disappointment in love.

Note well: You must never thank anyone for reading your cup, or it will spoil your luck.

"Fumbles"

GAMES, as a rule, are devised to bring people together.

Fumbles accomplishes that purpose, literally and figuratively, stamping it at once as an ideal icebreaker. To get things started, the host gives each male participant a needle and thread. All male contestants should be wearing ordinary long ties, not bow ties.

The girls draw lots to determine their male partners. After twosomes have been formed, the men remove their ties and give them to their partners. Now the game is ready to begin.

The object of Fumbles is for the man to attempt to thread the needle while his partner puts a tie around his neck and tries to knot it. The entire game is played with the partners facing each other.

The first team in which the girl knots the tie and the man threads the needle is the winner.

This game can be played in two ways:

1. Have all couples start simultaneously, the first one finishing being the winner. The others play on until each couple has completed the game.

2. Have two or three couples play the game while being timed. This enables the other guests to watch, and may be amusing. When the first two or three couples are finished, start off the next two or three couples until every couple has completed the game. The winner is the team which completes its tasks in the shortest time.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1953

Where am I, and what am I doing?

Known as "Where Am I and What Am I Doing?" this is the favorite game of famous American author and foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds. It can be played by anything from three to 12 people, and it is grand fun.

THE object of the game is for the players to guess the activity of one of them who is known as The Tourist.

The Tourist decides where he is and, in addition, decides to be doing a specific thing. The other players must establish where The Tourist is and what he is doing. This is done by each of the other players asking a question in turn, which may be answered only by "Yes" or "No," or "I don't know."

A total of 25 questions is the maximum which may be asked. If the other players have not guessed the whereabouts of The Tourist and what he is doing within that limit, the game ends and a new game starts with any other player assuming the role of The Tourist.

The Tourist can decide to be anywhere in the world, doing anything, no matter how fantastic it might be.

The best procedure is first to find out where the player is before finding out what he is doing. Mixing the questions as to where the player is and what he is doing, instead of keeping to the one tack, will usually waste questions.

A practice game, for example, might go as follows: Assuming that The Tourist has decided to be "on the Woomera Rocket Range, knitting," she says, "I am in South Australia."

These questions and answers might follow:

Q. Are you in Adelaide?

A. No.

Q. Are you a long way from a city?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you at a pleasure resort?

A. No.

Q. Are you the only person in this place?

A. No.

Q. Is the place where you are easy to get to?

A. No.

Q. Are you at the Woomera Rocket Range?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you doing whatever it is by yourself?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you use your feet to do it?

A. No.

Q. Do you use your mouth to do it?

A. No.

Q. Do you use your hands to do it?

A. Yes.

Q. Is there anything in your hands?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you playing a game?

A. No.

Q. Are you making something?

A. Yes.

Q. Are the things in each hand the same?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you knitting?

A. Yes.

GUESS WHO?

Each of the pictures in this photo quiz is that of a famous Hollywood star as a child. You will be surprised how little some have changed. Others are not so easily identifiable. But in all cases there is at least one clue in eyes, mouth, or general expression to help you identify the star.



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 5



No. 6



No. 7



No. 8



No. 9



No. 10

Joan Crawford's celebrity alphabet

	1	2		3	4
A	Alan	Ladd	A	Antill	John
B	Bing	Crosby	B	Burns	Tommy
C	Clement	Attlee	C	Churchill	Winston
D	Don	Bradman	D	Dior	Christian
E	Erna	Sack	E	Eisenhower	Dwight
F	Frank	Sedgman	F	Franck	Cesar
G	George	Gershwin	G	Gregory	Pat
H	Henry	Ford	H	Hopman	Harro

THIS is Joan Crawford's favorite pencil-and-paper game. Guests at her Hollywood home play it either individually or in pairs, and with a time limit of 30 minutes.

Each player or team is provided with a pencil and a sheet of paper on which is a blank replica of the chart above, continued to the letter "z."

The object of the game is for the participants to fill in their diagrams with famous names in the following manner:

In column 1 the Christian name of the famous person must begin with each specific letter of the alphabet, as A for Alan, B for Bing, etc. Column 2 is for

the surname, which may begin with any letter.

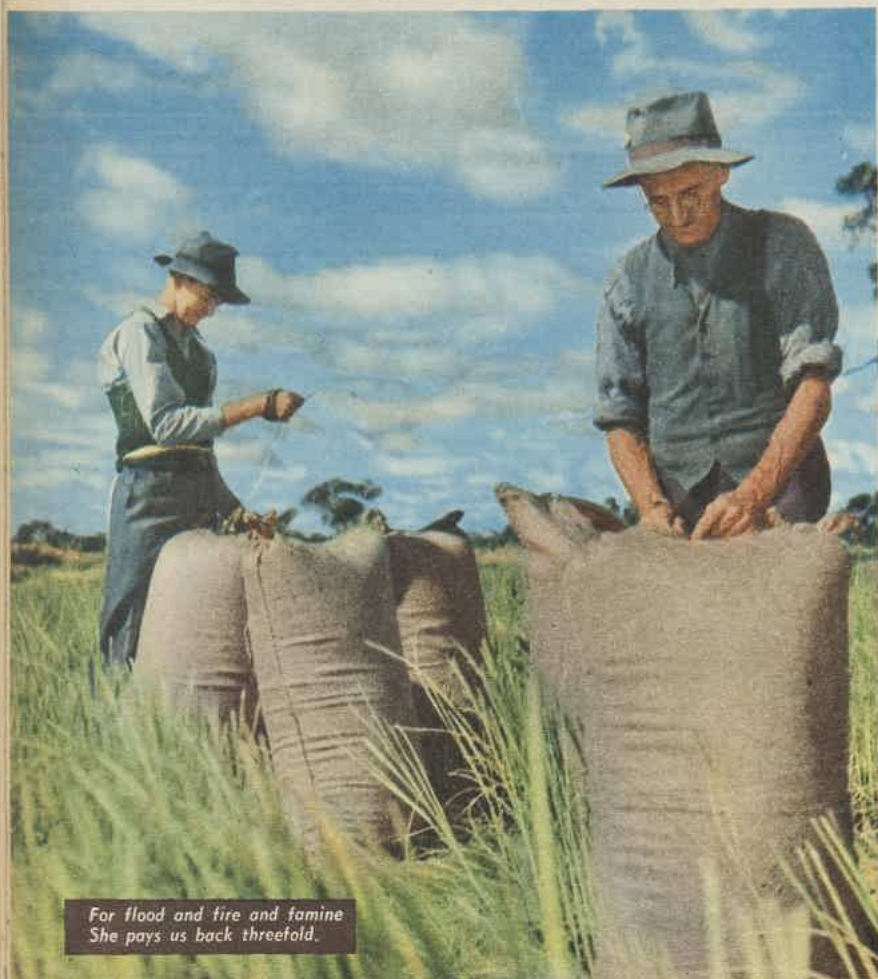
In Column 3, the surnames must begin with the specific letter—such as A for Antill or B for Burns, etc. The Christian names in column 4 may begin with any letter.

When the time is up, papers are passed to the person or team on the left to be checked. The paper with the most names listed is read aloud first. The players, other than those whose list is being read, constitute a jury to decide on the merit of each name. Any doubtful name may be challenged and can be accepted only if a majority of the players agree that it is famous. All names struck out as unacceptable are deducted from the original total. One point is awarded for each name accepted.

The winner is the player or team with the highest final score.

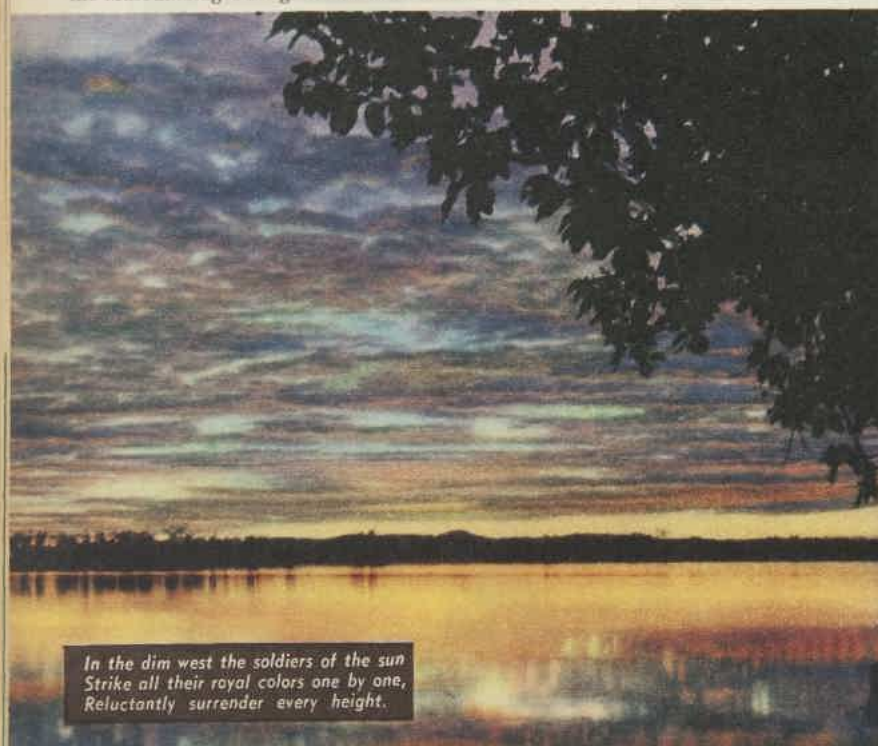
A new kind of
picture quiz:

THE POETS' AUSTRALIA



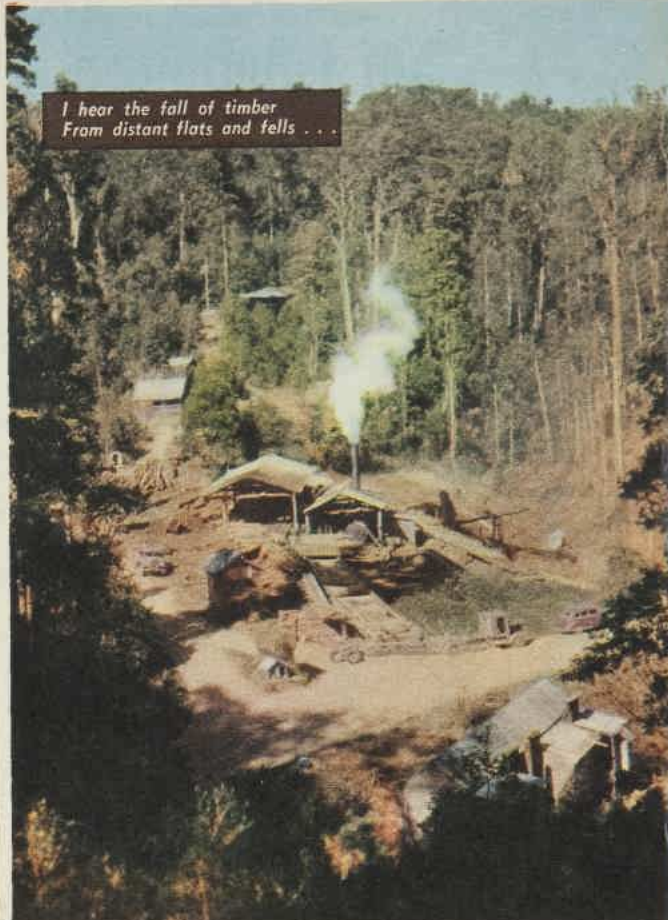
*For flood and fire and famine
She pays us back threefold.*

Sewing bags on a rice farm at Leeton, in
the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area of N.S.W. **No. 1**



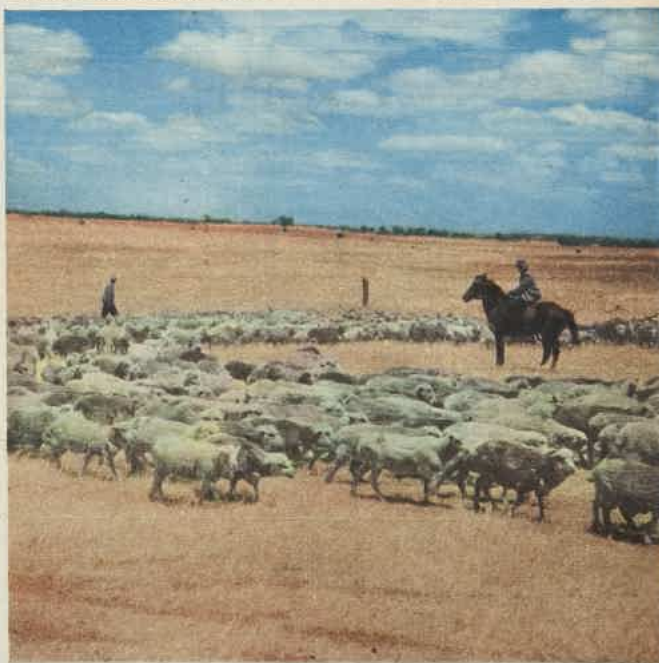
*In the dim west the soldiers of the sun
Strike all their royal colors one by one,
Reluctantly surrender every height.*

The last, tumultuous moments of a tropical
sunset near Rockhampton, Queensland. **No. 2**



*I hear the fall of timber
From distant flats and fells . . .*

Forest sawmill in the
Central Coast area, N.S.W. **No. 3**



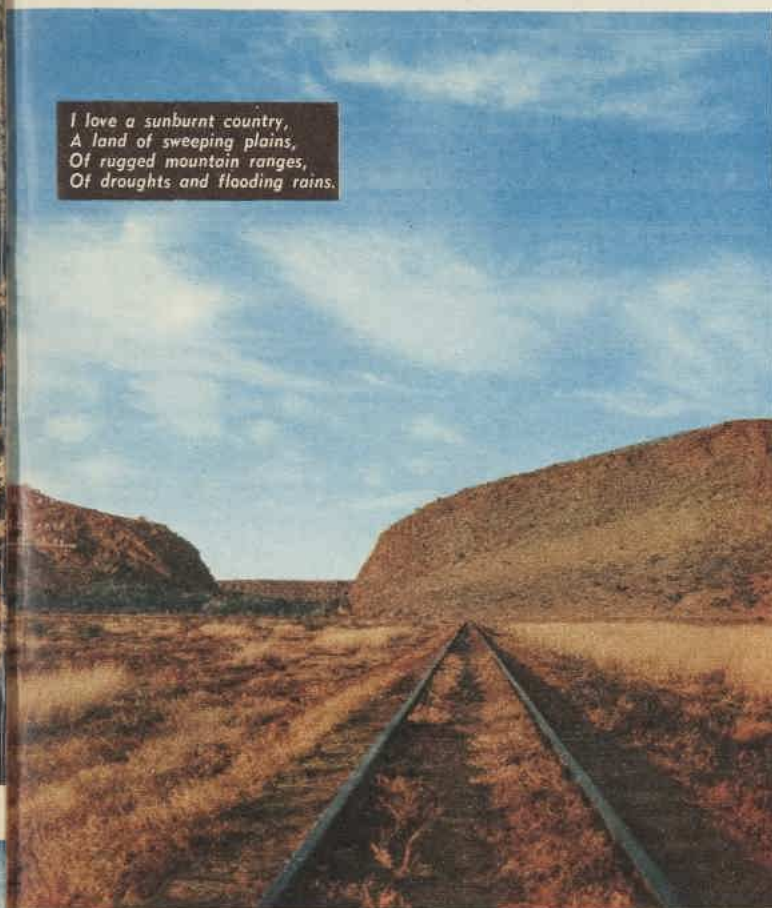
Mustering sheep
near Mildura, Vic.

*And he sees the vision splendid of the
sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the
everlasting stars.*

No. 4

● Beautiful and typically Australian scenes such as these have always been the inspiration of Australian poets, and have given their work its strong national character. Below each picture is a quotation from one of the best-known works of famous poets. Can you name the writer and the poem from which the quotation was taken? You will find all the answers on page 55 of this issue.

*I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of rugged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.*



The "Ghan" railway line outside Alice Springs in Central Australia. **No. 5**



Skewbald foals grazing at Warriewood, N.S.W.

*Have you heard the wag-tails chirrup,
Felt the dawn wind creeping cold?—
Till your foot was in the stirrup
And the whole world changed to gold!*

No. 6

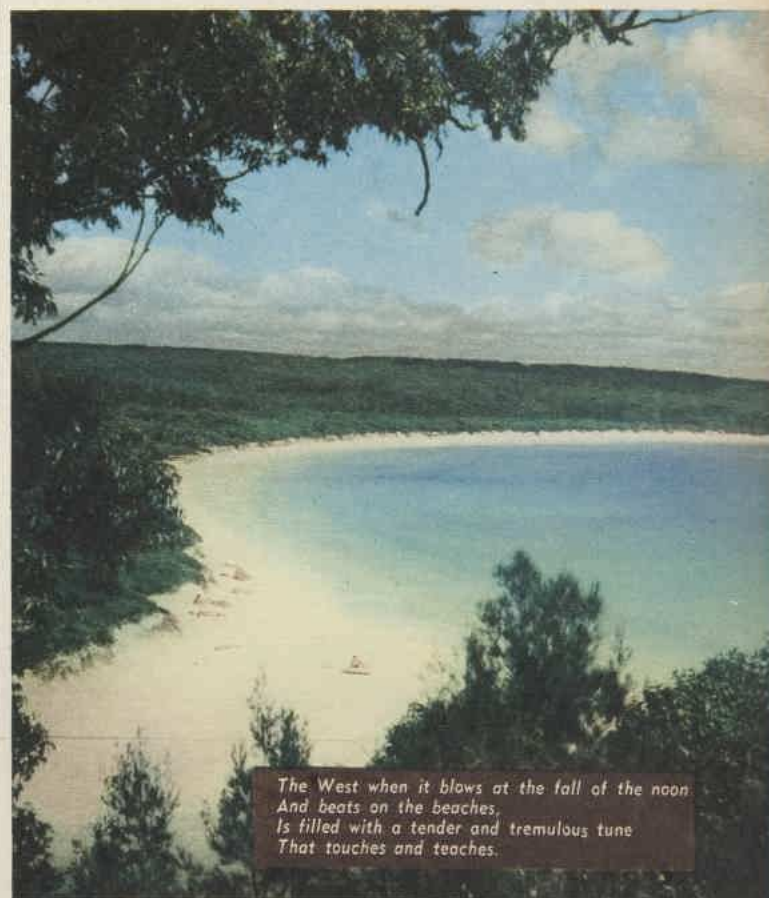
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1953



Stockman at Mitchell River Station, Q'land.

*They're spun the yarns of hut and camp, the tales
of play and work,
The wondrous tales that gild the road from
Normanton to Bourke.*

No. 7



*The West when it blows at the fall of the noon
And beats on the beaches,
Is filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches.*

A beach at Jervis Bay, N.S.W. South Coast. **No. 8**

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS YOUR CHARACTER

SO strongly indicative of a person's character is handwriting that every time you so much as sign your name you are putting your signature to a clear statement of your past, your emotional secrets, and your future.

The real you always shows out. Get a pen or pencil and write a few lines, ending with your signature. Then check it for revealing slope against the slope degree compass reproduced on this page.

The slope of your writing is one of the strongest indications of your emotional trends.

90 DEGREES, straight up and down. This shows you to have a great deal of determination. You will also be self-reliant, and you know your own mind. You also don't like to be contradicted.

105 TO 120 DEGREES. If your writing has this slight slope to the right, you have well-balanced emotions, sincerity, goodwill, and sympathy.

135 TO 150 DEGREES. You have a volatile temperament, sensitive feelings, and a love of luxuries.

150 TO 180 DEGREES. This extreme slope to the right is rare. Martyrs and idealists sometimes have this type of writing.

75 DEGREES. Slanted only slightly backwards, this writing reveals self-control. The emotions are strong, but never publicly displayed.

60 DEGREES. The owner of such writing will have mental and emotional discipline that is beyond normal requirements.

45 DEGREES. The backward slant begins to show emotions that are so repressed that they can explode when not under proper leash.

30 DEGREES. The writer is trying to escape from realities.

15 DEGREES OR LESS. Extremely rare, and typifies overwhelming self-pity.

MIXED WRITING, where the letters slope to both left and right, results from changeable traits.

The pressure with which you apply pen to paper holds the secret of why you are popular with some people and why others are indifferent to you.

A FIRM, EVEN PRESURE shows that you are self-contained. You are popular with people who feel that they can trust you and depend on you. Some people are indifferent towards you because they consider you too strait-laced.

HEAVY, THICK HANDWRITING shows dominating traits. You are popular with people who rely on others for leadership because they lack sufficient backbone to take care of themselves. Those whose initiative is sufficient for all their needs are not among your close associates.

THIN AND LIGHT pressure is indicative of tenderness,

● Your handwriting is the most revealing thing about you. Try a spot of self-analysis with the aid of this graphologist's survey. You will be surprised how much of interest it will tell you about yourself that you never knew before.

refinement, tact. You are popular with people who admire your courtesy and poise. The shiftless and uncouth do not feel attracted towards you.

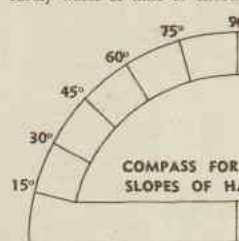
UNIFORMLY HEAVY DOWNSTROKE AND LIGHT UPSTROKE show a sense of self-importance. You are meticulous in your habits, demand quality in your clothes, and your home reflects exceptionally good taste. You are popular with people who have a strong affinity with beauty and elegance. Those whose appearance and surroundings are slovenly will find nothing to admire in you.

CHANGING PRESSURES show that you are influenced by moods. Sometimes you are enthusiastic, sometimes you don't seem to care. You are popular with people who enjoy variety, but you are not a favorite among those who are practical and decisive in viewpoint.

There is a vast difference between well-formed small handwriting and the cramped writing of the miser. No matter how small the writing is, as

long as adequate space is left between the letters and the words, the traits shown are basically straightforward and reliable.

This type of writing shows persistence, determination, and consistent self-confidence in carrying out plans. There is rarely waste of time or effort.



People respect you because you obviously respect yourself.

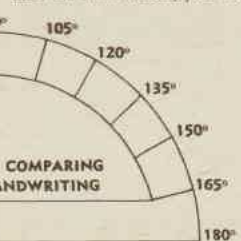
What is called a flowing handwriting can have letters that are rounded at the bottom rather than at the top. The writers of such script are usually charming and popular.

Angular handwriting, with sharp points at the top or bot-

tom, reveals intense fortitude, with a keen appreciation of what is honest, honorable, and progressive.

The size of the capitals cinch what you are and what you want to be.

When they are clear and legible, proportionately taller than the small letters, you are



a well-integrated person. Capitals that look like a towering skyscraper signify an unquenchable desire for public acclaim.

Even writing, where the pen or pencil is not lifted from the paper until each word is completed, shows a placid temperament. Frequent breaks between letters, especially when the

writing shows highly intellectual standards, are an invariable indication of creative inspiration and imagination.

The most revealing secrets appear as the result of continuity or break in your script. The circle letters, such as a, o, c, and q, when split at the bottom, show a shifty nature. Extroverts usually write such letters with a slight opening at the top.

The t bar is the clue to the secret of many of your emotions, habits, personality, and temperament.

● t bar before the stem — over-cautious.

● t bar after the stem — action before thought. But things will usually turn out well, because of intuitive awareness.

● Short, precise t bar at upper third of stem — great capacity for systematic and concentrated routine work.

● Long downward t cross — obstinacy.

● t bar thick at one end, thin at the other — an unpredictable temper.

● t bar above the stem of the letter — imagination, enthusi-

asm, inventive skill, romantic and idealistic qualities.

● t bar passing through adjacent letters — capacity to do several things at once.

● t bar below the middle of the stem — secretive and hoarding tendencies.

● t looped like an l or b — sensitiveness to the opinion of others, and a tendency to hide behind a barrier against real or imagined rebukes.

● Forgotten t bar — the inclination is to do things in such a hurry that when it is necessary to cope with real problems there is a feeling of frustrating exasperation.

The way the writer ends words is a most important source of information. Concentrating on the ending of the final "a," try to guess what sort of person has written each "Australia."

a: A long upward stroke in a final "a" shows the desire to help others. b: When the end stroke turns back in a sort of inverted flourish, the tendency is to be inconsiderate and flippant. When the final strokes are the same length as the inside letters, the writer is courteous and dependable. d: When the terminal climbs upward, as if aiming for the stratosphere, the writer is impetuous and unpredictable.

The loops apparent in the letters j, g, f, y, p, q, and z always interest graphologists.

Extremely long loops show a tendency toward exaggeration.

When they are well proportioned they mirror equal, balanced traits. This is particularly true when the loops on the letters b, l, h, k are not exaggerated.

Straight writing across a page shows an uncomplicated person. Writing at an upward slant shows optimism and ambition. Downhill writing is indicative of pessimism and worry.

Omitting fancy ornaments from the writing and leaving off first or last strokes on some letters show simplicity, dignity, aggressiveness, and an inflexible sense of integrity.

Excessively wide margins are to be found in the letters of men and women of taste and possibly extravagant habits. These people are usually lovers of the beautiful.

The absence of margins shows a sense of discord with the writer's surroundings and a chronic state of confusion.

Straight and narrow margins signify a keen financial awareness. Margins that weave back and forth show an inclination to take risks.

When the margin is wider at the bottom of the page than at the top, the writer likes to have a good time, even if it is at the expense of someone else.

A wide margin at the top, that gets narrower at the bottom, shows conservative habits.

The habit of ending a signature with a backward stroke, or putting an independent line underneath, is an unconscious give-away that the writer wishes to be taken for a person of consequence.

SPORT QUIZ

THESE questions are framed to test your general knowledge of sport. None of them requires a specialist's knowledge. A stay-at-home sports fan will be able to answer them just as well as a first-grade player.

1. Name six sports in which the players score goals.
2. In what form of sport is the ball used never called the ball?
3. Name four internationally known Australian sportsmen all of whose Christian names begin with K.
4. In what sports are the following items of equipment employed: Puck, driver, pole, accelerator, bail, jack, mat?
5. In Olympic athletics, which of the following distances is particularly recognised as the sprint distance: 1000 metres, 400 metres, 100 metres, 5000 metres?
6. To what sports do the following terms relate: Half-nelson, half-gainer, half-volley?
7. Arrange the following boxers' weight divisions in the correct order, beginning with the lightest: Bantamweight, lightweight, welterweight, flyweight, light-heavyweight, heavyweight, featherweight, middleweight.
8. If you performed an inside edge, a spiral, and did a lutz, you would be participating in what sport?
9. If a man was in a small boat, and was propelling it with two oars, he would be doing what?
10. Which of these four things relating to the game of billiards can the player not actually touch? Cannon, ball, cue, pocket.
11. If you tackled, gybed, and ran all the way home, you would be indulging in what form of sport?
12. A team of nine men would be going to play? A team of 15 men? A team of five men? A team of 12 men? And a team of 11 men?

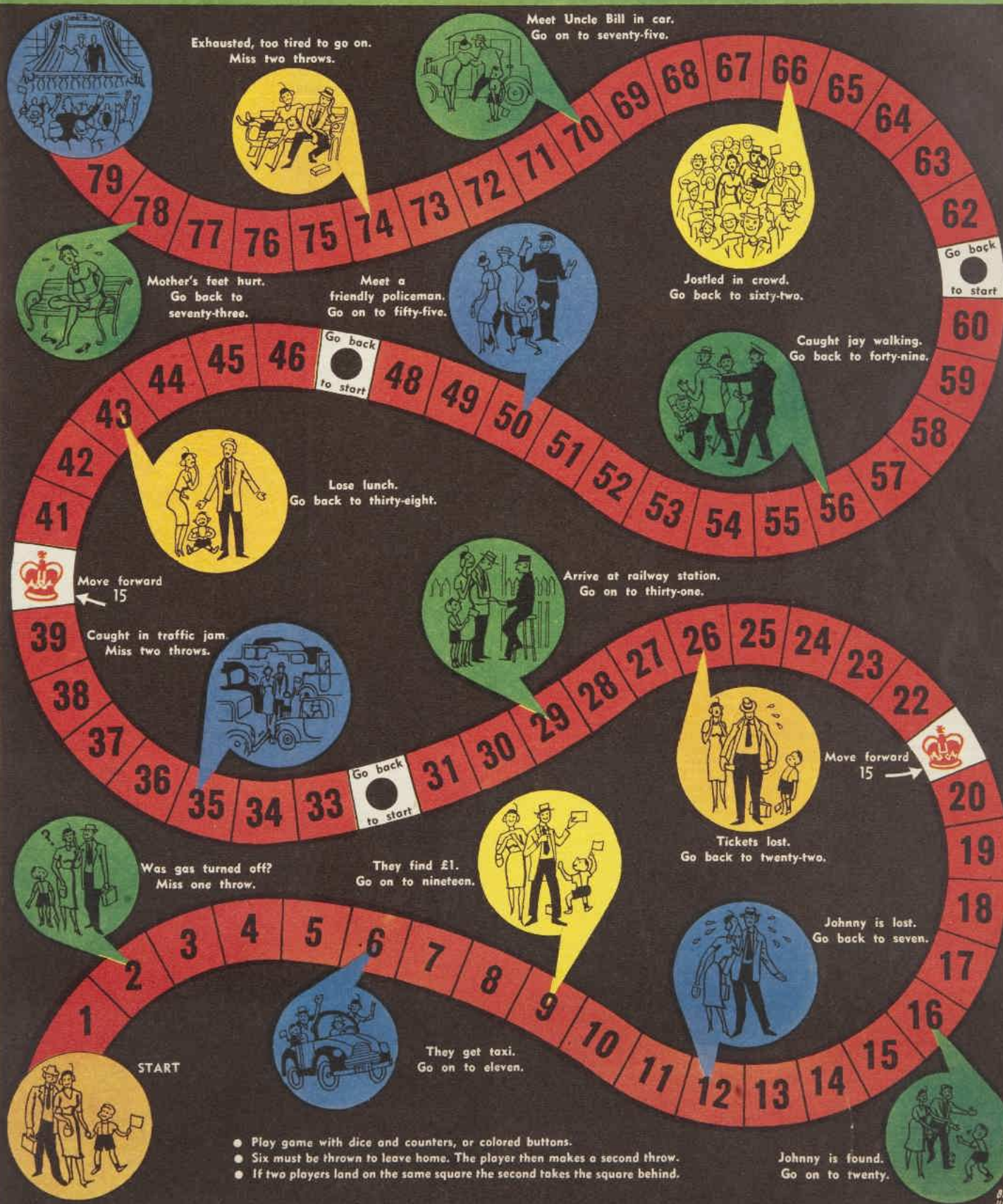
MUSIC QUIZ

YOU may be able to reel-off the names of the numbers in the current hit parade, but do you really know your music? This quiz will help you find out.

1. Can you recall any of the six big hits of 1943?
2. Who invented the gramophone?
3. Garbo is a keen record-collector. Can you guess in what field she specialises?
4. Who was the composer responsible for the music score for "Quo Vadis?" "Lost Weekend," "Spellbound," and "The Killers"?
5. A pianist and a concertina player made the first disc-type record in England. It was a seven-inch disc, made 53 years ago, and the title was "Happy Dorkies." Who were the artists?
6. "Ballerina" is the signature tune of what famous artist?
7. What was the first jazz band to make a record? And when?
8. For what reasons are the dates 1925 and 1927 outstanding in the record industry?
9. Who were the vocalists who dubbed in the singing voices for Vera-Ellen in "Happy-Go-Lovely," for Debbie Reynolds in "Three Little Words," for Ava Gardner in "Show Boat," and for Rita Hayworth in "Affair in Trinidad"?
10. Collectors are said to be still searching for the first words spoken into a phonograph. What were they? And who spoke them?
11. What was the first Broadway musical to have its complete score put on records?
12. A hit with a two-word title is known in France as "The Train Will Whistle Three Times Here." What is it?

The Australian Women's Weekly ROYAL TOUR GAME

• This fascinating new game is inspired by the coming Royal Tour. Cut out the entire page and mount it on stout card-board. The simple rules are given below.



- Play game with dice and counters, or colored buttons.
- Six must be thrown to leave home. The player then makes a second throw.
- If two players land on the same square the second takes the square behind.

Johnny is found.
Go on to twenty.

BROAD
HURST



ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Robert Montgomery teaches you to play "The Game"

● Known simply as "The Game," this home entertainment became a favorite among Hollywood stars several years ago. Since then it has become popular among actors, artists, writers, and the smart set all over the world. It is something like a modern version of charades. You need at least four people to play it, and can have as many as 16. On this page movie actor and director Robert Montgomery, who is an acknowledged expert at "The Game," gives you detailed instructions on how to play it.

2. "Come on" signal (very important!). — Whenever a member of the team is on the track of the word being acted out, the actor must indicate this by waving both arms like a traffic cop giving the come-ahead signal. The team must then follow along this line until it guesses the correct word. For example, this signal should be used by the actor if he is acting out "baby" and a team member says "child."

3. "Small word" signal.—For small words, such as "an," "and," "the," "or," etc., the actor holds his right index finger and thumb close together. The team now calls out all the small words, and, as soon as the correct one is called, the actor gives the "correct word" signal.

4. "Act it all in one" signal.—To indicate that he is going to do the whole title in one instead of breaking it into separate words, the actor makes a circular motion with his arms.

5. "Variation of the same word" signal.—Should the actor be acting out the word "gone," for instance, and a teammate says "go," the actor points to his team member and strokes his own arm. This indicates that the word he is acting out is a form of the word "go." The team must then call all the variations of the word "go" until it calls the correct one: i.e., going, went, etc.

6. "Starting over" signal.—Should the actor realise that his team is not grasping the word he is trying to convey and he wants to start off anew, he shakes his head "no" and gives a traffic cop's stop signal.

7. "Cutting words" signal.—If, say, the actor is trying to convey the word "run" and a member of the team has said "running" or "runner," the actor strikes his left wrist with the edge of his right palm.

8. "Nationality" signal.—On occasion, the nationality of the title can be conveyed to the team. This is done by acting out some characteristic generally associated with that country. Imaginary bagpipes could be played to indicate Scotland, or Ireland could be conveyed by doing a jig.

9. "Age" signal.—This is used by the actor to indicate to his team whether the title is very old, old, or new. For a very old title the actor strokes his chin as though he were stroking a beard. For an old title the actor gestures backwards with his arm and thumb. To indicate that the title is new or "running" he runs on the spot.

10. "Sounds like" signal.—By cupping the hands to the ear and pointing to a team member the actor indicates that this member has called a word which, while not correct, sounds like the word he is acting. For example, the signal could be used if the team calls out the word "bad" and the actor is trying to convey the word "mad."

11. "Plural" signal.—This is used when a team member has called the correct word but not in the plural form. By making a rolling motion with both hands, as in rolling

a ball of wool, the actor conveys to his team that he wants the plural.

SOME POINTERS

- Keep acting and never stand still.
- Change the word or try to act it out in a different manner.
- Whenever possible, act out the key word first.
- Promptly give the "come on" signal.
- Remember all the signals.
- Just as the actor has his job, so too must the team be on its toes and help the actor as much as possible. This is done by:
- Continuous guessing.
- Avoiding repetition of words which the team has already called, and the actor has ignored.
- Remembering the signals.
- Keeping the voices down. Shouting confuses the actor.

PRACTICE GAME

A member of Team A takes a slip from Team B. The title written on the slip is "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." As soon as he has read the title and studied it for one minute, he faces his teammates and tells them the category—"Song Title."

Team B begins to keep time.

The actor now indicates that there are six words in the title by holding up six fingers. Then he holds up three fingers of his right hand to indicate that he will first act out the third word. He decides on that word because he feels that it is the easiest. He proceeds by pointing to his back.

Team Member: "Rear?"

Actor shakes his head "no" and continues to point to his back.

Team Member: "Back?"

Actor shakes his head "yes" and gives "correct word" signal.

Then he decides to act out the word "me." He indicates this by holding up two fingers.

Team Member: "Second word?"

Actor nods head "yes" and points to himself.

Team Member: "You?"

Actor gives "come on" signal and keeps pointing to himself.

Team Member: "Your?"

Actor gives "come on" signal.

Team Member: "Me?"

Actor gives "correct word" signal. Holds up one finger to indicate he will now act out the first word.

Team Member: "First word?"

Actor shakes head "yes" and proceeds with the motion of picking up an imaginary suitcase and walking off with it.

Team Member: "Move?"

Actor shakes his head "no" but gives "come on" signal and repeats his performance.

Team Member: "Lift?"

Actor again shakes head "no" and gives "come on" signal.

Team Member: "Carry?"

Actor gives "correct word" signal.

Team Member: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Actor: "Right."

The time is marked down and the game continues with Team B acting.



"Correct word" signal.



"Come on" signal.



"Small word" signal.



"Act it all in one."



"Variation of same word."



"Start again" signal.

RULES

1. The actor may not speak or make any sound.

2. He may indicate the number of words in the title by holding up the corresponding number of fingers and may indicate the word he is going to act out by holding up one finger for the first word, two for the second, etc.

3. He may, furthermore, break the word into syllables. This is done by using the fingers of the right hand to indicate the word he intends to act out and then the fingers of the left hand to indicate the particular syllable in that word.

4. He must not use any props.

5. He must not point to any object in the room.

THE SIGNALS

Signals have been devised to facilitate the playing of "The Game." The signals are:

1. "Correct word" signal.—Pointing at the team member who has said the correct word, crossing the arms and uncrossing them. This indicates that this team member has guessed the correct word.

As young as their grandchildren



Old-timers, and not-so-olds, go dancing nearly every night

Many great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers, sustained by enthusiasm—and often by celery vitamins—spend every night of the week, except Sunday, dancing in Sydney dance halls and studios.

Champion among them is exhibition dancer Jack Davis, of Redfern, who is scarcely five feet tall, well over 60—and proud of it.

MR. DAVIS is chief exhibition dancer at the Surryville Ballroom, Darling, and has written "Sydney's Own Coronation Waltz."

He is a great-grandfather and pensioner.

"Dancing keeps you young and fit," he assured me when he called at our office recently. "It doesn't matter how late in life you start so long as you are keen and have rhythm in your bones."

"I learned to dance when I was 40 with an old gramophone and a chair," he said, picking up a chair and waltzing around the office with it.

"The chair gives you balance and you can get the swing properly," he explained, careering about among the typewriters and desks.

Mr. Davis has 14 children, 26 grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

"My wife, Florence, doesn't like dancing, but she doesn't mind my going out and enjoying myself," he said. "She stays home and minds the babies."

Mr. Davis used to be a lad in a smelting works. Before that he was a stoker.

"But it's my heart," he said, tapping his chest. "I've already had one of those coronary things you get with a bad heart. The doctors said I'm one in a thousand to be alive to-day."

"I'm not supposed to be dancing. But what's the use of living if you can't dance, eh?"

"It's the dancing that keeps me going. I go dancing every

night. On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons I go to the old-age pensioners' dances at Leichhardt and Burwood.

"But I don't dance on Sundays. I go to church every Sunday night."

Mr. Davis added, "You must come out to Surryville on Monday night and I'll show you some of my dances, especially the old-time new vogue."

"You could have a dance, too."

Monday night at Surryville

was a revelation. The huge ballroom, the oldest in New South Wales, I was told, was hung with balloons and bunting.

Mr. Davis, in dinner suit, was surrounded by some 20 people to whom he was demonstrating his Coronation Waltz.

Many of the dancers were elderly, and the majority of the women were wearing evening dress. They all seemed to be having a wonderful time.

I asked a white-haired man

EXPERT dancers (above) Mrs. May Bushell and Mr. Jack Davis show "the crown" in Mr. Davis' Coronation Waltz.

By
SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

standing next to me whether he could do the Coronation Waltz or whether he was just watching the dancing.

"Him watch dancing!" an elderly woman on his left exclaimed, laughing. "Why, he's one of the best dancers here, my dear."

"He'll be 71 on Saturday and he dances every night. He's a wonderful dancer—waltzes, jitterbugs, jazz—he does them all better than anyone I know."

"He's been attending here for 50 years, haven't you, Harry?"

Harry Frazer nodded happily.

"She knows all about me, she's my partner," he said, and



DANCERS at the Surryville Ballroom, Darling, N.S.W., including Mrs. Bushell and Mr. Davis (centre), do the Coronation Waltz. Mr. Davis' regular partner is Miss Winnie Lane.

introduced Mrs. Abergilda Bell, who is 69, with two great-grandchildren.

"I dance every night, too," she said, her eyes twinkling. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Mr. Frazer is a widower and Mrs. Bell a widow.

Mrs. Bell said she would have worn her best evening gown if she had known she was going to have her picture taken.

"I have 12 evening dresses," she added. "My best one, my Coronation dress, is black net covered with spangles and beads. 'It's gorgeous, isn't it, Harry?'"

Harry nodded that it was.

Mr. Frazer attributes his ability to dance at 71 (and every dance, too) every night of the week to celery.

"I eat celery all the time," he explained. "It keeps my eyes bright, my joints supple, and gives me energy."

"It keeps rheumatism away, too."

And this couple wafted off, lightly and expertly, across the ballroom.

Buttoning on his white gloves, Mr. Davis led out his partner, Mrs. May Bushell, who was dressed in a shining magenta satin evening gown for the Coronation Waltz.

Mrs. Bushell, whose husband prefers cards to dancing, would not disclose her age. She has a daughter but is "not a grandmother yet."

"I always wear gloves when dancing," Mr. Davis exclaimed, "but a dinner suit usually only on Wednesday and Saturday nights."

"Other nights I wear a soft shirt and a street suit. People are pretty fussy down here, you know."

"This Coronation Waltz is something special," he explained. "The English one is only a 16-bar waltz, but mine is a 32-bar waltz. There's no comparison."

He and Mrs. Bushell did it slowly to show how it was done.

Then, although I was wearing a polo-neck sweater and corduroy tent-coat, Mr. Davis took my arm, and insisted on teaching me.

As we plodded round he chanted:

"Both lady and gent start off on the left foot, swinging the right foot to the left, then the left to the right. Lady slowly pivots back and does a dip, and with the hands lady and gent form a crown (coronation, sec?), then the lady goes back three pivots and again forms the crown."

"The lady straightens up, facing the line of dance; then slide to left, locking the right foot behind the left, slide to the right, locking the left foot behind the right. Swing right foot to left, left foot to right, half side turn, pointing the right foot."

I had retired in confusion by this, but Mr. Davis, grabbing a chair, went on:

"Bring right foot in front, pointing with the left foot, bring right foot at back of left foot, pointing with left foot. Half turn, bring left foot through. Face line of dance, come back four steps on the right foot, crossing with the left foot. Waltz two forward, swing lady out, step two forward, then do an eight-bar waltz."

Mr. Harry Wilson, a middle-aged bandleader who was learning the Coronation Waltz, called it "a wonderful dance."

"Exercises the body, the mind, and the brain," he said enthusiastically.

Mr. Davis hopes to demonstrate his waltz to Queen Elizabeth when she visits Australia.

"It is dedicated to Her Majesty, and she might like to see it," he said hopefully.



MR. JACK DAVIS demonstrates a step in our office with a chair as "partner." He has invented six dances: The Surry Waltz, Regal Schottische, Victory Swing, Liberty Waltz, and Coronation Waltz.



GREAT-GRANDMOTHER Mrs. Abergilda Bell, 69, and dancing partner Mr. Harry Frazer, 71. Mrs. Bell's bouffant gown is of mauve net. She and Mr. Frazer go dancing nearly every night.

More and more people are saying

"I want Cadbury's"



The secret of its smoothness
and flavour is the glass and
a half of fresh full cream milk
in every half pound
BUY A BLOCK TODAY

Holiday romances

"Ships that pass in the night" are part of the usual romantic experiences of every boy and girl.

A few of these "ship" interludes may be significant. They may have a lived-happily-ever-after ending; but the majority founder, by mutual consent of both parties, on the sands of time.

PERHAPS you have had the magical experience.

From over the ocean, down from the skies, or even just across the State border comes John or Jennifer to capture your heart and carry it with them when they leave.

Will they keep their promise to bring your two worlds together again forever? Will you keep yours?

Let's see what the chances are.

Your John could be a student from another country who first said hello to your heart at that party of Margaret's.

Six weeks of heaven followed with all the ecstasy of discovery—discovery that you both love Debussy, rainy Sundays, old china, Edward Lear nonsense.

Here, indeed, was your kindred soul.

And—you gasped at the thought—but for that party, but for the spanning of those miles, you two might never have found each other.

Then at last came the agony of parting when John had to return to England. The vows and promises you exchanged!

The letters flow between you. You burn midnight oil finishing them.

You ring Mother from work each morning and afternoon at mail-time. If there is a letter from him waiting on your dressing-table, you forgo the usual 5.30 coffee session with the girls for the first bus home.

John sends presents—that crazy little china teapot, for instance, that only he, the darling, would know you'd love.

Then something goes wrong with the overseas mail (or that's what you assure your

heart) and the letters aren't so frequent.

You write on, stilling the doubts with "Of course, he couldn't have got my last letter yet. Perhaps he's flat out with exams. Maybe he's ill . . ."

In the end you face it.

And, surprisingly enough, you find yourself tackling Mother's apple pies with gusto, taking up with the old crowd again, even noting with interest the addition of a couple of new men.

"After all," you smile, "what did John and I really know about each other except our

"You'll write each day?"

"Of course, my dear—

I'll love you always. Never fear . . ."

(What fails my memory once again

Is—what the dickens was his name?)

When you're next hailed by an "outgoing vessel" don't weigh anchor and follow, unless you're sure you're on the right course.

For most girls, there is an irresistible aura of the Marco Polo about a boy in a faraway place. Unlike on-the-spot, dependable Stephen, he does seem to be doing "adventurous" things.

His stories are so thrilling, his village (in reality not nearly as interesting as your own town or suburb) is "so romantic."

And those presents you proudly show. Not Stephen's "mundane" set of crystal from the city jewellers but, actually, a hand-woven scarf from the New Hebrides. You can even smell the tang of the Pacific Isles.

Enjoy the romance and the tang if you want, but don't leave old Stephen out in the cold too long. You could be left lamenting, "A bird in the hand, etc."

Holiday guest-houses are happy berths for local "passing coasters."

Here the "ships" tie up in gay profusion, holiday bunting flying bravely.

If you come down to dinner that first night confident of meeting your heart's desire, don't be surprised to find an eligible lad with the same idea.

Suddenly, across the dull assortment of married couples and kids, you spot each other. It's love at first sight.

Now you're back home again—and it was a wonderful holiday, wasn't it? But be honest.

Aren't you rather glad you didn't exchange phone numbers?



"Do you mind if I oil that seing?"

devotion to Debussy and Edward Lear? Thousands of people have that in common."

And so two more "ships" have passed and gone their separate ways.

Granted, the ending is sometimes different. The prince and princess marry. But these story-book final chapters are rare.

How do you know at that tearful parting if it is real love, if the promise will be kept?

You can't know. Neither can he—however sincerely the vows are made on both sides.

Old Father Time is the only one who knows the answer and he can usually be relied on to reveal it fairly soon.

DISC DIGEST

strain, is the uncommon subject of the flipside, "Dixieland Tango." Needless to say it's neither ragtime nor tango, but you'll find it so-o-o easy to dance to. Lyrics are cute, too.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the way Art Mooney evokes a lot of the flavor of a musically number of the 'twenties with "Heartbreaker," although the tune dates only from 1948. You can almost see the chorus in lounge pyjamas! Flipping over MGM 5138 you have Hoagy Carmichael's 1931 tune "Lazy River," with the same combo. An entertaining double.

RAY ELLINGTON and the Stargazers jazz up history with merry results in "Bruce and the Spider" on Y6465, New Orleans, with a Spanish

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1953

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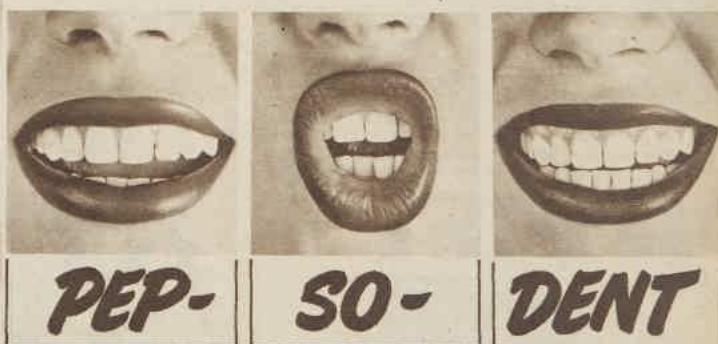
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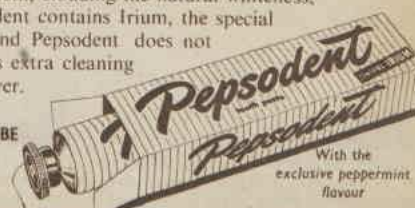
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With the exclusive peppermint flavour

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Page 21



NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. and Mrs. Marsden Hordern leave St. James' Church after their wedding. The bride was formerly Lesley Spooner, daughter of Mrs. E. S. Spooner, of Kirribilli, and the late Mr. Spooner.



YOUTHFUL BRIDE. Dick Atwill and his bride, formerly Beris Rau, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Noel Rau, of Brighton-le-Sands, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill. Dick is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Atwill, of Strathfield.



WED IN ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. George Lillyman leave St. Mary's Church, Somerset, England, after their wedding. Mrs. Lillyman was formerly Valda Rofe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rofe, of Warrawee.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

HOSPITABLE South Australian hosts and hostesses have opened their homes to interstate members of the legal profession and their wives, who have migrated to Adelaide for the Legal Convention held from July 8 to July 13.

The visitors will be entertained at a variety of parties and dinners after the business of the day is concluded, and on "free" days they'll play golf or tennis, picnic in Adelaide's picturesque hills, or visit the Barossa Valley.

Among the Sydney contingent are Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkin, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Louat, Mr. and Mrs. John Newton, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Manning.

BABY TALK . . . Jimmy and Wendy Williams' first child, a daughter, who was born at St. Luke's Hospital this week, is Mrs. Strath Playfair's fifth grandchild — and fifth granddaughter.



COMING-OF-AGE PARTY. Sue McGrath (second from left) with her twin brothers, Roger (left) and Pat, and Anne Sheldon at the 21st birthday party given for Sue by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. McGrath, at the Pickwick Club.



LONDON DEBUTANTE. Vera Resch with her mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Cooper, before her coming-out dance. Vera is the daughter of the late Mr. Arnold Resch, of Sydney.



GAY COUPLE. Dianne Kahn dances with Warwick Abadee, one of eight young hosts who gave a party at the Woollahra Golf House. Dianne wore buttercup organza.



IN MELBOURNE. Mrs. Trevor Clarke (left), Mr. Clarke, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, of Double Bay, arrive at Flemington for the Grand National Meeting.

BRIEFLY . . . among an appreciative audience bidding for antiques at a city auction room were Miss Elizabeth Northcott, the daughter of the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, and her fiancé, Squadron-Leader Russell Nash . . . after honeymooning at Medlow Bath, recently married Frank and Shirley McAloon have made their home at Parramatta. Shirley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sep Sheridan, of "Mogil," Parramatta.

HEIRLOOM christening robe of fine lawn embroidered with lace was worn by Michele Christine Wheeler when she was christened at St. John's Cathedral, Hongkong. Michele is the daughter of Michael and Shirley Wheeler, of Hongkong. The robe, sent from Ceylon to Scotland for the christening of Michele's great-grandmother, the late Mrs. A. E. Jones, of "Back Merrigal," Armatree, has been worn by every member of the family since then. Mrs. Wheeler was Shirley Mott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mott, "Gladevale," North Queensland.

Anne



LEFT: The dining-room at "Avoncliffe," Stratford-upon-Avon home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Quayle. Above: The library, which is really a small ante-room leading off the big hall.

• Here are pictures of the Stratford-upon-Avon home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Quayle. Mr. Quayle brought the Stratford-upon-Avon Memorial Theatre Company, now playing in Melbourne, to Australia. Their daughters Rosanna and Jennifer were photographed in Sydney.

The Anthony Quayles' home



"AVONCLIFFE" has lawns that sweep down to the banks of the Avon, where white swans glide. A sheltered, glassed-in verandah, ideal for entertaining, runs the full length of the front and eastern side of the house.



AT HOME. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Quayle in the pastel-toned sitting-room of their home. Before her marriage Mrs. Quayle was the lovely young English actress Dorothy Hyson, daughter of actress Dorothy Dixon.



DAUGHTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD. Rosanna (left) and Jennifer, the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Quayle. The children, wearing red-and-white checkered frocks with red shoes to match, were photographed during their stay in Sydney. Both little girls are enjoying their visit to Australia.



AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, Mr. Pete Jarman (left), welcomes the Second Secretary of the Canadian Legation, Mr. G. Charpentier, and Mrs. Charpentier to the party celebrating American Independence. Mr. and Mrs. Jarman will soon leave for America.

Fourth of July celebrations



FOURTH OF JULY BALL. Junice Burchall and Peter Grogan helped celebrate American Independence at the ball given by the American Society at the Trocadero. Junice's frock combined ice-blue brocade and net.



AT RECEPTION. Dell McKerihan and Mr. Justice Herron at the party given by the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Donald Smith, and Mrs. Smith to celebrate American Independence.



CHINESE MINISTER, Dr. Chen, and Madame Chen are greeted by the American Ambassador, Mr. Pete Jarman, and Mrs. Jarman at the party to celebrate Independence Day given by the Jarman family at the Embassy in Canberra.



IN CANBERRA. Mrs. W. McLaren (left), Mr. McLaren, who is Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Mrs. Sim Bennet, and Mr. Bennet, of "Kambah," Canberra, were guests at the Independence Day party given by American Ambassador, Mr. Pete Jarman, and Mrs. Jarman.



PHILIPPINE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, Mr. Generoso Provido (right), and Mrs. Provido (left) talk with two of their guests, Dr. A. J. Agbayani and Mrs. F. H. Berryman, at the reception given to celebrate Philippine Independence.

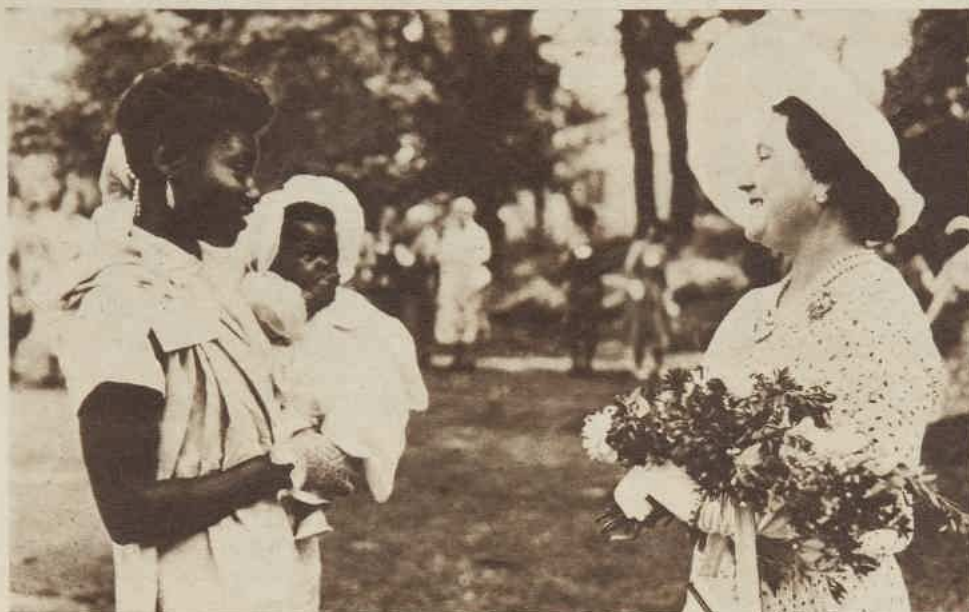


UNITED KINGDOM HIGH COMMISSIONER, Sir Stephen Holmes (left), Lady Holmes, Lady Sinclair, and Sir Colin Sinclair at the Independence Day party given by the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Donald Smith, and Mrs. Smith.



HOSTESS AND GUESTS. Mrs. Donald Smith (second from right), wife of the U.S. Consul-General, with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnes (left) and Sir Edward Hallstrom at the party given by the Smiths at their Darling Point home.

African tour seen as prelude



PROUD MOTHER. Mrs. F. Cofie, of the Gold Coast, shows her five-months-old baby to the Queen Mother at a garden party at Lambeth Palace, London, where women from colonial territories were presented to the Queen Mother.

Dress rehearsal for new roles for Queen Mother, Margaret

By PATRICIA ROLFE, in London

The visit of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret to Rhodesia may be regarded as a dress rehearsal for new public roles for both. They will begin to play these parts in full when the Queen and her husband tour Australia later in the year.

ON this African tour the Queen Mother is making her first extended public appearance outside Britain since the death of her husband.

It includes opening officially the Cecil Rhodes Centenary Exhibition at Bulawayo, and a 1500-mile tour of Africa.

There is no member of the Royal Family more skilled in approaching the public in a dignified but kindly way than the Queen Mother.

London photographers say that when she is making a public appearance they set their cameras at ten feet.

Without any apparent effort on her part, without any outward sign, she always stops and smiles at exactly ten feet from where the photographers are grouped to enable them to get a good picture, in perfect focus.

The Queen Mother is still a young and active woman with tremendous personal popularity and keen intelligence.

It is not likely that these great gifts will be wasted, and in all probability she will do much to ease the burden on the shoulders of the young Queen.

Margaret will also probably play a more active and independent public role. Since the Coronation she has made several appearances alone with great poise and success, notably at the opening of the Antique Dealers' Fair in London.

Both the Queen Mother and the Princess included some of their Ascot dresses in their South African wardrobes.

The choice of cool colors and tropical-weight clothes for Rhodesia at first appeared a mistake when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret left the Royal train on the first morning of their tour, and froze in light frocks while the band played "God Save the Queen" twice.

However, the Rhodesian winter in the main proved sufficiently warm for summer clothes.

Margaret, this summer, has been wearing a lot of blue, and took several dresses in this color with her. She also wore a good deal of cream and white.

The Queen Mother took a number of shady hats and four parasols.

For the holiday part of the tour—a couple of days spent in Rhodesia's wild-animal country—Margaret chose simple sports dresses with the

merest suspicion of sleeves and very full skirts.

The Queen Mother took several pieces of jewellery with her and presented them to her hostesses during the trip.

One of the most excited young men in Rhodesia was Hugh Sim, aged 23, who escorted Princess Margaret to the ball at Government House, Salisbury.

He is a lieutenant and book-keeper in the Rhodesian Territorial Artillery.

However, fellow officers deflated his ego by saying this was because he was the only bachelor in the unit.

Local residents for a glorious fortnight not only had the excitement of the Royal visitors but rare artistic treats as well.

Besides the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition, which covered an area of 55 acres, and in which 16 African States were represented, there were also

visits by the Halle Orchestra, under conductor Sir John Barbirolli, the Covent Garden Opera Company, Sadler's Wells Ballet, and a ten-day run of John Gielgud in Richard II.

People of Rhodesia found Margaret, "Our Little Princess," as they call her, much more serious than she was on her visit there six years ago.

Margaret had not only developed from a "schoolgirl" in short frocks and shady white hats into a glamorous young woman, but there was a wisdom about her not to be expected in a beautiful princess not yet 23.

She was glamorous and charming as always during the tour, but caught off guard she seemed pensive, almost unhappy.

One day she stayed indoors "resting" while her mother visited a cattle ranch.

Rhodesians, in fact the whole world, thought they knew the reason after hearing of the transfer to Brussels, as air attaché, of Group-Captain Peter Townsend, handsome 38-year-old temporary equerry to the Queen.

This came at a time when Townsend was expected to be appointed comptroller of the Queen Mother's household.

London papers called once more for a statement from Buckingham Palace on rumors widely spread in America and



PRINCESS MARGARET at Ascot. Both the Queen Mother and the Princess took dresses they had worn at Ascot to South Africa for the tour in honor of the Rhodes Centenary.



QUEEN ELIZABETH (at the top of steps), Princess Margaret, and the Queen Mother after inspecting the aircraft which took Princess Margaret and her mother to Africa.

France of a romance between Margaret and Townsend.

The simple fact, largely overlooked, is that Princess Margaret is going through the "growing-up" process, which most intelligent and sensitive girls go through, but she has to do it in a goldfish-bowl atmosphere of the British Royal Family.

Princess Margaret combines a love of gaiety with an interest in the serious things of life. She decides to take further religious instruction and it is immediately rumored that she is planning to give up her life to religion.

She wishes to gain knowledge of the world beyond the somewhat narrow circle in which

she lives (friendship with Townsend is only one aspect of this) and immediately romance is rumored.

The fact that Townsend leaves for Brussels on July 15, the day before Princess Margaret returns, should make it clear enough that the Royal Family has no intention of discussing Princess Margaret's private affairs in public, or in fact of leaving her in a position which is in the slightest equivocal.



IN CAMERA RANGE. Wherever she goes, Princess Margaret is always a target for cameras. Here, at the Lambeth Palace garden party, many of the guests are photographing her as she walks with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher.



ON THE FRONT VERANDAH of his home Pop Chapman relaxes in a hammock over which he has set up a punkah to combat the heat of Alice Springs. Pop, who will be 80 next May, established Alice's first newspaper and was responsible for the first bank there.



CITRUS ORCHARD around the homestead yields a rich harvest. Borees sunk on the property ensure abundant water for flowers and vegetables and a magnificent vineyard. Pop Chapman owns a row of shops in Alice Springs and now plans a mammoth hotel.

Pop Chapman of "The Pearly Gates"

Across the sandy River Todd at Alice Springs is "The Pearly Gates," home of Mr. C. H. (Pop) Chapman, 79-year-old prospector. When staff photographer Ron Berg and I went to see Pop we passed through the gates—posts made from oil drums—under a statue representing the Goddess of Plenty.



MUSICAL EVENING. Pop and his housekeeper, Mrs. M. O. Hann, share a love of music. A favorite number is "The Blue Danube" waltz. Pop's violin is 200 years old.



JUICY WATERMELON. Pop settles down to a watermelon raised on his Alice Springs property. The melons grow to about 40 pounds. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



POP CHAPMAN sorts different specimens of rock containing metals, including gold taken from The Granites, the rich goldmine he founded 21 years ago. He is the very proud grandfather of 13 boys and two girls.



INGENIOUS INVENTION. Pop watches the fish in his swimming-pool rise to eat the insects attracted to the light bulb he has rigged up. The fish are thus fed free and Pop is insect-free as he sits in the gloaming.

THE goddess will soon be joined by a statue of St. Peter with golden keys. Pop chose the name for his home because years ago when someone asked him once where he would live when he retired he replied, "The Pearly Gates, I suppose."

"But, as I'm now 79 and have no thoughts of retiring, I thought I might as well enjoy the pearly gates on earth before I tried the heavenly variety," he added.

Pop Chapman founded the rich goldmine known as The Granites, 400 miles north-west of Alice Springs, in 1932 after leading an expedition there from Brisbane.

Prospectors had been at The Granites long before Mr. Chapman came on the scene, but their prospecting had been hampered by lack of water.

A few years ago Pop set Alice agog when he drove into town with 2000 ounces of gold in powdered milk tins just after the price of gold had risen to £5 an ounce.

Pop recently sold out of the mine. His son Pat also sold out some years ago. His other son, Gordon, has retained a half share and still lives there, working with mainly native labor under rugged conditions.

Pop's resourcefulness and inventiveness are evident in his house, which he built himself.

Interior decorators may not agree with his decor, but they would be goggle-eyed just the same.

The walls are studded with gold nuggets from The Granites, gleaming rubies and opals, semi-precious stones, and samples of every known mineral mined from the surrounding country.

He has not only built a swimming-pool but has built it up with rocks to the second story so that he just has to walk off his screened sleeping verandah and dive in.

By JOYCE BOWDEN,
staff reporter

Not content with this, Pop has stocked it with fish from South Australia so that after his early morning dip he can get out his fishing line and catch his breakfast.

If Pop is feeling in hunting mood after breakfast, he takes his gun and shoots wild pigeons for a pie for lunch. Or he can get a plump rabbit from a specially prepared hutch in the garden.

Pop also keeps chickens and beehives.

"I'm used to living off the land," he told me. "In fact, I prefer a plate of witchetty grubs to oysters any day. Would you like to stay to lunch?"

However, Mr. Chapman's housekeeper, Mrs. M. O. Hann, evidently doesn't share Pop's taste for bush tucker. We sat down to Sunday dinner of roast lamb, jelly and cream, and home-bottled plums.

Mr. Chapman was born on May 27, 1874, at Coonabarabran, N.S.W., where his parents had a station property.

His father came from Liverpool, England, and married Julia Downing, whose family claim to be descendants of the family after which 10 Downing Street was named.

Mr. Chapman's father, after whom Mount Chapman in Papua is said to have been named, is believed to have been eaten by cannibals on an expedition in Papua.

Pop was then six-year-old Charles.

He attended St. John's High School, Dubbo, N.S.W., was a jackeroo, then a station manager, and later took up country in County Mitchell, Queensland.

He first started on the road to success when he imported an electrical "water-finder."

He read about it in a mining journal and immediately cabled for it to England. This was in 1898.

He never missed on one bore in thousands. In fact, he was so successful with the machine that the company sent him a presentation gold watch.

At the turn of the century Pop married Miss Jessie Swan, a pastoralist's daughter from Roma, Queensland.

Charles Henry—known as Pat—Gordon, and a daughter, Ethel (Mrs. Colin Short, of Brisbane), are children of this marriage.

After the death of his first wife, Mr. Chapman married his housekeeper, Miss Gertrude Ford.

The children of this marriage are Fay (Mrs. Les Woods, of Adelaide) and Julia Rose (Mrs. Thomas Potter).

Pop spends most days dolly-ing gold, bottling fruit and grapes from his garden, overseeing the cordial factory and the sawmill on his land; and writing, often in doggerel verse, to his countless friends.

His relaxation is music.

After the evening meal he and Mrs. Hann go to the living-room on the second story.

Here Pop is likely to play "When We Get Married We'll Have Sausages for Tea" on the tin-whistle or a classical number on the piano.

Mrs. Hann accompanies him when he plays his 200-year-old violin or his mandolin guitar.

In party mood Pop plays "Jingle Bells" on two spoons stuck in the necks of two cordial bottles.

He neither smokes nor drinks.

Pop has a good sense of humor and two of his favorite stories are told against himself.

As a boy, being very short and slight, he wasn't much of a footballer. Once when running with the ball, a member of the opposing team picked him up, football and all, and scored.

"I never played the game again," Pop said.

However, he excelled at cricket as a young man.

One day his cricket team was playing against the local mental hospital team. Pop was clean bowled in the first over.

The gleeful bowler shouted, "I'm not as mad as you thought I was, am I?"

"THE PEARLY GATES." Pop Chapman stands at the entrance of his Alice Springs home, "The Pearly Gates." The statue representing the Goddess of Plenty is made of marble from Italy.



FISH FOR BREAKFAST. Pop casts his line into his swimming-pool to catch a fish for breakfast. He grows pumpkins, his favorite vegetable, round the pool where the overflow keeps the plants watered.



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Crest... the choice of Canadian Pacific Airways Hostesses

MOTHER



"But, Mum, I LIKE catching colds."

BUTCH



"Never did want a key to his room. Likes to keep his hand in, he says."

It seems to me

IF you want to produce a first-class stir in any locality, propose the re-naming of a street.

Fierce argument raged in Woolloomooloo last week when the Sydney City Council's works committee recommended that Sir John Young Crescent be changed to Sylvia Chase Drive.

Mrs. Sylvia Chase sponsored the first Police Boys' Club in Woolloomooloo.

Sir John Young was Governor of New South Wales from 1861 to 1868.

Said an alderman supporting the switch: "No one in the district knows who Sir John Young was, and they don't care." Residents who opposed it did so for the very human reason that any change is upsetting, and life is muddling enough as it is.

Both sides miss the point. Sir John Young Crescent is a fine, resounding name. It has a nice rhythm, and its British formality is especially effective followed by Woolloomooloo, which is probably Australia's best-known place-name.

It is worth a dozen High Streets and King Streets.

Now it happens that Sylvia Chase Drive also sounds well. But, for heaven's sake, why waste two good names on one street?

Name something else after Mrs. Chase, whose work deserves to be commemorated, and leave Sir John Young his little tribute.

As to whether anyone knows who he was—congratulations to readers who can say straight off after whom or what were named Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.

MANY hard things have been said of television, but the most remarkable criticism of it comes from a British housewife addressing the National Union of Townswomen's Guilds at Blackpool.

She said that young couples sat at home watching television when they should be out courting, and added: "If there is no courting, there will be no marriage, no children, and in the end, no nation."

Somehow, I think she underestimates the human race.

THIS week's odd story comes from South Africa, where students of the University of Natal have been engaged in a battle of the sexes.

The men said they were tired of the women students running everything, and debarred them from voting at meetings. The women retaliated by boycotting dances and refusing to give the men tea.

What happened finally hasn't been revealed, but you can lay odds on the ending.

One kind blonde will give a cup of tea to one thirsty, good-looking man, and the ranks will dissolve in disorder.



Dorothy Drain

FRIENDS of mine listening to the cricket in the early hours of the morning became curious about a whistle they could hear in the background of the description from Lord's.

Somewhere round 2 a.m. they dug out of the bookshelves an A.B.C. guide to London, published in 1914.

They soon abandoned the discussion on whether or not the whistle could have come from railway yards which the map showed not far from Lord's. Indeed they soon for-

got the cricket altogether, so absorbed were they in the 132 pages, price 3d., of the guide.

Its advertisements brought wistful reminders of how far a sovereign would go in London before World War I.

You could lunch at Frascati's for half-a-crown or dine, with orchestral background, for five shillings. Three shillings would buy you dinner at the Holborn Restaurant "accompanied by high-class music."

At Charles Baker and Co. Ltd., gentlemen's outfitters, the best made-to-measure dress suit cost £5/14/6.

Nor need a gentleman, dressed by Mr. Baker and bound for a restaurant, have been in doubt of the cab fare. Pages of the guide were devoted to the fares from any point in London to any of the railway stations.

At this point my friends were brought back to Sydney, 1953, by a high humming noise from the radio. The station had gone off the air, and they had to wait for the paper to learn the score.

A GLASGOW man has invented a handbag which rings a bell when the bag is snatched.

As one whose Scottish blood is diluted by other less canny strains, I suggest that he elaborate the notion to a bell which rings when a purse is opened. Or better still, a phonograph device which recites, "Ten two shillings make a pound. You'll never see Europe at this rate."

PLASTIC honeycombs for bees have been developed by a Detroit beekeeper. If made the exact size of the combs which the bees have made, he says, the bees use them, and thus save time.

*How doth the little busy bee?
He doth, it seems, quite well,
The plastic age has set him free,
He runs round raising hell.*

*No longer needs to make a comb,
Which spells the end of wax.
A bee who has a prefab home
Gets habits rather lax.*

*His industry, so long admired,
Now proves a myth, you see.
Incentive lost, he's always tired,
He's just a lazy bee.*



I've got my eye on the man

who wears a

Paramount SHIRT...

the smartest white shirt in Town!



**DOUBLE LIFE
-DOUBLE VALUE**
with all these features!

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COLLAR-ATTACHED
SHIRT WITH THE
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EXTRA WEAR
FROM FINE ENGLISH
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FRENCH FRONTS
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Choose from these 1953 Paramount Collar Styles . . .

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Now, Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese. Why? Because precious lactose (milk sugar), much milk mineral and Vitamin B₂ are lost in making ordinary cheese—run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back—adds them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health.

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**No Teething
Troubles here**

When teething troubles start, swiftly soothe baby's discomfort, reduce high temperatures and induce normal restful sleep by giving Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. They are absolutely safe, for they will never conceal any serious symptoms which may develop.



Insist on being supplied with

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders

They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

She cooks her way round the world

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

World-wandering Englishwoman Kathleen Hodgson, who has travelled from Labrador to Peru and Chile, visited the U.S.A., Canada, and Australia, now seeks adventure in New Guinea, with "no money, but the ability to talk and cook."



MISS KATHLEEN HODGSON

DARK - HAIRE D, vivacious Miss Hodgson, who arrived in Sydney recently, said she loves to wander about the world studying agriculture, archaeology, and politics.

"I have very little money, so when I run out of cash I take a job as a cook," she said laughing. "You don't have to know the language to cook in Chicago, Lima, Valparaiso, or Auckland. Everyone likes food, and I am a pretty efficient cook."

"I am good on savory dishes and pick up recipes wherever I go to please employers wherever they may be," she said.

Miss Hodgson also gives lectures to clubs, talks on the radio, and writes articles about her travels.

"But cooking is the most reliable way to make money," she added.

"I cooked in Labrador, too, where I spent the most adventurous three years of my life," she said. "I was jack-of-all-trades there."

"Labrador is a fascinating place, inhabited by about 5000 stout-hearted fishermen who are descended from Britishers who went there originally in the 18th century."

"There are some Indians and Eskimos in the north, but the majority of the inhabitants are British families, who fish for cod in the summer and are busy keeping warm during the frozen winter."

There Miss Hodgson was in charge of the dry goods and clothing store of the Grenfell Association, which does medical and social work in Labrador and Newfoundland.

"Soon after I arrived in Forteau, the bay froze over," she told me. "The sea became a mass of ice, and all navigation ceased."

"The lighthouse on Point Armour closes down for the winter."

Her only companion was an English nurse of 24, Iris

Mitchiner, who cared for the people on 100 miles of coastline.

"I'll always remember my first Christmas there," Miss Hodgson said. "A young woman was having her first baby, and Iris asked me to help her."

"I had to put on an operating gown and mask and give the patient ether and chloroform with one hand and hold a lamp with the other."

"Fortunately we did not blow up, and very soon Timothy, weight 9lbs., entered the world and squalled loudly. Emmie, his mother, was as right as rain."

Miss Hodgson said there was no electric light when she first went to Forteau, and the long winter nights were lit only by oil lamps.

"I thought I'd do lots of reading," she said, "but there was always some work to be done or someone popping in for something."

Miss Hodgson said her worst journey of the many she took in Labrador was in the spring.

"We had a patient at the nursing station who was about to have her 13th baby when complications occurred."

"It was April and no boat had ever crossed the straits so early in the year, but the main bulk of the ice had gone, and the weather was fine."

"The woman's husband and brother-in-law decided to get her to hospital at St. Anthony, 80 miles away in Newfoundland. I went to look after her."

"We started at five one fine morning in a small fishing launch, made the crossing of the Straits of Belle Isle, and turned along the Newfoundland coast. Six big icebergs were drifting down the straits when we rounded Cape Norman, the northern point of Newfoundland."

"The breeze began to freshen and we were soon buttoning on our oilskins and pumping hard. Ice barred us from taking the inside passage, and we were forced out into the At-

lantic, where a full gale was blowing."

"One of the men said it looked like coming up w o n derfully dirty. It did."

"We went up and we went down. Sometimes we rose on a wave and came smack down on the other side with a crash that I thought would surely smash our boat."

"Sometimes a wave came over us before we could steady the little boat, and it heaved and plunged while our patient got rapidly worse."

"After three hours we put into a place called Griquet, and it was decided that it was impossible to go farther by sea. The patient and her husband went on to St. Anthony by dog team and komotik (a large toboggan), and they reached hospital at midnight. Baby No. 13 was born before morning, and the mother's life was saved."

Dog-team ride

MISS HODGSON went on a dog-team trip of 12 miles with the father of Emmie, Jack Buckle.

"Jack knelt in front, and I sat on the box, and away we flew down steep hills, and across slippery ice," she said.

"It was all terribly exciting and quite dangerous, as it is easy to fall off in rough country."

"We went galloping into the village of Lance au Loup, ran straight into another team tearing out. The confusion, with fighting between the dogs, was beyond words, and the toboggan overturned."

Miss Hodgson was born of Irish and English parents in Lancashire, England, 46 years ago. Her father was a British chaplain in Valparaiso, Chile, for some years, and her early life was divided between Chile and Ireland.

"Although I worked on farms for a while, politics are

my real love," she said, in Sydney. "I became a political organiser for the Conservative Party, and for 15 years worked in the north of England." She joined the Land Army in the war.

She was awarded the M.B.E. After three years in Labrador, Miss Hodgson went on a six months' lecture tour of the U.S.A. for the Grenfell Association.

Back to England, she wrote a book about her experiences and her family. It is not yet published, and she hopes to get more material in Queensland, where a great-grandfather, Charles Hodgson, was an explorer.

Returning to scenes of her childhood in Chile, Miss Hodgson visited some of the ancient cities there.

She also visited the southernmost city in the world, Punta Arenas, in South America, where she stayed on a three-million-acre sheep farm.

Revisiting America to look up some friends, she cooked her way across Canada, and thence down to New Zealand. "New Zealand is a good country for cooks—they are well paid, too."

Next she will study high-altitude farming in New Guinea.

"They have native cooks there, so I guess I'd better get a store of money when I return by doing some cooking in Brisbane," she said.

When she has cooked up some more money in Brisbane Miss Hodgson will return to England and give lectures.

"Australia and New Zealand don't seem to be lecture-conscious," she added. "But they do pay their cooks well!"



EMMIE and her new baby, Timothy, set out for home across the snow and ice, warmly wrapped up.



A LABRADOR FAMILY and their home, which looks lonely and exposed, but the hardy fisher folk there know no other life.

Sydney actor is off to Stratford



AT HOME at Mosman, N.S.W., Frank Waters and his wife, Elaine, read bedtime stories to their daughters, Margaret (left) and Christine.



'Spotted' by Mrs. Anthony Quayle in brilliant stage performance

By REG LUCKIE

Young Australian actor Frank Waters and his wife and family will soon be leaving their cottage at Mosman, N.S.W., with its distant view of Sydney Harbor, for a house at Stratford, England, where the River Avon flows. Anthony Quayle, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre now touring Australia, has invited him to join the company at Stratford in the New Year.

FRANK and Elaine Waters, who come from Adelaide, have two daughters, Christine, aged four, and Margaret, 19 months. They have booked to sail for England in the Otranto on September 21.

This chance to appear with the famous Shakespeare players came after Mrs. Dorothy Quayle had seen Frank give

his brilliant performance in the star part in Arthur Miller's modern American tragedy, "Death of a Salesman," at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney.

Mrs. Quayle, the former English actress Dorothy Hyson, is known as her husband's "eyes and ears" when it comes to spotting talent. Anthony Quayle is often too busy producing and acting—particularly when on tour—to see

other plays, and he reposes great faith in his wife's judgment.

But he saw Frank act in a special "private performance" in between the matinee and evening presentations of "Henry IV" at the Tivoli Theatre on the final day of the Stratford players' Sydney season.

Frank himself had to rush to the Tivoli after doing radio parts all day, and give his one-

man show for Tony Quayle and the Shakespeare Company's manager, Paddy Donnell.

Then he tore home to dinner and was on stage at 8.15 p.m. at the Independent for his exhausting role of Willy Loman.

"Death of a Salesman," a relentless but compassionate study of the disintegration of Willy, a man who has dedicated himself to material success and has abjectly failed, is drawing big houses at the Independent. It is stark drama which leaves few members of the audience unaffected.

"It was pretty terrific that Saturday when I had the Stratford audition," Frank told me. "But it was also pretty exciting."

"Mrs. Quayle saw 'Death of a Salesman' with John Casson, producer for J. C. Williamson's," he added.

"After the show they came round to the dressing-room to offer their congratulations."

Mrs. Quayle said they both agreed that Bill Rees' production was better than the London one, and that I was better than Paul Muni, who had played Willy Loman in the West End.

"I went home and told Elaine, who had been through every bit of 'Salesman' time and time again, with me. I think 'Lainey' has read every other character but Willy so often when I was rehearsing about the house that she could go on and give a multiple Ruth Draper performance without turning a hair."

"Next morning just before I was leaving for town to record some soap opera the phone rang," added Frank.

"It was Mrs. Quayle to say that she really meant what she had said the night before."

"On the following day, the Saturday that is, Tony Quayle's secretary, Floy Bell, rang Elaine with the news that Mrs. Quayle had talked so much about me that Tony wondered if it would be possible for me to show him briefly what I could do."

"It all happened just as quickly as that."

"Casting starts at Stratford on January 1 each year. I was told that if I were there by New Year's Day, 1954 or 1955, there would be a job waiting for me."

"With such an inviting prospect, we decided to go immediately."

"There won't be any chance of our starving in the streets of London. I am a qualified dental mechanic, and both Tony Quayle and Paddy Donnell said that if I had to hang about between arriving in England and being cast they would get me work with their own dentists!"

"But I don't think there

ON STAGE at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, Frank Waters works up to a climax of anguish as Willy Loman in the modern American tragedy "Death of a Salesman."

will be any need for me to take them up on that offer."

Frank and Elaine Waters met when they were both serving in the A.I.F. in South Australia—he as a staff-sergeant and she as a nurse with the rank of lieutenant.

Frank has been acting ever since he was 16. He started with the Adelaide Repertory Theatre and remained with them for six years as an amateur. When he was 23 he sold the dental laboratory in which he earned his living, and became a radio announcer.

To-day he is known throughout Australia as a radio actor and narrator.

He played one of the lead roles in Christopher Fry's religious drama "A Sleep of Prisoners," around which a great controversy raged when the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. H. Mowll, refused to allow it to be presented in one of the churches in his diocese. Several ministers of other denominations later asked for the play to be performed in their churches.

Elaine is delighted at the prospect of going to live at Stratford, though she doesn't quite believe it yet.

"I'm much too busy to think about it," she said. "But after all those weeks of looking after the children, doing the housework and helping Frank learn his part for 'Salesman,' I'm just looking forward to several glorious weeks on board ship with nothing to do but have my meals brought to me, knowing that Christine and Margaret are playing happily in the nursery—and not having anything at all to do with plays!"

WEST END DEBUT BRINGS FAME

At 20, Australia's Diane Cilento has captured the London theatre world with her first West End part. She stepped on to the stage of the tiny Arts Theatre as the fiery servant girl of Shaw's "Arms and the Man," and became a smash hit.

THE Arts Theatre, tucked away in a back street a stone's throw from Leicester Square's ring of huge cinemas, is minute in dimensions but huge in artistic reputation.

Diane is the youngest daughter of Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, of Brisbane.

With her lustrous fall of blonde hair, high cheekbones, large brown eyes, and enigmatic smile, she is a puzzle to newspapermen clamoring to see her.

She is taciturn and publicity-shy, and said, "I don't want

to be discovered. I am not good enough yet."

She was on a hitch-hiking tour of France—a favorite mode of travel for thousands of young Australian girls abroad—when a film producer saw her photograph and called her agent urgently for a test.

The result was that when Diane, tanned and glowing from her stay on the Riviera, landed back in London she was rushed to a studio and emerged triumphantly with a starring part opposite Robert Beatty and Zachary Scott in "Dead on Course."

It was a smuggling thriller, and she had wrested the part

from 40 more-experienced competitors—including several established stars.

On the stage she had made no spectacular progress until she was given the lead, in Manchester, in the best of all youthful feminine roles—Juliet.

It was this performance which paved her way to an audition in London with the



DIANE CILENTO

celebrated Arts Theatre. The producer liked her audition and cast her for "Arms and the Man."

With a shortage of top-ranking young actresses on the West End stage, there is room and to spare for new stars of the calibre of Diane.

The Arts Theatre was quick to realise this.

Immediately they cast her for the leading role of Sara in the James Bridie play "Tobias."

Diane is cagey about her success, pleads to dodge Press interviewers, is somewhat wider-eyed than usual about reviews of her debut, and is especially shy of photographers.

But there is no hint of shyness when she appears in front of film cameras or on stage.

She seems merely unwilling to accept herself as a success yet.

—Bill Strutton

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Like all Lingerie by Prestige, this slumberwear will fit you perfectly, because it has been made to your individual size. By buying these garments to your bust measurement, in inches, you can be sure of having lovely slumberwear that will fit as though it had been made exclusively for you.

1 Nylon Nightgown ND.917, trimmed with nylon lace, in Sunglow and Ivory.

Bust: 32", 34" £5/17/6
36", 38" £6/4/6

2 Nylon Negligee NG.918, trimmed with nylon lace, in Sunglow and Ivory.

Bust: 32", 34" £13/17/6
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3 Nylon Nightgown ND.916, trimmed with nylon lace, in Sunglow and Ivory.

Bust: 32", 34" £7/19/6
36", 38" £8/7/6
40", 42" £8/15/6

4 Summer Silk Nightgown ND.241, in Sunglow, Ivory and Amber.

Bust: 32", 34" 57/6
36", 38" 61/6
40", 42" 64/6

5 Herringbone Nightgown ND.124, in Sunglow, Ivory and Powderblue.

Bust: 32", 34" 34/6
36", 38" 37/6
40", 42" 39/6

6 Summer Silk Nightgown ND.239, in Sunglow, Ivory and Amber.

Bust: 32", 34" 64/6
36", 38" 67/6
40", 42" 69/6

7 Herringbone Nightgown ND.126, in Sunglow, Ivory and Powderblue.

Bust: 32", 34" 37/6
36", 38" 41/-
40", 42" 44/6

8 Thrills Short Pyjama SPJ.367, in Sunglow, Ivory and Powderblue.

Bust: 32", 34" 42/6
36", 38" 45/6

9 Herringbone Pyjama PJ.124, in Sunglow, Ivory and Powderblue.

Bust: 32", 34" 47/6
36", 38" 51/6

10 Summer Silk Nightgown ND.240, in Sunglow and Ivory.

Bust: 32", 34" 58/6
36", 38" 62/6
40", 42" 65/6

11 Thrills Nightgown ND.367, in Sunglow, Ivory and Powderblue.

Bust: 32", 34" 52/6
36", 38" 55/6

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Tones up tender gums!
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Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll... complete dental protection.

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Large and Medium now on sale
**SAVE ON LARGE FAMILY
SIZE**

Regular Kolynos still available

Saleswoman has the silky touch

Courtesy behind the counter inaugurates a two-way travel scheme

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

For the past ten years Mrs. Elsie Wheeler has worked behind the silk counter of an Auckland store, putting into practice such maxims as "Give the lady what she wants," "Satisfaction in use or money back," and "The customer is always right."

SHE did this so well that customers voted her the most courteous assistant, and the management rewarded her with a free trip to Australia.

Rather to Mrs. Wheeler's surprise, heads of firms and local chambers of commerce here have listened to her comments as if she, the saleswoman, "was always right," and intend to put some of the New Zealand store's ideas into their businesses.

In Sydney with Mrs. Wheeler were two other members of the staff of the store, Miss Monica Naughton, advertising executive, and Mrs. Jacqueline Foster.

They told me just how the scheme had been worked. Planned by the management, the competition was announced to employees at a meeting. Small playettes were put on to illustrate good and bad salesmanship.

"I was in one of the plays," said Miss Naughton, "showing how not to sell goods. I chewed gum, dripped with cheap jewellery, got a long string of pearls entangled in the cash register, and gave the wrong change. The staff enjoyed this, and roared with laughter at my antics."

"In the next play they saw how it should be done. The perfect salesgirl wore a black dress, no jewellery, gave pleasant service, the right change, and farewelled the customer with the phrase, 'You're very welcome.'"

"Then," said Mrs. Foster, "the contest was on. Ballot-boxes were put in front of all the lifts, and with each receipt customers were given a ballot paper."

Courtesy contest

THIS was headed: "Give the lady what she wants."

Then came the salesgirl's signature and the words, "I have just served you. You are probably aware that for a period of one month we are conducting a courtesy and service campaign, and your vote may enable me to participate in the first prize of a free trip to Australia."

A P.S. followed: "If you have not received satisfactory service do not record your vote."

Intrigued, customers hastily scrawled such remarks as "Very pleasant and efficient," and crammed the voting papers in the box.

A reserved woman of middle age, Mrs. Wheeler lives

alone in her five-roomed house at Herne Bay, just out of Auckland. Her two children, Betty and Billy, have grown up and married, but she still retains a clear and youthful skin and a thick blond plait coiled across her head from ear to ear.

Up at 6.15 every morning, she catches a trolley bus into town, punches the bundy, and changes into her neat black work-dress. Hours at her store are from 8.30 until five, and at midday Mrs. Wheeler lunches with fellow-workers in the cafeteria, which overlooks Waitemata Harbor.

On visiting Australia, she told of differences she noted between this store and those she entered in Sydney and Melbourne.

"For one thing," she explained, "our store has a free tram and bus service to bring customers to the door. On the top floor is a children's playground, where attendants supervise youngsters while their mothers shop. There are all sorts of toys for them to ride on and to play with."

"For toddlers there is a free push-cart service. Mothers can pick up a pusher on entering the shop and leave it on the way out."

"And," added Miss Naughton, "we don't have inquiry counters, but an inquiry phone. All the customer has to do is lift the receiver and say, 'Could you tell me where I find something . . . ?' and she receives an answer straight away."

"We feel that people are sometimes rather shy of approaching an inquiry counter, but don't mind lifting the receiver to ask a question."

The three New Zealanders enjoyed their stay in Australia, but Mrs. Wheeler had something to say about escalators.

"They terrify me," she gasped. "You see, we don't have them in Auckland. There are 'up' escalators in Wellington and Christchurch, but not down."

"Those 'down' escalators! I feel as if I will hurtle down head first. I don't know how to time the stepping on and the stepping off."

Mrs. Wheeler said that she had found salesgirls in Australia efficient and courteous.

She spent a week as guest of the Manly Chamber of Commerce, which plans a similar campaign to the one which brought her here.

Mrs. Wheeler explained how the plan works, and soon Manly shoppers will be voting a local salesgirl a trip to New Zealand.

"I think the courtesy campaign was a wonderful idea," stated Mrs. Wheeler before she flew back to the store and the silk counter. "It helps us, the customers, and business. Whoever is chosen to come to New Zealand is certain of a friendly welcome and a very good time."



MRS. ELSIE WHEELER (bottom), winner of a contest to discover the most courteous assistant in an Auckland store, Mrs. Jacqueline Foster (centre), and Miss Monica Naughton.



A little bird told me . . . that Robin Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

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Eat delicious Vita-Weat Savouries with cheese, sausage, egg slices, sardines or what you will.

Peek Frean's
Vita-Weat
(REGD.)
CRISP BREAD



Continuing The Perfect Day

from page 10

sistent urge for speed and hurried her along. Finally they came out on a pleasant, secluded grassy plot sloping to the river.

Pamela sank down on the grass, her gay skirt swirling about her. Leaning back, she looked up at the sky. "What a heavenly, heavenly day, Dan. As though it were just made for us."

"It was, Pam." He grinned at her. "I feel I had a hand in making it." He pulled her gently to her feet. "Let's explore a little further."

They moved through a clump of trees and he listened intently. Soon he heard the sound of running water and hurried his pace to reach the waterfall. After a moment he felt Pamela's hand on his arm.

"Must we hurry so?" she said breathlessly. "We have all day, Dan."

"That's all we have," he said with conscious bitterness, "just the day."

It wasn't enough. You needed more than a dozen days like this. It took all kinds of encounters, by day and night. You had to talk and listen and look at each other. It took months; you couldn't do it in a day. His despair must have been visible on his face. Pamela's hand tightened on his arm, but he moved away, almost rudely.

"There's no hurry, really," he said. "I was only going to show you a waterfall. After that I thought we might climb a mountain or go wading in a stream. I wanted to pack a lot of things into 'o-day.' He shrugged hopelessly.

"But I want to, too, Dan." Her eyes searched his own, faintly puzzled. "We've never had a holiday like this together."

"I'm not sure it is a holiday," he said dully. "I declared one and hoped—"

"It isn't really Office Day?" "You could call it that," He averted his eyes. "Pam, I missed you so. We haven't been together in weeks because of my work schedule. I—I had to have a holiday. I tried to make one."

"Dan! You're mad." Her small hand found his own. "I read your story in the paper this morning. It was beautiful."

"Do—do you think it really is a holiday?" "Of course!" She waved in the direction of the big meadow. "If people have the courage to decide it's a holiday, it is one!" The fierce conviction in her voice seemed to move her closer to him.

Reaching out, he took her in his arms. "Pam, I love you—that's why I did it." He stroked her hair, feeling its softness against his chest.

The velvet-soft lips turned up toward his mouth and he kissed her. Picnickers were shouting along the woodland path and he drew her deeper into the shadow of the trees.

Later in the afternoon the crowd from the meadow overflowed into their picnic spot and they retreated farther into the woods, settling near the waterfall.

Stretched out under a tree, Dan watched the evening shadows lengthen steadily. Now night was at hand. The contentment he had felt all day was absent suddenly and he stirred restlessly.

The small hand on his chest moved up to stroke his cheek. "What is it?" Pamela whispered. "You're worrying about something, dear."

"Nothing," he protested. "Go back to sleep."

"Please tell me." She propped herself up, on her elbow, looking down at him. "Please, Dan."

"It's my job," he confessed. "I don't think I have one any more."

"Why not?"

"I've missed out on one of the biggest news stories of the year! If no one came to work to-day, it will be front-page news to-morrow."

"Oh, Dan! They won't fire you for taking one day off."

He nodded sadly. "Wolfe, the city editor, will. It's his one iron-clad rule in the news-room. Even if you're dying you're supposed to have word sent that you won't be in. He insists on that." Sitting up, he kissed her on the cheek. "Let's not spoil our perfect day. It's almost over."

They were queued up at the bus-stop for almost an hour before the crowd thinned out enough to assure seats. In contrast to the morning, the ride back was a dreary affair, as though the passengers brooded on the penalty of a day's truancy from the city.

He leaned back on his seat. Pamela's head was on his shoulder and the weight of it lent comfort. Soon they'd marry and have children and go on gay picnics like this.

His first move must be to find a new job. Things were tight in the news-rooms around town, though. What if he couldn't get another newspaper job? What else could he do? A feeling of despair came as he sighted the bridge into the city.

Pamela stirred to wakefulness, her fingers closing over his own. "What have you decided, dear?"

"I'm going to drop in at Elaine's and find out what happened to-day."

"I'm coming with you," Pamela announced.

"No," He shook his head vigorously.

"You're worried and I want to be with you," she said simply. "I'll stop off at my flat and change my clothes. I'll see you at Elaine's in an hour." She kissed his protest into silence.

It was a mistake to come to Elaine's at that time. The bar had seemed deserted when he entered. Too late, he saw the bulky figure in the far corner. It was Wolfe, sipping his Irish whisky and soda, a nightly ritual at that hour. The old man waved him over with an imperious gesture.

"Back from a day in the country, I presume?" Wolfe's big teeth bared in his gargoyle grin. "Just get in?"

"I stepped off the Bear Mountain bus one minute ago," Dan said defiantly. He consulted the clock over the bar. "Two minutes ago, to be exact."

He wouldn't stand for Wolfe's usual cat-and-mouse game. For a sickening moment he thought of Pamela. Then he shut her out of his mind and joined Wolfe at the bar.

"Here, Harold"—the old man signalled the red-headed bartender—"see what this young man will have. He's been out in the country on a holiday."

"I'll have a gin fizz," Dan said coolly. He kept his eyes straight ahead, watching the practised hands of the bartender mixing his drink.

Wolfe sipped at his own glass with exaggerated enjoyment. "It was quite an exciting day," he said complacently. "The banks and Stock Exchange couldn't open, of course. There was no one to man the financial machinery. But the only real excitement was in the telephone exchanges. When the day shift failed to report they locked the doors and kept the night shift on. There was some trouble about that."

"Really," Dan said politely.

"I managed to get my staff together," Wolfe said proudly. "Some telephone calls and threats did it. Except you, naturally. You were out in the country for the day."

"Up at Bear Mountain with a girl."

"Quite a crowd up there, I understand," Wolfe said.

"Big mob." He sipped at his glass again.

Wolfe sighed wearily. "I envy you—in a way." He shrugged as though brushing off a painful memory. "About eleven o'clock there was a hurried conference in the Mayor's office at City Hall. All of the large companies were represented. Very jittery they were, too."

He rapped sharply on the bar with his glass. "One for the road, Harold," he commanded. "It's been a difficult day." He waited in silence until the filled glass was returned to him.

"You know, Dan, at noon to-day you could have driven a truck on the sidewalks of lower Manhattan without hitting a single person. That's how bad it was."

"Is that so?" Dan said. He could feel a knot forming in the pit of his stomach.

"A terrific newspaper story, of course. But the big business men spoiled it. They pleaded with us to hush it up."

"Why?"

"That's a dumb question," Wolfe said. He brooded over his glass for a moment. "Can't you see the real significance of a situation like this? The office workers suddenly realise their own power. If they can get away with it once, they might try it again."

He sighed heavily. "They had the Mayor declare a holiday. Pretend it had been scheduled but never properly announced. Fortunately, New York's having an anniversary this month, so they tied it up with that. Official proclamation and everything."

With shaking hand, Dan brought the glass to his lips and took a deep gulp. "What really happened, Mr. Wolfe?" "Nothing!" The city editor spat out the word. "Absolutely nothing! Everyone came to work as usual, except you. It was a fine day. People on their way to work enjoyed it—but they came to work."

"I saw a huge crowd on the Big Meadow at Bear Mountain!"

"Certainly," Wolfe said. "School kids, teachers, housewives, night workers, old people. There was a big East Side picnic, one of the largest in years. They chartered several of the Hudson River boats and went up there for the day. That's what you saw!"

"I'm glad I took the day off," Dan shouted. His voice was bellowing close to Wolfe's ear. "It was the finest day of my life!" Someone had entered the bar and was standing silently by the door. He knew it was Pamela, but he didn't look up.

"It might have worked," Wolfe said softly. "Maybe some day it will. People aren't quite ready for it yet. The discipline of a lifetime can't be ended in one day."

He finished his drink and carefully picked his change off the bar. "See you to-morrow, Dan."

"I'm not fired?" "What for?" Wolfe's bushy eyebrows climbed up in surprise. "It was the best weather story we ever printed. We got a lot of complimentary telephone calls about it. Even the publisher rang. He mentioned something about giving you a bonus." Wolfe smiled his gargoyle smile. "I told him I'd given you the day off!"

He walked toward the door, stopping suddenly when he saw Pamela. For a full second he gazed in undisguised approval. Turning deliberately, he glanced back at Dan.

"At your age, I'd have done it myself," Wolfe mumbled. (Copyright)



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Worth Reporting

FROM Momote, in the Admiralty Islands, LAC H. Ball writes to us of the birth of a small subject of Queen Elizabeth, just about the time of her Coronation, delivered by Her Majesty's R.A.A.F. staff, and born in an R.A.A.F. ambulance.

"The married quarters are four miles from the main camp at Momote, and Momote is 22 miles from the hospital at Lorengau, the only town on the island," wrote LAC Ball.

"An ambulance from the camp arrived to take my wife to hospital, and on its return to the camp a doctor and a sister, who travelled with the patient, were picked up and the ambulance set off over a road full of ruts and potholes.

"I followed with the doctor in his jeep.

"When only six miles had been covered we rounded a bend and found the ambulance pulled into the side of the road.

"The doctor jumped into the ambulance, and there was nothing I could do except wait and hope, so along with the driver I proceeded to wear my own groove in the road.

"After what seemed a week, but it was only 15 minutes, we heard the cry that announces the arrival of a new baby. After three or four more minutes the door opened and out stepped the doctor, announcing casually that I was the father of a little boy!

"I dashed into the ambulance and saw them both there, my wife looking very happy, and my son very red, and not knowing what it was all about.

"After resting for a while we continued the journey to the hospital, where we received a great ovation.

"You see, my son was not only the only baby born here on this day of all days, but he was the first to be delivered by R.A.A.F. staff and to be born in an R.A.A.F. ambulance. He was also the first boy in 14 births and the second in 32.

"The time of his arrival coincided very nearly in relative times with the crowning of the Queen.

"Needless to say his name is Philip."

A wife by any other name

THE old-fashioned term "housewife" needs replacing, according to some American and European women.

Claiming with truth that a housewife holds down a highly complicated job, the more serious women suggested homemaker, home-supervisor, home-manager, and domestic director as alternative titles.

From the cynical and facetious came spousekeeper, jacqueline of all trades, unpaid cook, versatility, and kitchen cynic.

From an Australian housewife we know came this comment: "I've a husband, four children and a house. When I'm tired I sometimes feel the words drudge and slushy apply, but after a rest I change my mind and think that 'housewife' stands for a great deal of happiness."



"Excuse me, mister. Got to wipe it up before it eats into the metal."

Judging books by covers

"I'm a top-downer myself," said Mr. Hal Missingham, Director of the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., and one of the judges who selected the 18 best-produced Australian books of 1952 at a display put on by the Australian Book Publishers' Association.

"I'm speaking about book titles, and the way they run on the spine of a novel," he explained for our benefit. "There's always a lot of argument about this. Some prefer to read the title from left to right when the book lies flat on a table.

"Personally I like to stand the book upright, to see the title running across the spine, and the author's name underneath."

"We've been looking for the 'book beautiful,'" said Mr. Anderson, one of Mr. Missingham's fellow judges. "The literary content did not count. We watched for good binding, good paper, balanced title pages, correct type, lay-out and illustrations, among other factors. This competition, we think, should raise the standard of Australian-produced books."

"In all, 18 books were chosen at the display. They will be sent to the National Book League in Britain, where the 12 best will be picked.



"Henry, tell them that long-drawn-out joke that's funny because it has no point."

The men have their say

RECENTLY we had the opportunity of typing "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party" on an electric typewriter, which had a most unfamiliar touch after our own vintage model.

The electric typewriter and other streamlined office equipment and operators were on display in the Sydney Town Hall basement. Above, in the main hall, 400 gabardine-overcoated businessmen were attending the conference of the Australian Institute of Management.

They took their seats to the accompaniment of the Town Hall organ thundering out William Walton's "Crown Imperial," composed for the coronation of George VI.

The organiser of the conference, Mr. E. T. Pysden, told us he liked organ music, and thought his business friends probably did, too.

As well as being enthusiastic about office efficiency, he also likes living in a precision-run house.

"My wife will kill me for telling you this," he said, with a chuckle, "but I have organised our kitchen to eliminate all unnecessary walking.

"For table-setting I have a traymobile which lives just outside the kitchen door. I push it into the kitchen, load it up, then wheel it round the table, setting as I go."

Turning Mr. Pysden's thoughts back to the world of typewriters, we asked whether he considered women to be as efficient as men.

Mr. Pysden instantly replied that women were much better at routine jobs because they didn't think. We received this intelligence with some interest.

"Oh dear me, what have I said!" exclaimed Mr. Pysden. "But, of course, when a woman is efficient, she is very efficient."

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS at a Sydney kindergarten have come up with a new title for the Duke of Edinburgh. Giving a good Australian twist to it, they've dubbed him "The Duke of Kookaburra."



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A blanket is as young as it feels and looks. No matter what its age, if it's still soft, fluffy and warm, it's a young blanket. So if you want your blankets—and everything else—to keep their life and freshness for years to come, then the answer is the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt along with the surplus water. . . while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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Delicious Bonox pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef straight into your bloodstream. Gives you a "lift" and keeps your head above the 'flu line. So drink Bonox at home, at work, at the cafe, hotel or milk bar. And remember, Bonox now costs much less! New low prices!



K847

From Under my Hat

WHEN the time came Jack Gilbert put on quite a show as a farewell gesture to Laurette Taylor. He turned up with a complete Hawaiian band and we sat on the porch while the Hawaiians played ad infinitum, not to say ad nauseam. Finally I couldn't take any more and jumped up to tell Jack off, but Laurette's husband, Hartley Manners, laid a hand on mine. "Please don't," he said quietly.

En route to the train next morning, Hartley stopped at a florist's to send me flowers with this note: "We understand. They will in time. Until then. God bless you."

Hartley died not long after—suddenly, before Laurette could say, "I'm sorry," or pour out her gratitude to him. Remorse drove her into hiding. For years no one saw her. She put on a mountain of flesh. Not until she got the play "The Glass Menagerie" did she slim down and return to the stage. Her last was to be her greatest performance.

When picture parts became scarce I left the Hollywood Hotel and went to live in a three-room basement in a private house. All I needed was a place to sleep, change my clothes, and make my own breakfast. I thought nothing of it; in fact, I rather enjoyed it until one morning the iceman came through my bedroom to fill the box in the furnace room, looked down at me, and said, "You're in pictures, ain't you?"

"Sure."
"Well, what's an actress doing in a hole like this? Haven't you got any man to take care of you?"

"I don't need a man; I take care of myself," I said.
"Gee whiz, lady! I don't know how anybody could live this way. I couldn't."

That was too much. Holding my head up to my friends was one thing, but having an iceman pity me was something else again.

A friend of mine in the real-estate business told me about a new subdivision near the property where the Fox Studio was being built, and said I could double my money in a couple of months by investing in a lot. I decided to have a look at it.

We rode all round the property. Houses were going up so fast you would have thought they didn't cost any more than the one we used to have back home for our dog. I listened with a very attentive ear to the prices, and was thinking seriously of buying a lot and maybe building a little shack on it.

Fact is, my friend was pretty sure that he had made a sale. On the way home he said, "Now I'll take you over and show you some choicer places. Of course they cost more." What he showed me was Wilshire Boulevard property. Even I had wit

enough to know that Wilshire would be the main highway from Los Angeles to the sea.

As we were driving along I saw a sign on a vacant lot: "This 400-foot lot can be had for \$2000 down."

I said nothing to my companion, but it was so much more impressive than anything he'd shown me that immediately after we returned to his office and said good-bye I jumped into my car and went out to read the sign more carefully. I jotted down the name and telephone number of the broker, got him on the phone and said, "What about this down-payment of two thousand dollars?"

"That's it, lady."

"Well, what's the price of the lot?"

"Six thousand, and it's the greatest bargain in town."

Then I consulted my friend Harry Lombard, who said, "Grab it!" Next day I did.

At last I owned a piece of real estate in California: I was proud as Punch. Two years later I sold it for a profit of ten thousand dollars and promptly bought myself a little home on Fairfax Avenue, just off Sunset Boulevard, where Bill and I lived with my faithful maid Dagmar for many years.

Harry Lombard always said, "You'll never go broke taking a profit." I think the man who bought the lot from me went broke, because he paid taxes on that piece of land for twelve years. Now there's a gorgeous apartment house on it, but I couldn't wait for that, I had to have my home.

I got my house and an offer for a Marion Davies picture, "Zander the Great," about the same time. Frances Marion wrote the script and her soon-to-be-husband, George Hill, directed it.

Getting into a Marion Davies picture was like inheriting an annuity taken out by your grandfather without your knowing anything about it. It meant a long engagement, endless excitement, distinguished visitors on the set, and a sure invitation to the fabulous Hearst ranch, San Simeon.

Marion Davies held in her hands the greatest power of any woman on earth, and I'm not forgetting the queens, some of whom lost their heads. She had something Royalty didn't have—the power of the Press. She never misused it.

Marion developed many good habits. Friends fallen on hard times would get nice fat cheques to pose for publicity pictures. She'd wrap her best fur coat around a girl who wanted to impress a producer to land a job; she lent her jewels—never cared much for them, anyway.

Once one of her cooks, a widow with a small daughter, became seriously ill. Before the woman died, Marion promised her that she would take care of the child, Mary Grace, and bring her up as though she were her own. Mary Grace developed into a very pretty, sweet, blond girl. She was also well educated.

After Mary Grace broke her back in an automobile accident she was in hospital for many months. Then Bill Curley, publisher of the New York "Journal

THIRD INSTALMENT OF OUR HOLLYWOOD SERIAL by HEDDA HOPPER

SYNOPSIS: *Elda Furry, an ambitious young New York actress, meets and marries DeWolf Hopper, a famous actor of the early American theatre. She changes her name to Hedda.*

The new Mrs. DeWolf Hopper mingles with the cream of New York's theatrical world.

After the Hopper divorce some years later, Hedda signs a Hollywood movie contract, but, before leaving for the West Coast, she goes off to Paris and London for a holiday.

Once settled in Hollywood, Hedda begins making pictures for Louis B. Mayer. While making a film for Metro her friend Laurette Taylor meets John Gilbert. NOW READ ON!

American," became attracted to the girl, and Marion helped to further the romance. Curley was old enough to be Mary Grace's father, but she accepted his proposal and the wedding was arranged at San Simeon.

The bridesmaids were Marion Davies, Doris Duke, and Mrs. Laddie Sanford; the matron of honor was Margaret Roach, former wife of Hal Roach, Hollywood producer. It was a gala event, and the marriage, I'm glad to relate, turned out to be a happy one.

A visit to the Hearst ranch was a ticket to fairyland. Never has there been such a place, and never will we see its like again. From the time you left home until you returned your expenses were paid.

The castle which W.R. insisted on calling a ranch was like a lion taking its ease with cubs scattered among its paws; it was surrounded by three guest-houses of marble, called "bungalows." Each had twenty-two rooms. Mr. Hearst lived in one of them; on my first visit I was housed in the same one.

I recall hearing W.R. outside my window one morning,

strolling along in conversation with his head gardener. In that thin, high voice he was saying, "The place looks beautiful, but I'm disappointed in these flowers round my bungalow. I liked the lilies better last year."

I heard a murmured regret from the gardener. W.R. added: "These are pretty, but not as fragrant."

The following morning thousands of auratum lilies in full bloom were round the bungalow in a bed six feet wide. How they got there I'll never know. They must have been blown in from San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Jose—wherever the gardener had been able to find them. W.R. was pleased as a child. I've known him to move one tree a few feet at enormous cost.

The palace housed treasures and antiques that Kubla Khan would have envied. Gobelin tapestries adorned the walls, banners of English kings stirred gently overhead in the dining-hall. The vaults bulged with Georgian silver; W.R. had cornered the market.

To be continued



HEDDA HOPPER takes the arm of the late William Randolph Hearst, American newspaper tycoon, at one of the fabulous birthday parties given in his honor by actress Marion Davies in Santa Monica, California.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1953

Debbie Reynolds

● *There are two classic ways to break into movies. One is to win a beauty contest. The other is to dance into the Hollywood limelight.*

CUTE Debbie Reynolds achieved both these distinctions. This year she will step into her first straight comedy role.

Debbie (her real name is Mary Frances Reynolds) is 20 and looks 16. She was a sparkling 15-year-old schoolgirl when she entered the "Miss Burbank" beauty contest of 1948.

She won the title after giving a rip-roaring take-off of Betty Hutton.

Her pertly pretty face and trim figure caught the attention of a talent scout, and a successful screen test followed.

A small girl with light brown hair and greenish eyes, Debbie is 5ft. 1in. tall and weighs about 7 stone.

For a while, the drama, voice, and dancing tuition necessary for films were sandwiched in between normal schooling.

Debbie Reynolds' big musical chance came as Gene Kelly's dance-and-romance partner in "Singin' in the Rain" in 1951.

She had already captured filmgoers' interest with an enthusiastic portrayal of Helen Kane, American boop-boop-a-doop singer of the early 'thirties, in her first Metro film, "Three Little Words." It won her a movie contract.

Fans clamored for more pictures. In the Jane Powell film "Two Weeks With Love," the song "Aha Daba Honeymoon," sung by Debbie Reynolds and Carlton Carpenter, took America by storm.

A spot in "Mr. Imperium" with Lana Turner followed.

"I Love Melvin" and "Give a Girl a Break," two technicolor musicals, come next.

Debbie's work is improving in every picture. As a dancer she has shown herself an apt pupil. The chance to dance with Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor has helped.

At rehearsals for "Singin' in the Rain" her dancing technique wasn't exactly polished, but she buckled down to hard work and held her own in dance sequences which she shared with Kelly and O'Connor.

Then filmgoers got a glimpse of a much-improved young dancer in a sequence with Bobby Van in the Esther Williams film "Skirts Ahoy."

To-day Debbie Reynolds is one of the best song-and-dance starlets in Hollywood.

A switch to straight, romantic comedy in "The Affairs of Dobie Gillis," and increased pay cheques are her reward.

Off screen Debbie Reynolds appears to be a nice, unspoiled girl in a colony of youthful sophisticates.

Daughter of an American middle-class family, her enthusiasms are for a battered jalopy, French-horn playing, jive, and be-bop.

Her name has been mentioned with several young men of Hollywood, but her only "steady" has been Robert Wagner. Recently Debbie "officially" terminated the Wagner romance.

Next week — Jane Wyman.





HOT SWEET CURRY
 1lb. onions, 1lb. tomatoes, 2oz. fat (preferably bacon), 2 tbs. curry powder, 1 pint water, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 teasp. sugar, 1 teasp. Worcester sauce, 3 eggs.
 Fry the sliced onions in the fat until well browned, add sliced tomatoes, some pepper, salt, and the curry powder. When well mixed, add 1/2 pt. water and simmer slowly for about 1 1/2 hrs., after which there should be no liquid. Now add the apple and banana, both sliced, and the sugar then cook for a further 10 to 15 mins. and add the Worcester sauce. If the mixture is now too dry, a little milk or cream may be added. Just before serving, add the 3 eggs, but they must be stirred in very quickly so that there is no sign of the egg in the curry.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"



Kirk Douglas as Ulysses in Italian film

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London office

Kirk Douglas has just left the French Riviera for Italy to begin the biggest role of his screen career.

He is to play Ulysses in an ambitious Italian plan to transfer Homer's *Odyssey* to the screen. Co-starring with him will be the voluptuous beauty of "Bitter Rice," Sylvia Mangano.

IN his short but breezy stay on the Riviera, Kirk became king of the international star colony which invaded Cannes for its annual Film Festival.

In a round of receptions, excursions, and first nights, he enjoyed himself hugely, and was in the limelight as the life of the party.

He had just come from starring in his first European film in Paris, "Somewhere in the World," and was showing the stubbly beginnings of a golden beard for his part as Ulysses.

"It's best to grow your own

beard," he explained, "it makes you feel the part more."

"However clever the make-up people are about sticking a beard on you in the morning and taking it off at night, people would still see Ulysses as Kirk Douglas in false whiskers."

Kirk made his capture of the festival complete with an astonishing press conference. He spoke in fluent French. He even lapsed into the Parisian argot.

But his explanation of his command of the language was the most astonishing of all.

He said, "I was sitting in a



KIRK DOUGLAS, tramp-like, with the beginnings of a golden beard for the title role in the Italian film "Ulysses," talks to international journalists on the French Riviera.

cafe in Rome with producer Anatole Litvak, chewing over plans to make "Somewhere in the World" with the French star Dany Robin.

"Litvak was to make the film in two-language version—English and French—and he was a bit unhappy about having to dub in a French actor's voice to follow my lip movements for the French version."

"So he bet me that in the two weeks remaining before shooting began in Paris I couldn't learn enough French to do it myself."

"I took the bet. I swotted like a madman. And I won."

Kirk clasped his head and made a droll face.

"I would never do it again," he added. "During the making of that film, with all the concentration on foreign language added to a tricky part, I thought my head would burst!"

But by the end of filming "Somewhere in the World," he had enough slang to talk down a Paris taxi-driver.

"When I'm first given the script and look over the role," he said frankly, "my first thought is, 'I can never do it!'"

"But the first panic passes as I settle down to study it. And gradually, as the time approaches for going before the cameras, I manage to get deeper into the role until I suddenly feel I am the person I have to portray."

"But a lot of hard work goes into that preparation."

"For instance, for that ruthless reporter I played in 'Ace in the Hole,' I did a stint as a reporter on a Los Angeles paper."

"Once I had ambitions to be a journalist, but I think the jobs they gave me there have cured me for good."

"Then for 'Detective Story,' I spent a month in the Police as a cop."

Kirk has definite ideas about public taste in entertainment.

"There's a lot of talk about what is box-office in filming," he says. "Much of it is rubbish. I believe everybody likes a very good film—a really good film—whatever type of film it happens to be."

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "Dixie," technicolor musical, starring Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. Plus ★ "The Accused," drama, starring Loretta Young, Wendel Corey. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Beautiful But Dangerous," comedy, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus "Tropical Heatwave," musical comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez. **EMBASSY.**—★★★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Pygmalion," Shavian comedy, starring Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller. (Re-release.) Plus "A Tale of Five Women," romantic drama, starring Bonar Colleano, Anne Vernon, Anne Bartok, Barbara Kelly.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Fort Ti," technicolor 3-D adventure of early America, starring George Montgomery, Joan Vohs. Plus ★ "Eight Iron Men," war drama, starring Bonar Colleano.

PALACE.—★ "The I Don't Care Girl," technicolor musical, starring Mitzi Gaynor, David Wayne. Plus ★ "Cariboo Trail," cinecolor Western, starring Randolph Scott.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Somebody Loves Me," technicolor musical, starring Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Limelight," drama, starring Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "Concert of Stars," music and ballet feature.

STATE.—★★★ "A Queen Is Crowned," technicolor Coronation feature, narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Bettor," gambling drama, starring Marie Winsor.

VICTORY.—★ "The Golden Hawk," technicolor adventure drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Rhonda Fleming, Helena Carter. Plus ★ "The Last Posse," Western drama, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"Perilous Journey," adventure drama, starring Vera Ralston, David Brian. Plus "Docks of New Orleans," mystery drama, starring Roland Winter, Victor Sen Young. (Re-release.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—"Niagara," technicolor drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotton. Plus "Taxi," drama, starring Dan Dailey, Constance Smith.

PLAZA.—"Treasure of the Golden Condor," technicolor adventure drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Constance Smith. Plus "Wings of Danger," action drama, starring Robert Beatty, Zachary Scott.

ST. JAMES.—"I Love Melvin," technicolor musical, starring Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds. Plus "Sky Full of Moon," Western comedy, starring Carleton Carpenter, Jan Sterling. (Commencing soon.)

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ Miss Julie

AS written and directed by Alf Sjöberg this Swedish-language version of "Miss Julie" captures both the bleak quality of August Strindberg's play of that name and the feeling of inevitable doom that surrounds his tormented central character.

In addition, it adds a measure of coherence to proceedings that is lacking in the original work.

Sjöberg's living touch is found in the broadening of the text to include more characters and in cleverly contrived flash-backs.

He has also brought freshness to oppressive proceedings

by sweeping a lot of the film action outside and photographing it against the beautiful countryside.

"Miss Julie" is a somewhat lurid 19th century drama of social criticism which records the melancholy frustrations and spiritual doom of a Swedish girl of aristocratic background.

Julie is the distorted product of an unhappy childhood.

As played by Anita Bjork (a Garbo in miniature), Julie's mental instability, her futile affair with her servant Jean (Ulf Palme), and her impulse towards self-destruction are all credible and poignant.

All in all, "Miss Julie" is an engrossing film that is well worth seeing.

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DRESS SENSE

Fashion news from Paris... Dior's fruit cap... the flower-printed blouse... white Indian lamb jacket.

PRINTED terry cloth with black zebra skin pattern on a white ground is a new material used (exclusively) by Pierre Balmain for beach wear.

Balmain has launched a beach coat in this fabric styled with a fitted waistline and accented with a shawl collar and cuffs in red terry cloth.

THE new approach to the accessory question is by way of prints.

Illustrations: Black and white umbrella in paisley cotton to carry furled or unfurled when wearing a white cotton pique dress; red roses scattered widely on a white ground for a blouse with the new lowered, but still high, neck—the one accent for a one-colored suit. N.B.: The latter is illustrated on the page, and a paper pattern is obtainable in stock sizes. See details in caption.



No. D.S. 47—Flower-printed blouse in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

long-haired fox fur; the other two-thirds will be sheared and treated. By restricting amounts, Norwegian blue fox will develop as a luxury fur. Norwegian foxes have, according to authorities, a closer, softer under-pile of hair than foxes in milder climates.

by
Betty Keep

LANVIN-CASTILLO has designed a spring muff made entirely of white or-gandie frills... Schiaparelli's gold ear-hoop earrings are so large they must be slipped around the ears instead of suspended... From Madeline de Rauch comes a superb white leather coat, soft and pliable as dress fabric... Balenciaga steals the spring millinery show with his toque made of one huge overgrown pink chrysanthemum and his soft, shaggy, yellow-centred chrysanthemum cap worn far back on the head.

DIOR'S new cap made from clusters of berries and fruits looks newer than the flower cap that has been a successful piece of millinery flattery for several seasons. The new fruit cap is designed with a widow's-peak point on the forehead. The "peak" is the motif of numbers of the small shapes introduced by Dior in recent Paris showings.

PARIS fur designers sent a bevy of mannequins to a recent big race meeting at Longchamps to display high-fashion furs. Among the smartest was a jacket of white Indian lamb, belted and buttoned in black. The jacket was worn over a stem-slim one-piece black dress and was accompanied by a close-fitting black cap from Maud et Nano. The hat was ribboned all over in grosgrain. Another white Indian lamb jacket had luxury touches of mink at collar and cuffs.

Also shown was an effective sleeved stole in black broad-tail. The stole was given a springlike aspect by its luxury border of white mink.



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Just spread a cool Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face. Leave for a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dead skin cells—dissolves them off.

A "Magic Minute Mask" two or three times a week will keep your skin at its loveliest.

For the skin that REBELS against a heavy make-up...

Smooth on the thinnest veil of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, smoother powder base! Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and tubes.



LA COMTESSE ALAIN DE LA FAÏSSE says: "A Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin looking so much clearer and brighter—in just one refreshing minute."

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HQ2/13
Page 41

★ *As I read the stars* ★
By
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): July 16 may bring sunshine after rain; unexpected news may first upset you, but later gladden your heart. July 18 could be trying.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Any enterprise begun on July 15 is likely to create more trouble than it's worth. July 17 is a case of full speed ahead and a happy landfall.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Good news for the job-hunter. July 14, also for any business transactions of a permanent nature. July 17 for discovering a bargain.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If July 19 brings a tempest in a teapot either at home or in your social group, July 20 should square things and enhance your standing.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LEO (July 23-August 22): You will shortly be starting a new and fortunate chapter. Watch July 16 for indications of what's in store. July 20 is fine for practical matters.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You can't go wrong, July 14. Opportunities to improve your social or financial basis are probable. On July 20 work through personal friends.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You'll have better luck this week if you get out and meet people. If you're in the mood to welcome surprises, July 17 could bring you a happy one. Be tactful on July 18.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If the going has been difficult lately, July 16 should put heart into you because the results of your efforts should then be evident.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Should July 15 lead you into reckless extravagance or a minor financial tragedy, July 18 may help you come out on the right side of the ledger.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): True lovers find happy hours on the evening of July 15. Older natives enjoy harmonious companionship with congenial people, July 17.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): New methods and labor-saving devices may brighten July 16. Promotion is due if in the armed forces. On July 18 avoid taking any risks, personal or financial.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Make arrangements, July 14, for that romantic date on July 18, when outings, parties, and meetings of all kinds are better expected than for some time.

to have behaved in the way alleged."

The three signatures followed. Lang put the document down and said: "Well, there we are, Henry. I'm sorry."

"What about?" said Henry shortly.

Lang shrugged. "It's pretty conclusive."

"I don't see anything conclusive about it. They simply say there's no proof one way or the other and chuck the whole thing back to the Board. What else can they do?"

"Oh, come!" said Lang. "You can hardly expect them to come slap out in the open and say they believe the girl."

"But surely there's no doubt what they think?"

"You can read it that way if you want to. And the other way if you don't."

"Well, I'm afraid there's no doubt which way the Board will read it."

"The Board," said Henry. "The Board consists of Barker, who won't have an opinion; and North, who's said he doesn't know; and Winter, who knows nothing about it; and you and me."

"And Jim Talbot-Rees?"

"And Jim Talbot-Rees. Well—we all know about Jim."

Lang smiled. "I seem to remember you telling me the other day that it was no good having a Board unless it acted like one." He leaned forward.

"Look, Henry—I understand from Ryan that there's pretty strong feeling in the factory about this. If we could have cleared Lawrence, well and good. But we can't. So—"

"So what?"

"I think he ought to resign. It's the only decent thing he can do in everybody's interest. And if he doesn't, then I think the Board ought to ask for his resignation."

"Well, that's asking for mine, too, isn't it?"

"I don't see why. I hope you won't feel that."

Old Henry gave a sudden snort of anger, heaved himself out of his chair and walked over to the window. After a while he said: "I was a friend of your father's for a good many years. I was a friend of Gus' all his life. I've tried to be a friend of yours. But you've no friendship in you."

"This is not a matter of friendship," said Lang coldly.

"No," said Henry. "It isn't. It's a matter of cold vindictiveness. Walter. You've always been out to get rid of Lawrence, because he laughs at you and isn't afraid of you. But all the same, if I'd been prepared to sell you control of the company, we shouldn't have heard any more about this."

Lang got up and said: "I don't think this sort of thing helps anybody. I've told you my opinion. I think the Board will feel as I do. It's up to you to give Lawrence what advice you think fit."

Old Henry looked at him for a moment in silence. "Like a kid," he said, almost to himself. "Like a kid saying, 'I'm stronger than you. I can push you into the ditch.'—" He sighed. "All right, Walter. I've no more to say. When d'you want to bring this up?"

"The Committee's report will be circulated to the Board and it'll have to come up next Tuesday. Unless, of course, Lawrence chooses to resign before then, in which case there'll be no need to discuss it."

Continuing

"Fine," said Henry. "Tuesday, then" It was only just four o'clock, but Barker was waiting in the outer office. He was a stickler for accuracy. Lang said: "Oh, here you are, Barker. Come in. Get us some tea, Miss Mays, will you?" He waved vaguely at Barker. "Sit down."

There was only one armchair in Lang's office. Whether one sat in it or not was a point of fine social distinction. Barker drew up a straight chair without hesitation. His face was paler than ever.

Walter glanced at him with a slight frown and tiny compression of the lips. The man was bright enough, and George Martin had thought highly of him, but there was no doubt that he was a bit of a weed. Lang made himself smile and said: "Well, now—what was it?"

Barker raised the pale face and said rather breathlessly, "Mr. Walter—I feel that I must ask for my position to be clarified vis-a-vis Mr. Winter."

Lang smiled inwardly at the prepared opening. "Oh?" he said. "Why? What's Mr. Winter been up to?"

BARKER said slowly, "I don't want to criticise Mr. Winter. He's obviously a—very experienced man. But some of the inquiries he's making—well, you see, Mr. Walter, they're not always made through me, and naturally people come to ask me if—it's all right and sometimes I know nothing about it. It makes it difficult to know where one is."

"I see," said Lang. He frowned thoughtfully. "Well, of course, that's all wrong. These things ought to be done through you if you're in charge—of course it's a matter of degree. Winter must be able to make contact with people—"

Barker hesitated. "You see, sometimes I don't even know if these things are done with your authority. Take this time-study business. The first I heard of that was from Ryan, who'd apparently discussed it with you and Mr. Winter."

"Well—nobody's said anything to me. So of course I went straight to Mr. Winter and asked him about it, and he said, oh, yes, it was being done on your instructions, and I said, well, I'm surprised Mr. Walter hasn't informed me—"

Barker's voice had taken on a tone of mournful reproach. Lang said: "But I sent you a note about it."

"Yes, Mr. Walter. But that was after."

"Oh, well, then, that was a slip-up on my part," said Lang, shortly. "I'm sorry."

"Of course it didn't matter, Mr. Walter, but you see—"

"Yes, yes," said Lang impatiently. "I see and I apologise." The words seemed strangely incongruous when used to Barker.

Lang said rather coldly: "I think you can take it that Mr. Winter won't do anything without my authority. I must try to keep you informed, of course. But in the meantime I think you'd be wise to try to work with him—and learn as much as you can from him. He's a very able man."

Sundry Creditors

[from page 5]

"Yes," said Barker, without enthusiasm. "Of course—he's used to a very different sort of place—"

"You mean a more efficient one?" said Lang bluntly.

Barker hesitated and then said, quietly, "I don't know about efficiency, Mr. Walter. But I think I ought to tell you that Mr. Winter is not making himself liked."

"Why not?"

"Well—he's not used to our ways, of course, and he has a—rather hard way of speaking. I've nothing against Mr. Winter, you understand. I'm merely giving you my impressions."

"You mean he's too tough for our people?"

"Slightly."

Lang smiled grimly. "Well, that may not be a bad thing. I often used to tell George Martin that he was too soft."

Barker's face took on a faint tinge of pink. "Mr. Martin," he said carefully, "was worth any six of Mr. Winter."

Lang looked at him in surprise. The face was half defiant, half frightened. He smiled at it with genuine pleasure for the first time and said: "Maybe you're right there, Barker."

The young man smiled back with relief and said: "I suppose I should think so, having worked with Mr. Martin so long."

"Yes," Lang got up. "Well, now you've got to work with someone quite different, and the only thing to do is to get the best you can out of him. I'll try to see that we don't slip up again about keeping you informed. Anyhow, Winter won't be having much to do with the factory from now on. He'll be busy on stuff for me that won't concern you."

When the door had closed Lang sat for a few moments in silence. His face was slightly worried. Taking a piece of paper he began to scribble very rapidly:

"Mr. H. Winter from Managing Director. While I have agreed to go forward with experimental time-studies in the press-shop, and think they may be of value, I should make it clear that I do not want you to spend your time primarily on matters of this kind. Apart from the fact that there is some danger of crossing wires with Barker, I am anxious to get on with the plan for reorganisation set out in the memorandum that I gave you, and on which I have not yet received your comments."

Jack said: "Mean to say you hadn't heard about it?"

"Of course I hadn't," said Rosamund. "How should I?" She took her hand away from his and sat staring ahead. "I think it's perfectly beastly."

"Well, he's had it coming to him."

"How d'you mean?"

"Everybody knows he's a chaser. Fred Boxall's sister Nell—"

Rosamund said coldly: "I don't want to hear about any dirty little bits of gossip."

"Well, all right," said Jack in surprise. "It's not my fault, is it?"

"No. It's not your fault. But I must say you seem very pleased about it."

"If you want it like that," he said, "I am pleased about it and I don't care who knows it."

"Why? What harm's Lawrence ever done you?"

"He's never had the chance; but to go messing about with a bit of a kid like that—"

"In a motor-car?"

He stopped and looked at her sharply. Rosamund leaned forward and wiped a spot off the windscreen with elaborate care. Jack said: "Listen—are you trying to make a thing out of this? Because—"

She suddenly banged her clenched fist on her knee and said: "Oh, you're all so beastly and unfair and hypocritical about Lawrence. You all hate him—and want to hurt him. Just because he's a—bit silly, you all seize on anything he does and—"

"I see," said Jack coldly.

"So I'm unfair, am I?"

"Yes, you are. You say you're glad he's in trouble and—and you're against him, and you don't even know that it's true." She turned on him.

"How would you like it if it were you?"

"I didn't know he was such a pal of yours," said Jack sarcastically.

"Well, then, you know now! I like him and I always have. He's kind and nice and I don't care what he's done."

Jack said: "Well, when it comes to treating a nice kid—"

"Oh a nice kid—a nice kid! You keep on saying that. How do you know he's a nice kid? Do you know her?"

"Yes," he said. "I knew her very well. And if you must know, I used to go out with her."

"Then," said Rosamund, raising her eyebrows and gazing innocently down the road, "I must say I'm surprised that this all came as such a shock to her."

JACK looked at her supercilious profile for a moment, his face slowly reddening. Then he turned suddenly, got out of the car, and walked away without a word. Rosamund opened her mouth to say something, closed it again and sat looking after him with set lips.

She wanted smacking when she came that game, and if it hadn't been eight miles away and Sunday and no buses he would have gone home and left her to sweat for it.

As it was, he took no notice when he heard the car behind, and didn't look at it as it passed. She went on quite a way, and for a moment he thought she was going on and leaving him to walk.

But she stopped some way on and when he came up, still taking no notice, there she was leaning out of the window very solemn and she said: "Do you want a lift home? Or perhaps you'd better not in case you say after that I made passes at you."

The way she did it, he had to grin, and then she gave that giggle that was like something being poured out of a bottle and put her hand out and grabbed his.

Some time later, he said. "Nothing to do with me. There was no call for taking me up like that."

"Well, I didn't know she'd been your girl. I suppose that makes a difference. Though I

don't see much why it should, if you say she isn't now. Anyhow, let's forget it." Rosamund sighed. "We've got the Talbot-Rees coming to dinner. That means I shall have to talk to her."

Jack said: "She looks a dame all right."

"She is. She's the person I've always thought I should hate to meet when—we're out." Rosamund suddenly gave a little bounce. "Golly—I am so looking forward to Hastings. Are you?"

He took his eyes off the road long enough to glance at the beaming face. "You bet, Rosey."

The lights in St Thomas' were made so that they still looked like candles. But of course they weren't candles but electric, and when Mr. Greaves got up into the pulpit to preach the sermon they dimmed the lights down so that it was nearly dark in the congregation and only the light on him, almost like at the pictures.

Mr. Greaves climbed up into the pulpit and put his sermon on it, and then stood looking at the congregation while the hymn was ending. It always seemed to Hilda that he was looking at her, but it might be that he was looking at her mother, because her mother always sang out loud in the hymns. When it was finished he said: "In the name of the Father . . . and of the Son . . . and of the Holy Ghost . . . Amen." very slowly, and with a big gap between each. Then everybody sat down and it was then that the lights went down.

"The twelfth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, the seventh verse, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.'"

Mr. Greaves paused for a long time and looked round the church. "I will have mercy," he said reflectively, "and not sacrifice." He smiled suddenly—an almost deprecating smile.

"To most of us," he said in that quiet voice, as though he was talking to you, but that carried so that you never missed a word, "brought up in the Christian religion, the idea of mercy—of love—as the supreme virtue is an accustomed one. But to a few of Christ's own day, the emphasis on love and compassion rather than on mere retributive justice will have seemed dangerous, if not positively blasphemous."

"For society was, and to some extent remains to-day, based on the idea that sin must and should be punished; and that such punishment, even when carrying out the man-made law of society, is pleasing to God."

Rosamund had forgotten about its being Sunday, and it was only late on Saturday afternoon that she had discovered that there wasn't any more sherry. She had had to dash and get some from the grocer's, and, though they had said it was very nice, it looked rather like cough mixture instead of being gold color.

She watched the honorable Amy take her first sip rather anxiously, and, sure enough, up went the eyebrows and she put the glass down and didn't drink any more.

Lang was saying: "—without seeming to realise that the real capital employed in a business like ours has gone up three hundred per cent." He had drunk his sherry, but Talbot-Rees' glass was still full. Rosamund said, confidentially: "Do you think I'd better give Daddy another glass of this awful sherry, or is it kinder not to?"

"Awful!" said the Honorable Amy. "My dear, it's delicious. A little sweet for my taste, perhaps, but I'm not a sherry connoisseur. Are you?"

"No," said Rosamund. "No, I'm not."

"Jim is," said the Honorable Amy, glancing at her husband's glass. "We'll ask him about it in a moment . . ."

"The list is a long one. The

woman taken in adultery. The publican who beat his breast as he prayed. The thief on the Cross. And, last of all, those who had worked and tortured and sacrificed Him. 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Forgiveness. Mercy. It is always the theme. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.'—Love, our Lord seems to say, is the attribute of God towards which we all can and must aspire."

THE quiet voice went on emphatically, "But Justice—that is another thing—a divine mystery reserved by God to Himself. We can all know love. We can all feel kindness and generosity and forgiveness. But to think we know justice is dangerous. For justice is a judgment of others, and it is precisely this setting of oneself up in judgment, against which we are explicitly warned. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

Judge, I don't want this man punished— But it hadn't been like that, really more as though she had done something to him and he was being nice about it, so that there wasn't ever a chance—

"Nor must we make the mistake," said Mr. Greaves, "of making the act of love and forgiveness into a matter of pride and self-esteem. 'In forgiving his enemy,' said that worldly man Francis Bacon, 'a man is superior. For it is a Prince's part to pardon.'"

"A Prince—yes. But not a worldly Prince. Not a Prince pardoning the suppliant kneeling at his feet. But a Prince hanging dying on the Cross pardoning and loving those who nailed him there . . ."

The ladies had gone and were now talking by themselves in the drawing-room instead of talking by themselves in the dining-room.

Talbot-Rees waved his cigar and said: "I entirely agree, Walter. One is sorry for Lawrence, and, of course, Amy's heart-broken for poor Laura. But it's not a matter where one can let friendship stand in the way. If people do these things they must take the consequences."

Lang said: "Henry's made it pretty clear that if Lawrence goes he goes, too."

"Well—" Talbot-Rees shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "That would be—regrettable. But—" He knocked the ash off his cigar. "That man, Winter—now, that's an able man. I was talking to him the other day: I was impressed."

Lang said: "Yes. He is good."

Talbot-Rees looked at him for a moment in silence. "I take it you've had a word with him about this Lawrence business?"

"Why? Winter?"

"Yes."

"Why should I? It's nothing to do with him. It's a purely domestic matter. And, anyhow, he doesn't know the—the people or the circumstances or—"

"Of course not," said Talbot-Rees. "But—well—as a director, and representing Proudfoot, he'll presumably have a vote, if it came to that. And since Proudfoot is a friend of old Henry's . . ."

Lang frowned. "Look," he said, "don't misunderstand the situation. Proudfoot may have bought a block of shares, but there's no question of Proudfoot or Winter or anybody else interfering with the running of the company—and certainly not in a thing like this. Winter's here purely as my assistant—and, between ourselves, he came here at my suggestion."

"Oh . . . ? I didn't realise that."

"Nobody does," said Lang,

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



smiling. "And I'd much prefer that they didn't. But you can take it from me that whether Proudfoot happens to know Henry or not, he and I understand each other."

"Ah!" said Talbot-Rees. "I begin to see. I couldn't understand. . . . Frankly, Walter, I was rather assuming that this deal between Henry and Proudfoot, and Winter's coming and so on had been—well—rather forced on you. But."

"That's exactly what you were intended to think."

Talbot-Rees shook his head admiringly. "You're a deep one, Walter," he said solemnly. "A very deep one."

"You're quite right, my dear," said the Honorable Amy coldly. "But, anyhow, it isn't a very pleasant subject for a young girl."

Rosamund said: "From what little I've heard, it isn't a pleasant subject for anybody."

"Of course, to me the tragedy is poor Laura. It's completely broken her up."

Rosamund said: "Have some more coffee?"

"I don't think I will, thank you. Do you find it terribly difficult to get decent coffee nowadays?"

—and in that last extremity showed us that love is not just a general benevolence and absence of hate—a few good intentions; but that it is a positive thing. A willingness to sacrifice oneself for others—to accept pain and mortification and ridicule and loss in the name of love, as He accepted them for us."

The lights went up and, because they had been dimmed before, they seemed brighter than usual. The hymn was "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."

It was one of her mother's favorite hymns, and her mother sang it very loudly in her strong voice. Hilda did not sing, but she looked at her book, and the print was small and it blurred because of the tears in her eyes.

But they were only there because she was so warm and happy inside; and when they came to the end, and the choir had gone out and you just knelt down for a moment and then went, she forgot that there wasn't really time to pray properly and went on kneeling there till her mother nudged her to get up.

And then they were out in the street walking home and her mother was saying something to her, but she did not hear what it was, because she was in the garden of Getsemane, knowing the end, and alone, and afraid, and utterly, gloriously exalted.

Lang sat in his office staring at the note that had come to him from Winter. It said: "In view of our recent talks, I have asked our Longwood factory to lend me a young man named John Parkes, who is a first-rate time-study man. He begins work next week."

Lang frowned heavily and pressed the bell.

Winter either did not know or did not mind about the subtle significance of the arm-chair in Lang's office, and he settled down in it comfortably and took out his pipe, which, at the moment, was as wrong in its way as Barker's nervous perching.

Lang said, curtly: "What's this note of yours about a time-study man?"

Winter said: "Oh, that? He's a good boy. Just the man."

"But you had no right to go and ask for him without consulting me, Winter."

"Winter raised his eyebrows. 'I'm sorry,' he said mildly. 'But it seemed to me that since we'd agreed to do some time-studies we obviously needed a time-study man. Parkes has worked with me before, you know, and—'

"I dare say he has. But I'm not at all sure that I want somebody from your Longwood place here."

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

[from page 42]

"Why not?" Lang hesitated. "Because I might or might not think he was suitable."

"I assure you that he's an excellent man."

Lang glanced at him, but Winter's face was quite expressionless. "Moreover," he said tonelessly, "since a substantial amount of fabricating may be coming here from Longwood, it might be helpful—"

"Who says it will?" said Lang sharply.

Winter spread out his hands. "I understood that that had been more or less agreed?"

"Well, it hasn't," said Lang bluntly. "All that's been agreed is that we might take on some work for Longwood if it suited our plans. Anyhow, there was nothing at all as definite as you seem to think."

"I see. But I think it might be an excellent idea. Don't you?" said Winter gently. "I talked to your sales director and he seemed very relieved at the prospect."

"I don't care what he seemed," said Lang rudely. "If you want to talk to anybody about these things, talk to me."

"I'm sorry. He wanted to talk to me, and I understood from the Board that that was in order."

Lang got up and stalked angrily over to the window. Winter's eyes followed him with calm interest.

Lang turned and said: "I think there's some danger of a misunderstanding, Winter. You were sent here as the result of an arrangement between Sir Francis Proudfoot and myself, to assist me on making certain changes—not to go playing about in the press-shop, nor to manage the place. I've already told you what I want you to do and to stop messing about with these details and upsetting the management, and to get on with the plan that I outlined in my memorandum."

"It's difficult to consider re-organising your business until your plant's running efficiently. Regarding your memorandum, I sent you my comments."

"Well, I haven't seen them, anyway, Winter."

"Perhaps they're in your tray now?" said Winter helpfully.

It was nearly at the bottom of the pile.

It consisted of one and a half quarto pages of typing.

Lang's face had flushed dark red as he saw the document.

He looked at it for a moment and then flicked over the page and read the last sentence.

"In the circumstances," it ran, "I can see no justification, from a normal business standpoint, in discarding a sound, profitable business, and incurring heavy capital expenditure in pursuit of something which must be highly speculative."

Lang put the paper down. "I see," he said, very quietly. "And that's all you have to say, Winter?"

"I think so," said Winter, meditatively. "It's really a question of what you're in business for. If it's a sort of game, then I don't doubt what you propose would make it more colorful and exciting. But if you're in the business to make money, then it's completely out of court under present conditions. And as an employee, I have to assume that the important thing is the profit and loss account."

Lang said: "Well, if you feel like that, you're quite useless to me."

"I can only give you an honest opinion from a strictly limited business point of view. I think your proposal is attractive but not very practical."

"You were sent here to implement my policy, not to criticise it," Lang lowered his head till practically only his forehead was visible. "I shall ask for your withdrawal at once, Winter."

Winter nodded. "I'm sorry about that," he said calmly. "I really think something might have been done with that press-shop."

Miss Bell's first thought was that the strain of it all had sent the girl mad. But though Hilda looked pale and slightly odd altogether, she seemed sane enough, if utterly unhelpful.

Yes, she was quite sure she knew what she was saying. No, nothing had happened in the car—nothing at all. Mr. Lawrence had just picked her up and taken her home like he said. Had she thought she was telling the truth before? She wasn't sure.

And, finally, why—oh, why—had she done it, and told all these lies? She didn't know.

In the end, even Miss Bell grew impatient and rather flustered. "Well, I don't know, Hilda—I think you must have been out of your mind. I'm sure I don't know what everybody will say now, after all the to-do you've made."

In the end she was left alone in the Welfare Room while Miss Bell hurried away to find North and Ryan. There was no doubt that the revivings and persecutions had begun.

Lang stared round at the deputation with a frown. "You mean she just takes it all back?" he said sharply.

"Yes, Mr. Walter."

"There was a moment's silence. 'It was always a possibility,' said North. 'As we pointed out in our report—'

"Well, I don't believe it," said Ryan bluntly. "Why should she tell a yarn like that if it wasn't true? I reckon it's now she's telling lies."

Miss Bell said: "But why should she? After all, she knows it'll get her into trouble now."

LANG was staring at Ryan. After a while he turned away with a grunt and said: "Well, you may be right, but it doesn't help much, does it?"

The deputation looked inquiring. "What I mean is," said Lang, "you can no more prove she's lying now than you could prove it before. If he says he didn't do it and she says he didn't, there's an end of it, isn't it?"

"It's a mercy she has owned up to it," said Miss Bell, "because, though of course it couldn't be proved, there was no other way in which Mr. Lawrence could really clear himself, and it would have been awful if it had."

"Well, I'd like to have a word with her, Mr. Walter," said Ryan suddenly.

Lang stared again at him for a moment and then said: "I think we all would."

Hilda had never spoken to Mr. Walter before. He was very big and he looked and sounded angry, and she was not afraid, and her voice worked properly, and she didn't want to cry.

He said in a cold voice: "I understand that you made certain charges against Mr. Lawrence Spellman, and now you say that they are untrue. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You now say that nothing of the sort happened?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you say it did?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Oh, come!" said Lang irritably. "You must know."

She knew no reply to that. "You realise that what you've done is very serious? That you've caused a lot of trouble and—and unhappiness?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry."

"And that you may be punished for it?"

"Yes, sir." Her eyes were very bright. Ryan glanced inquiringly at Lang. Lang nodded and threw himself back in his chair impatiently.

Ryan said: "Look, Hilda, has anybody talked to you about this except Mr. North, Miss Bell, and me?"

"No, Mr. Ryan."

"You sure?"

"Only Mr. Lawrence."

Ryan sat forward. "Mr. Lawrence? When was that?"

"When—she looked round—'when you were all there.'"

Ryan grunted in disappointment. "No other time?"

"No, Mr. Ryan."

"Well, look here," said Ryan almost angrily, "what I want to know is this: If this is the truth you're telling now, why d'you suddenly want to tell it when you didn't before? Is it that you don't want to get Mr. Lawrence in trouble, like when you didn't tell your mother in the first place?"

It was too long a question; she didn't know quite what he meant, but there was a trap somewhere—something that he wanted her to say. She said: "I don't know, Mr. Ryan."

"But you didn't want to get Mr. Lawrence into trouble, did you?"

She hesitated and said: "No."

"And that's why you're saying this now?"

They were all staring at her. Hilda said: "Because it's true and I—I didn't feel right—"

Miss Bell said: "Have you told your father and mother about this yet, Hilda?"

It was the moment when the curtain in the courtroom was drawn back and the rack, the thumbscrews, and the boot were revealed lying there ready for unco-operative prisoners. The martyr faltered for a moment before the horror of it. Then the blue eyes came up shining more brightly than ever. "No, Miss Bell."

After they had sent her out, Lang said: "Well, there you are. Nothing to be done about that."

Miss Bell said: "I do think, Mr. Walter, that in justice to Mr. Lawrence she ought to be made to withdraw what she said in front of him, and to say she's sorry."

"What's the good of that?"

"Well—I don't know—If you think not—And then there's another thing. Of course, this is all round the factory. I think we shall have to do something to—to make it clear that she's admitted it was a lie. Perhaps a notice—"

"Going to be a pretty funny notice," said Ryan. "You can't start putting up notices saying Mr. Spellman hadn't assaulted Hilda Pinner. Supposing somebody reads that and hadn't heard anything about it?"

Miss Bell said: "We needn't do it like that. We could just say it was known that rumors were circulating about a director of the company . . . we did something like that in Mr. Gustavus' time. Everybody understood."

"Well, if you start saying that any rumors circulating about a director of the company are untrue you'll have to be pretty careful," said Lang with a grim smile. He shook his head. "We don't want any fuss of that kind. Do more harm than good. I'll see Mr. Lawrence and tell him. We'll get rid of the girl, and there it is. Least said, soonest mended."

"It'll soon get round," said Ryan. "You and I can see to that, Miss Bell. Doesn't take long for anything to get round this place."

"Well, as you think, Mr. Walter," said Miss Bell rather doubtfully. "I only felt that this has reflected on Mr."

To page 44

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Page 44

Continuing

Sundry Creditors

from page 43

Lawrence's reputation, and that we ought to do all we can—

Lang said: "I don't think Mr. Lawrence will worry much about that."

Neither of the Spellmans was very helpful. Lang went to see Henry only half an hour after the deputation had left him, but it was fairly obvious that Henry knew already. He listened impassively while Lang told him what had happened, showed neither surprise nor pleasure, and asked no questions.

At the end he merely nodded and said: "I see. Well, you'd better get Lawrence in and tell him, hadn't you?"

Lawrence didn't know. When Lang went dryly and curtly to the point he went very white and leaned forward in his chair with a curious half smile on his face.

Lang was an honest man and he was neither graceful nor comfortable. When he had finished there was a long silence. Then Lawrence leaned back in his chair and said: "Well, well, well—" very quietly, "How very oddly people behave—"

Lang said: "I think she must be off her head." He hesitated. "Miss Bell wanted to make her tell you herself and put up a notice about it and heaven knows what. But I said I didn't think you'd want anything of that kind."

"No," said Lawrence. "No. I can do without it."

"It seems to me the best way is simply to get rid of the girl and otherwise ignore the whole thing."

"Do you have to get rid of her?"

Old Henry said: "Oh, she'll have to go, of course."

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's up to you. If she must go in the interests of—of public morality and so on, then she must. I only meant she needn't as far as I am concerned. I'm all in favor of Walter's idea of ignoring the whole thing."

He paused for a fraction of a second and added gently: "I always was."

Silence again. Lang glanced quickly from one of them to the other. They were both looking at him, Henry with an expressionless, rather tired stare, Lawrence with a half smile. His face was still pale.

Lang said uncomfortably: "Well, I'm very glad it's cleared up. It's been a lot of fuss about nothing."

Old Henry suddenly took off his glasses, put them on the desk, flicked them away from him with his fingers and thumb and sat looking at them with dislike. Lawrence nodded solemnly.

After a while Lawrence said: "Then I take it you're now satisfied, Walter? You don't feel that there ought to be a committee to consider whether she's lying this time?"

Lang's lips tightened. "No," he said curtly.

"In that case," said Lawrence, rising, "I don't think there's anything else, is there?"

He went out, closing the door very gently behind him.

Old Henry was still staring at his glasses. His face, without them, looked unusually tired.

Lang said: "I feel that both you and Lawrence think I was wrong to insist on having this thrashed out. I'm sorry if you do. But I don't see what else there was to be done."

Henry said: "I don't know what Lawrence thinks. We haven't discussed it. But I know what I should think in his place, Walter."

Lang shrugged his shoulders. "I dare say. But I can't help it. He's your son, so, of course, you thought he was right. But to an objective observer it didn't look like it at one time."

"You being the objective observer?" said Henry with a wry smile.

"Why not?" Lang frowned

and shook his head. "I don't know where you get this idea of my—my wanting trouble with you and Lawrence. I admit I'm critical of Lawrence. I've never disguised it. But you and I—after all, Henry, we've got to work together."

Henry put his glasses on. "Have we?" he said.

"Of course we have. And, what's more, it looks as though we shall have to close our ranks and stop squabbling among ourselves."

"Why?"

"I've had a talk with Winter this morning and I've fired him."

"Fired him?"

"Well, I've told him that I shall ask for him to be withdrawn."

"Oh—!" said Henry. "Oh—I see—"

"He's not so co-operative and he's causing trouble in the place. I don't know quite what's happened, but either he's misunderstood his brief or else he's got a swollen head. Anyhow, I won't have a man like that about."

Henry shook his head thoughtfully. "That's a bit awkward, Walter. I'm not sure—after all, Proudfoot's got the right to nominate a director. I'm not at all sure that we can stop him from nominating whoever he likes."

"Oh, bunkum!" said Lang shortly. "It's obviously got to be somebody acceptable."

"To whom?"

"To the—the management here. The arrangement was that Winter should come here as my assistant. I'm not going to have a man like that pushed on me."

HENRY said nothing. He was looking straight in front of him with the same weary stare.

"From the way he's behaved," said Lang, "I should think there's been some mistake in briefing him. Perhaps Proudfoot—"

Old Henry gave a sudden little grunt. "Look here, Walter," he said, "I've known Francis Proudfoot longer than you have, and he doesn't make that sort of mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what Winter's doing or not doing. But you can be pretty sure it's what he's been told to do."

"Well, if that's so," said Lang angrily, "it's about time we went and saw Proudfoot and told him where he got off. He may have bought a block of shares in the business, but he doesn't own it."

Spellman glanced at him sharply and hesitated. "He's the biggest single shareholder."

"Maybe. But no bigger than you and me added together. And you always get proxies for old Mrs. Horsemann. If it came to a showdown we've got him—"

"We've got him—?" Old Henry was staring at him now with a strange expression of almost startled interest. "You mean," he said gently, "if Lawrence and I supported you—?"

Lang said: "Oh, I don't imagine it'll come to that for a moment. As a matter of fact, I did have a word with Proudfoot when he bought the shares—"

"Yes," said Henry colorlessly.

"Yes. One time when I was up in London. I think we understood each other."

Henry shook his head. "Well, if you understand little Francis, you're a better man than I am, Walter."

Lang smiled. "I don't say I understood him. But I do know he's a business man who knows which side his bread's buttered." He rose. "Anyway, I think the best way would be to run up

to London and see him and get it straight. I don't think it'll be very difficult."

As he reached the door Spellman said: "Walter—?"

"Yes?"

"I'd avoid making a show-down of this."

"Of course, if I can. But if I—"

Spellman was not looking at him. He said: "Proudfoot's a tough customer. Tougher than he looks. Don't start anything you can't finish. That's my advice."

Lang smiled. "Why should I—if he's reasonable?"

When he had gone Henry Spellman leaned back in his chair, passed a hand over his eyes, and sat gazing out of the window. His face was worried, and he looked very old.

Hilda said: "I don't know." She was saying that to everything now. She would have said it if they had asked her her name. It was the one refuge left.

"She doesn't know," said Mrs. Pinner sarcastically.

Mr. Pinner said: "A pack o' lies. My daughter. Nothing but a pack o' lies—!" There was a small fleck of foam at the corner of his mouth. He turned to his wife. "Didn't I tell you? But oh, no. Hilda was that and Hilda was that. Lying little devil. I'll be bound she wanted he had interfered with her. Dirty little—"

Mrs. Pinner said: "Oh, Hilda—"

—and started to cry again.

Mr. Pinner said: "Come home here after a day's work and find the pair of you crying and blubbing about a fine tale like that. A pack of lies—!" His voice rose to a shout. "Fine fool you made me look, didn't you? Eh?"

He stopped in front of her as if there was an answer. She half whispered: "I'm sorry. I never meant—"

"She never meant—!" said Mrs. Pinner.

"And saying it was going to church and not feeling right and all so good and la-di-da—"

The fleck of foam was increasing. Oh God, let it come now. Let it come now—

Laura snapped off the radio and said: "Hullo, darling."

He said: "Hullo," and came across and kissed her.

"What sort of a day?"

"Oh, not bad," said Lawrence almost casually. He went across to the cupboard, got out the drinks and mixed two gins and french with more than usual care. He said: "I think we need a small amount of lemon peel—"

"I don't think there's a lemon in the place, darling. Sorry."

"In that case," said Lawrence precisely, "we will manage without it." He handed Laura her drink, sat down, and lit a cigarette, steadying the match with both hands.

"Well," said Laura quietly.

"You will be interested to hear," said Lawrence, smiling at his glass, "that the great Dreyfus case is at an end."

"The Dreyfus case—?"

"Yes. Esterhazy has shot himself, the colonel has owned up (or was it the colonel who shot himself?—anyhow, Dreyfus has now been released from Devil's Island and the only way now is to ignore the whole thing."

"Darling, what is all this?"

Lawrence took a drink and went on smiling at his glass. "Miss Hilda Pinner," he said with a slight crack in his voice, "has now admitted that everything she had said before is quite untrue, and that nothing whatever happened to her in my car."

Laura had sat up sharply.

"What? You really mean—?"

"Just came clean about the whole thing. Admitted that she made it up."

There was a moment's silence.

To page 47

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1953

STAY-AT-HOME FASHIONS

● Here are four graceful and eternally useful fashions to wear at home. The models have simple, easy lines, are in separate pieces, and are designed to make looking attractive at your own fire-side just as easy as nothing.



● Black pencil-slim skirt worn with a white crepe artist-smock blouse finished with big, tightly cuffed sleeves. The honey-colored cummerbund belt is matched to the soft bow under the standing collar.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1953



● Geranium-red quilted skirt, above, flared and bellied towards the hem, is worn with a simple, long-sleeved sweater in black wool. The sweater is cut to follow exactly the lines of the body, and has a scalloped motif finishing the neckline cuff and edge.



● Straight cut, scarlet wool skirt worn with a white sheer blouse. Hubert de Givenchy designed the costume and the one at left for his Paris boutique.



● Amusing and typical Givenchy print is seen in the skirt above. The print has a green background embroidered with pea-pods. Note contrasting simplicity of the black sweater with low cut neck.

This is a story about Johnny, but it could be your son's story and mine. There was great excitement when he was born; he was such a fine little chap — so happy and contented — so healthy and strong — and what plans were made for the future! Why, Johnny would lick the world with his hands tied behind his back. He'd be top of his class — a star centre forward — a champion bat — an under par golfer. Perhaps he mightn't get to be Prime Minister, but after all, it wouldn't be so bad to have a brilliant surgeon — a famous writer — a renowned engineer — a celebrated solicitor — for a son.

Life was rosy for Johnny — he was king of his domain — anything he wanted was his. Admittedly, he often had to holler for something, but that was part of the fun, and it was good to see Mummy come a'running — it was good to be soothed and petted.

But life goes on, and one day Johnny started to walk. It was then that something happened to his little world; he always seemed to be in trouble. Why? Just because he was always falling over. The cuts and bruises didn't hurt half so much as Mummy's scolding tongue — "you're so awkward" — "why don't you look where you're going?" — "you must be the clumsiest boy in the world" — all this, and so much more, and how could he explain that he hadn't noticed the ball on the path — he hadn't seen the step 'til it was too late — he hadn't noticed that the gutter was so deep.

Poor Johnny was so bewildered. Perhaps he'd been wrong about women — perhaps a fellow needed to be able to talk up to them — lay down the law a bit. And then something wonderful happened: he found he could talk; when Mummy scolded he could answer back, but that only made things worse. Then Mummy smacked him as well and the things she said! "You're not Mother's boy any more" — "you're a naughty, wilful child," and, worst of all, "I'll be glad when you go to school." Oh well, a fellow couldn't be much worse off at school; at least there'd be other boys to play with.

New dreams for old — but even they were shattered for Johnny. At school he found he wasn't any good at marbles, or catching the ball, or throwing quoits. The other boys complained that

he spoiled their games, and too often he only watched sadly from sidelines. It was the same with the boys in his street; they never included Johnny in their game of cricket or football.

Then Daddy took a turn at scolding — "how do you expect to grow up to be a man when you can't even kick a football?" — "how will you ever amount to anything when your school reports say you're lazy, always at the bottom of the class!" — "I certainly can't be proud of my son." That was the end as far as Johnny was concerned; a fellow could stand so much and no more; he sobbed and screamed his defiance. Naturally, he was spanked and put to bed, then Mummy and Daddy settled down to a heart to heart talk about his future. Something had to be done — perhaps his teacher could help.

Johnny's teacher proved to be very sympathetic; she promised to take extra trouble with him — to try and find out why his disposition had changed so much — why everything seemed to be such an effort for him.

Weeks passed, then one evening Johnny's teacher called to see his parents. She had important news — at last she understood the little boy's problem. Watching him carefully, she had noticed how he squinted at the blackboard — how wide of the mark he shot his marbles, even when he tried very hard. Johnny wasn't really backward, lazy or awkward; faulty vision was handicapping him at school and at play.

Johnny's parents were shocked to know they had failed him when he needed them most. The very next day they had his eyes examined by an optometrist — discovered he was near-sighted — that he needed glasses to correct his visual defect — to enable him to do the things he wanted to do — to make their dreams for him come true.

And so Johnny's story had a happy ending, but what of your son and mine? They need clear vision to enable them to acquire knowledge, to make their way in life, to appreciate the beauty and wonder of the world. Let us not deny our children their rightful heritage; safeguard the precious gift of sight with regular visits to your optometrist.

Inserted by the

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to help you guard your most precious possession — sight.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1953



Laura said: "Well, thank goodness for that!" She leant forward and took his hand. "Darling—"

Lawrence patted her hand with his free one and then gently removed it. "Yes," he said. "As you say—thank goodness for that."

"But why on earth—?"

"Darling, it's no good asking me why anything. I no more know why she did this than why she ever spun the yarn in the first place." Lawrence shook his head and stared into the fire. "The ways of the human race are beyond me."

"Did you see her? Talk to her?"

"No, darling. Walter didn't think that was necessary."

"What has it to do with him?"

"My dear, Walter's in rather a spot. After all, he was the Grand Inquisitor who made all the fuss. He thought he'd got me where he wanted me, and he'd gone after it hard. And now he had the pleasant job of explaining that he'd made a fool of himself."

Lawrence smiled. "Poor old Walter. I wish you'd heard him doing it. He's not exactly a good loser, and it was so obvious that he was bitterly disappointed. I felt quite sorry for the old man. Papa and I just sat and looked at him and he went floundering on—"

"Didn't he apologise?"

"Darling, what for? He'd already explained that he was really only insisting on an inquiry for my benefit. I should think he quite probably believes it. He's capable of believing almost anything if he wants to."

"What did your father say to all this?"

"I didn't see him except with Walter. But he was rather terrifying. He really is hopping mad with Walter about the whole thing—madder than I think I've ever known him." Lawrence

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

(from page 44)

shook his head. "I don't fancy our Walter's done himself a lot of good over this. Papa hardly ever gets angry with people, but when he does he stays angry."

"Like all good pachyderms."

"Yes," Lawrence smiled wryly. "Of course, Walter now feels that the less publicity there is the better. No question of doing anything to let people know that she's withdrawn her story of anything of that kind, of course."

Laura said: "That man—! Why doesn't somebody take a hatchet to him?"

"Darling—I tell you—the ways of the human race are beyond me. Anyhow, Walter's proposing to sack the girl and leave it at that."

He stared into the fire for a moment rather moodily. "I don't really see any point in sacking her myself. You can't punish people for things like that. But I don't suppose it matters much. She'll find somebody else easily enough who'll let her come and plug away all day at some soul-destroying job for three quid a week—"

The eyes were staring at her, very bloodshot now. He had stopped shouting at her and was talking in almost a low voice, but very thick and with the words funny.

Once he glanced away for a moment and saw her mother's face and her mother was sitting quite still staring at them both with a queer look, not crying or anything, but just queer.

He said: "My daughter—!" again and looked at her for a long time without saying anything else, and she looked back because his face was so close there wasn't anywhere else to look.

He said: "Now you say this after me. 'I told a pack of dirty lies.' Go on—say it!"

"I told a pack of dirty lies."

"And I'm a deceitful, dirty little liar what's no good to anybody."

"And I'm a deceitful, dirty little liar—!" She stopped because it sounded queer. He struck at her blindly, but his hand only brushed the top of her head as she ducked. He shouted: "Go on you—"

"That's no good to anybody."

"No. And no more are you. And what I'm going to get is no more than I deserve! Go on. Say it."

"And what I'm going to get is no more than I deserve." In the silence she could hear his heavy breathing beside her.

"Right, my lady," he said hoarsely. "An' now I'll show you—my daughter—!"

As he moved suddenly, she ducked again, but he was only pointing and shouting: "Get upstairs."

It had not failed her, and she knew it would not fail her now.

All through, with them at the factory, and all the time he had been at her, it had been with her and made it almost easy, like it hadn't really mattered.

She went into her box of a room and stood there waiting. Her body was trembling all over, but she knew that was only because she was going to get a hiding and she always trembled like that when she was waiting. It was because it was going to hurt and she was frightened.

But there was the other thing underneath that he couldn't get at and frighten. And so it didn't matter what he did nor if she trembled.

She heard him shouting at her mother downstairs and that

would be because her mother had said he didn't ought to beat her. Her mother always did that when it came to it, but it never made any difference except to make him angrier, and usually she prayed that her mother wouldn't do it.

But this time she didn't care, because she knew the more he beat her the more she would feel the other thing and the more like him it would be. She thought of him hanging there on the Cross and them sticking spears into him and forthwith there came forth blood and water, and yet saying that and forgiving them and she wondered whether He was frightened beforehand, but probably not, being God really.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opened and she heard her father coming up. Her whole body was shaking now so that she could hardly stand up, and as she turned round to face the door she sort of saw him quite plain, like he had been in the thing she had had at work about the switchback, younger than now, and in uniform like during the war.

About eleven o'clock Laura said: "Darling—hadn't you better pack it in? I don't want to spoil sport, but you've had rather an odd mixture, you know—"

"Nonsense," said Lawrence with immense good humor. "I'll bet old Dreyfus knocked it back the day he was released from what's-its-name, Laura."

"I was only thinking of tomorrow morning."

"I never knew such a girl for thinking about to-morrow morning. Don't you know you should take no thought for to-morrow? What ye shall eat or what ye shall drink? Ah, well—"

Lawrence picked up his

whisky, which he had just poured out, and tipped it carefully into a vase of flowers.

"There, now," he said. "I wonder whether it'll pep them up? I never heard of drunk flowers—" He rose rather unsteadily, came over, and sat down at her feet.

"Kiss me, Laura," he said, almost as though he thought she would refuse him.

She kissed him gently and stroked his hair. They sat for a while in silence looking at the fire. Lawrence said suddenly, in a completely different voice: "If she was going to do that, why couldn't she do it when she was talking to me? I gave her every chance. I thought that I could probably make her. But no—"

He looked up at Laura. "It's all very well," he said urgently, "but it's not satisfactory. I must know what—what went on in her mind. I'm like Mr. Pinner. I want her explanation. She's not very bright, of course. But what—"

Laura said: "Darling, I very much doubt if she knows herself."

"Oh yes, she does," said Lawrence decidedly. "She may not have before, but she knows this time. Because—" He stopped.

"This is a difficult conversation to carry on in the circumstances," he said curtly.

"Never mind," said Laura gently. "Why not push it along and come to bed?"

"Bed?" said Lawrence. "Sure, and not worry, eh?" He scrambled to his feet.

"The poor little devil," he said suddenly, "the poor little devil. With everybody badgering her. And me in particular. What will they do to her—?" His voice cracked and he turned away.

Laura got up and put her arms round him and said: "Darling, they won't do anything to her—except sack her, which, as

you say, doesn't really matter—"

"No?" he said bitterly. "Not those two nice characters who came here?"

"I don't expect so. Anyhow, she'll be all right now she's got it off her chest."

"Got it off her chest?" Lawrence's eyes were shut and his face twisted with pain. "Haven't you got any eyes or ears or—nerves, Laura?" He pulled himself away sharply and stood staring at her.

Laura said: "Yes."

"No, you haven't, or you'd have realised—"

"I did realise, Lawrence."

He looked at her for a moment in astonishment.

He said: "You did—? Then why on earth—?"

"Darling," she said gently, "what do you think I am?"

He suddenly started half to laugh and half to cry. He said: "Oh, you little liar, Laura. Oh, you deceitful two-timing little liar. And I honestly thought that you were being dumb and trusting and—"

She pulled his head down on her shoulder and said: "What, me? You should have known better. You know I haven't got a nice nature."

There wasn't really room in the canteen when it was a wet day. If it was fine, a lot went home to dinner, and a lot more brought their dinners and sat outside in the sun and ate them.

But on a wet day they all came crowding in, and you couldn't get your grub into your mouth because somebody's elbow kept catching yours. Mac had got there early and kept places for Fred Boxall and Harry.

Fred plonked the plate of meat-pie and potatoes down in

To page 48

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his place and said: "Where's Jacko?"

"South o' France," said Mac. "Course—yes. He's gone off. Where is it?"

"Jacko's touring the South Coast," said Harry solemnly, "an' therefore unable to leave an address."

Fred Boxall looked out at the pouring rain and said: "Reckon he'll need the hood up, do you?" "I asked him if he was taking the car," said Harry, "but he didn't hear me."

"South o' France," said Mac. "That's what it is. He told me so himself. With the Duchess of Plushbottom. An' all expenses paid."

Fred Boxall said: "I reckon Jacko'll be mad over Lawrence getting away with it."

"Be something to come back and find Hilda gone."

"He won't miss her," said Mac. "That was a long time ago—before motor-cars were invented."

Ted Chalmers leant across from the other side of the table and said: "Course you know who that is?" He was not one of them, and they looked at him coldly.

Mac said: "Who what is?"

"Jacko's."

"The motor-car?"

"Yes."

Fred Boxall said loftily: "Don't know it's anything to do with anybody who it is."

Ted Chalmers grinned and said: "Well, I do. 'Cause Henry Wright and me see Jacko with her out in Lingwood last Sunday. I didn't know who she was, but Henry did."

"Oh, Henry Wright," said Mac. "He knows everything."

Ted Chalmers went on grinning. "Oh well, if you don't know, maybe it's best you shouldn't." He went back to his food.

If it had been anyone else they might have asked, but not Ted Chalmers. Fred Boxall turned to Mac and said: "You got the sweaters in this week, haven't you?" Thereby making it clear that they were not interested.

Somebody got up from behind and nudged Mac's elbow just as he was putting something in his mouth. The food fell off his fork and he swore, then said: "Yes, so I heard."

Harry suddenly said in a low voice: "Hey—you see that?"

"What?"

"That was Jacko's old man got up right behind you. Been sitting there nearly touching you. There he is going now."

There was a moment's pause.

"Well, what about it?" said Mac uncertainly. "We haven't said anything, have we?"

It was a long train and quite a lot of people got off at Hastings. For a while she could not see him and began to think he hadn't come. Then she saw him get out, right at the back of the train.

He saw her as he came through the barrier and grinned his usual rather shy grin of greeting and said: "Hallo, Rosy." He did not offer to kiss her.

Rosamund said: "Hallo, Good journey?"

"All right. Nice sort of weather for a holiday, eh?"

When they got out to the car she said: "Want to drive?"

"No. I don't know my way about. You better."

"All right. What would you like to do?"

"You tell me," he said resignedly. "I expect you got it all worked out." He yawned and closed his eyes rather wearily for a moment.

"Well, I've got to get back to the Clays' by half-past six, because they've got some people coming in. So unless you want to go and find your digs right away, I thought we might have tea together and then I could drop you there on my way out."

He said: "Just as you like."

"Unless you're tired and"

"I'm fine. You do just what you like."

Continuing

It was all rather like that through tea, which wasn't a very good tea, anyhow. Afterwards they drove along the front. There was a lot of wind blowing and big waves were sending spray all over the road.

The front was very empty. They sat in the car and looked at the sea for a while in silence, but you had to keep the wind-screen wipers going all the time to see anything. After a while he took her hand and that made it better, but he was still very silent.

Rosamund said: "We've got to get fixed what we're going to do. I've told the Clays that I shall probably have to go over to Rye to see my aunt. But of course we don't have to go there if you'd rather go somewhere else."

Jack said: "You mean—go somewhere and—stay there?"

"Yes." She hesitated. "That's what we said."

After a moment he said: "Of course, staying somewhere's a different thing."

"Different from what?"

"Different to—to what we've been doing."

She said: "I don't see why . . . But of course we don't have to if you'd rather not. I just thought it would be fun."

"Of course I want to, Rosy. But . . ." he hesitated and then added rather helplessly, "I'm never sure you know what you're doing."

She turned the big grey eyes on him in mild surprise. "Of course I do," she said. "I—I just want to be with you for longer at a time than we've had. At home we never see each other for more than a few hours and it's horrid having to leave you after that. Don't you hate it?"

"Of course I do," he said hoarsely.

"Well, then . . ."

He suddenly said angrily: "What are you trying on? What's the good of it? Why can't you be like other girls and . . . and . . ."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't give you things. I can't even talk to you. How often do I have to tell you I only picked you up for a bet?"

Rosamund smiled and said: "Well, what about it? You won, didn't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

Rosamund said: "We don't want all that over again. We're on holiday, see? And we're going to have a lovely time and be together and not worry about anything."

He said: "Rosey, I love you, and I ducked his face quickly into her hair."

"Well, why shouldn't you?" said Rosamund, smiling at the empty sea-front. "I never knew anybody who made such a fuss about things."

Lang's appointment was at Tideway House, and he knew that Tideway House was a big new block of office buildings on the Embankment; but somehow Lang had always seen the interview as taking place in Proudfoot's private house—probably over dinner in the long, candle-lit dining-room.

All the way down in the train he had been seeing it so. It wouldn't take long—the main item. He could explain the situation in half a dozen sentences, punctuated by that quick, bird-like nod of comprehension.

Then Proudfoot would say: "I see. Well, in that case we clearly need another man . . ."

It went very well. In practice it took a bit longer than half a dozen crisp sentences, but it was duly punctuated by the quick little nod. "In view of that," Lang concluded, "I felt there might be a misunderstanding, somewhere, either on Winter's own part or in how he was briefed, and I thought I'd better have a chat with you and clear it up. The man I really want would . . ."

Sundry Creditors

[from page 47]

"Just a moment," said Sir Francis. "You said he was up-setting the management. In what way is he doing that?"

"Well, he's rather getting across my man Barker, who's running the place."

"But I thought you'd just lost your able man?" said Sir Francis with a slightly puzzled frown. "Wasn't that rather the point? You needed somebody of ability?"

Lang said: "Yes. But . . ."

"Because Winter's very able. He's a man of great experience."

"I dare say he is," said Lang shortly. "But he mustn't go striking out these lines of his own and ignoring my policy."

Sir Francis shook his head.

"Well, of course, that's the trouble with able men. They do tend to have views of their own."

He frowned. "I'm sorry you should have had this trouble with Winter. He struck me as the ideal man for the job."

"I dare say he would be if he'd remember he's there to assist me, and not to run the place."

"You mean he's too strong a character?"

"I think he's got completely the wrong idea of the job. Possibly he was wrongly briefed."

Sir Francis smiled. "Well, I briefed him myself, so that was my fault."

Lang said: "You see, all this business in the press-shop—time-studies and so on. It's all very well, but it isn't the direction in which we want to go. He seems to be thinking purely about the fabricating side, when . . ."

"Ah!" said Sir Francis, "but you can see why that is. He's thinking of the overall requirements of the group."

ABRUPTLY.

Lang asked, "What group?"

Sir Francis raised his eyebrows. "Of the group which, after all, is employing him."

"Well, since Lang's isn't part of any group," said Lang, "I'd rather not have any man in the factory who has to think as though it was. I think what you've said is quite true. And it's precisely because it's true that I'm asking you to withdraw Winter."

There was a moment's silence. Then Sir Francis shook his head.

"You're making it rather difficult for me. You see, on what you've told me, there's hardly a case for withdrawing him."

Lang's chin came slowly down towards his chest. He said: "The case for withdrawing him is that I want him withdrawn."

"Precisely," said Sir Francis at once. "Well, of course that's very important, but . . ."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment. Lang made a curious little noise in his throat and said very calmly: "Let's understand each other. Are you refusing to withdraw Winter?"

"Not at all. He may not be the right man. I merely feel that the case for withdrawing him is not made out. Why not give it a few months and see if you—settle down together?"

Lang said: "You realise that this is directly contrary to the promise you made me?"

"I don't quite understand. I'm not aware that I made you any promise."

"You said that you didn't want to interfere with the running of the place."

"Well, bless my soul," said Sir Francis rather irritably, "I don't. The last thing I want to do is to spend my time discussing the details of your business. All I've done is to send you an able and experienced man to help you."

"Who immediately starts to

treat the business as part of your group?"

"You can take it that any advice Winter has given you will be entirely honest and based on a lot of experience," said Sir Francis shortly. "And I think you would be foolish to quarrel with him."

Lang smiled contemptuously. "I see. In other words, you think you can impose anyone you like on us, whether we want him or not? Well, we can stop you?"

"We?" said Sir Francis mildly.

"You're a minority shareholder. If it comes to a show-down, we can outvote you. Henry Spellman and I and—others hold . . ."

Sir Francis sighed. "Henry Spellman," he said, "is an old friend of mine."

Lang hesitated for a moment. "And you think he'll . . ."

Sir Francis held up a hand.

He said: "Just a moment. There may be developments that—that you ought to know about before . . ."

He stopped and gazed out of the window. His face was unhappy. "Henry Spellman is getting on in years," he said slowly. "He's been talking about retiring for some time. I was surprised that he was willing to take on the chairmanship when your brother died . . ."

He paused again.

Lang said: "Well?" His throat had suddenly gone very dry.

"When I bought your brother's shares," said Sir Francis, "I made him an offer for his own. At that time he refused. Two or three days ago he rang up and said that he proposed to retire forthwith."

"I didn't go into it, but I gathered there had been some friction."

Lang made no comment.

"Anyhow," said Sir Francis, "I took an option to buy the Spellman family's shares."

Which . . . he hesitated, "which affects the argument you were putting forward."

Lang said: "You pair of swindlers."

Sir Francis frowned. "Oh, come," he said, "what's the use of being abusive? I should never have raised this ridiculous question of exactly how many shares people hold if you hadn't. All I'm telling you is that if you want your own way in this matter you'll have to get it by reasonable argument."

"You promised me . . ."

"Mr. Lang," said Sir Francis, closing his eyes, "I promised you nothing."

"You said you didn't want control. You know that if I'd known what you were after I would never have agreed . . ."

"To what?" said Sir Francis. He shrugged his shoulders. "As far as I am concerned, I bought eighty thousand shares in your family concern because they seemed to me a good investment. I have now bought an option on another twenty-two thousand or twenty-four thousand or something, for the same reason."

"As far as I know, there was nothing for you to agree to or disagree about. I don't want to run your business. I have plenty to do without that. But, having invested about a quarter of a million pounds, I must protect it."

There was a long silence. Lang said hoarsely: "My father built that business. My brother and I made it what it is to-day. You may buy control of it, but you no more understand the sort of place it is or how to run it than . . ."

It's not like your other places with their Winters and their time-study and . . ."

"Ah," said Sir Francis. "Now you're talking. You might easily be right there. It's essentially

To page 49

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and the Matron said . . .

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"An' have fourteen kids. All on eight quid a week."

"Twelve," she said with a grin. "Twelve children and twelve quid. A quid each. Plenty."

It had been clear enough during the long drive through the night, but after he had left the Clays it had become more and more vague and muddled, and Lang was driving now merely because to be in the moving car gave him a sense of purpose, which was missing when he sat and drank cups of coffee. His back was aching dully from sitting in the driving position, and he felt hot and stiff.

He knew he really ought to sleep, and several times he had stopped within sight of the sea to rest, only to find that it was more restful to be moving. He had been along the coast to Dymchurch and to Folkestone and to Dover, but, though he had stopped the car in all of them for a few minutes, he had never driven round them as he had in Rye, and it was only the fact that he had lost his way in Dover that turned him round and sent him back along the road by which he had come, with too little energy to turn round and go on farther east.

Indeed, since about three o'clock he had not thought much about why he was there or where he was going, being fully occupied by a scheme for bringing an injunction against Henry Spellman which would prevent him from selling his shares to Sir Francis; the alternative being to get George Martin, and go and set up a place of his own to make the sprayer. There would be difficulties about the steel, but he was fairly sure that with his connections they could be overcome.

At about half-past four he ran out of petrol. It took him some time to realise why the engine should have stopped, and by that time the car had coasted some thirty yards to some petrol pumps. There were only five pounds in his wallet, which was peculiar, because he had drawn fifteen that morning. Then he remembered that that was before he went to London. But it was disturbing to have only five pounds, and he found that his hands shook as he paid for the petrol.

The little car by the side of the road was vaguely familiar, but he was busy thinking, and he drove past it and on for fifty yards before something made him stop and look back at it. Even then he was not at all sure, for he had never remembered the number of any car since CR 1121, which he had had in 1927. But he backed up to it and got out and looked through the side windows, and saw a scarf of his own on the floor in the back of the car.

It was a nice scarf, and his first emotion was anger that Rosamund should take it and then leave it on the floor of the car to get filthy.

He passed a hand over his eyes and looked up at the sand dunes. They seemed to stretch away for miles, looking very big and empty, and for a moment he felt utter despair at the prospect of looking for Rosamund in a place like that.

But then he realised that she was bound to come back to the car in the end, if he just waited.

Continuing

so he got into his own car again and shut his eyes and started to wonder whether it would be any good to ask them all to a dinner—Sir Francis and the Spellmans and Winter and the whole lot—and just put his cards on the table quite frankly.

"Gentlemen, you can probably run this place without me, but you can run it a sight better with me. After all, we're in business . . ."

He must have dozed for a while, because when he looked at his watch it was a quarter-past five. For a moment he was afraid she might have come back while he was asleep, and gone and left him. But the little car was still standing there, and the sandhills stretched away solitary and empty.

The sun had made the inside of the car very hot. He was sweating, his back was aching, and he was intolerably uncomfortable, so he got out of the car and started to walk across the sand to the foot of the dunes.

The sand was loose and deep. Even on the level it was an effort to lift his feet clear of it, and as soon as he came to the steep slope, he slid back almost as much as he went forward. He knew that the way to get up was to take quick, short steps, but he was very tired, and his legs would move only slowly and heavily. He stopped after a while, panting. His heart was pounding so that his whole chest seemed to quiver, and his shirt was wet through with sweat.

Looking back, he found that he had climbed only the first thirty yards of the slope, and was only now reaching the steepest part. Yet even as he stood, the sand was sliding away under his feet, and he was slipping very slowly backwards. When he saw that, he made a tremendous effort and started to plough forward and up in a sort of frenzy.

He gained a few yards, and then the effort faded. For a few seconds he was stationary, still floundering desperately like an exhausted pony in a moorland bog. Then he lost his balance and fell forward on to the sand, cutting his hand slightly on a piece of broken glass as he flung it out to save himself.

For a moment he saw the top of the dune sharply yellow against the blue sky, thirty yards above him, and as remote as the last two thousand feet of Everest. Then everything was a peculiar green color, and he closed his eyes and lay there, gasping for breath and feeling the trickle of the sand under his fingers as his body began to slip almost imperceptibly back down the slope.

When they got to the top of the ridge and could see the road, Rosamund stopped short and said blankly: "Where on earth's the car? It's gone."

Jack looked and said: "No, it isn't. There it is, right along there."

It was a good half-mile along to the left, though they were sure that they had crossed the dunes both times in the same place. The sun was low now, but it was still warm, and the cold wind from the sea had

Sundry Creditors

from page 49

dropped. They walked slowly along the ridge in silence, looking at the sea, until they were nearly opposite the car.

Rosamund said: "Well, if I'm going back to Lime Cross to-night, I shall have to go soon."

He did not answer the question in her voice, but went on gazing moodily at the sea. After a moment Rosamund said brightly: "I'm going to run down. Come on." She took his hand and started down the slope.

Jack said: "Break your neck," but he let her pull him after her, and once on the slope there was nothing to do but run and alither, until Rosamund suddenly gave a wild squeal and sat down with a bang, and went shooting on in a sitting position in the sliding sand, nearly to the bottom. She got up covered in sand and said: "It's absolutely gorgeous tobogganing down like that. I'm going up and going to do it again. You try."

He laughed and said: "Mind yourself on the wire. There's a lot about."

They were about fifty yards from the car when Rosamund suddenly let go his hand and stopped dead and said: "Hey . . ."

He looked at her in surprise and said: "What's up?"

She was staring at the other car, which stood a few yards from their own. After a moment she said very quietly: "That's Daddy's car," and started to walk slowly towards it.

"Don't be silly," he said un- easily. "How can it be?"

"Well, it is," she said. "At least I think so . . ."

R

OSAMUND hesitated and then walked in a wide semi-circle to the front of the car, as though it was a dangerous animal, so that she could see the number-plate. She nodded briefly and said: "Yes. It is," and turned and faced him. They looked at each other for a moment.

"Well . . ." said Jack in sudden panic.

She said quickly: "He'll have seen the car, but he hasn't seen you. You'd better . . ."

His eyes were on something behind her, and at that moment Lang called her name. When she turned he was only a hundred yards away, ploughing through the sand in a queer half-run.

His face was running with sweat and he was panting heavily as he came blundering through the deep sand. Rosamund took a couple of steps forward and said: "Hallo, Daddy," very quietly, but he ignored her and went on towards Jack as though he was going to trample over him, and then stopped and panted out: "You young blackguard . . ."

Jack had stepped backwards so that he was almost against the front of the car. His face was white and scared.

Rosamund said: "Now, steady, darling . . ."

Lang turned to her and said: "Get into the car."

Rosamund said: "It's not his fault at all. It was entirely my idea. He didn't even want to come . . ."

Lang shouted: "Will you do as I tell you, Rosamund, and get into that car?"

Rosamund hesitated and then said: "No, I won't—not if you're going to be silly . . ."

Lang stood and panted for a moment and then said: "All right. Then stay and hear it . . ."

He took a step towards Jack and said quietly and breathlessly: "Now—I want to know what you're doing here with my daughter?"

Jack said in a low voice: "We haven't been doing anything. Only . . ."

"You've been going out with her before, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Walter."

"Behind my back? You've been taking her out? That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes. We . . ."

"Do you know how old she is?"

Jack's eyes flickered helplessly towards Rosamund. "Near nineteen."

"Eighteen," said Lang. "She's eighteen." He stared at Jack with exhausted, bloodshot eyes. He said: "Do you know what you are?"

Rosamund stepped forward and said: "Daddy, for goodness' sake, don't do it . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Lang in the same quiet voice. "You're a dirty, skulking, young blackguard who ought to be given a good hiding . . ."

His voice rose: "Who the devil do you think you are, leading my daughter into this sort of dirty . . ."

"Well, she didn't have to go with me, did she?" said Jack with a sudden flicker of anger.

Lang said furiously: "Now I suppose you're going to throw the blame . . ."

Rosamund said: "Daddy, will you kindly listen? There's no question of Jack having led me into anything. If you must get into a rage with somebody, it's me. I suggested . . ."

Lang gave her no more than a quick glance.

"You?" he said contemptuously. "You little fool."

He turned back to Jack and said breathlessly: "The trouble with you, my boy, is that you've got a swollen head." His voice was rising. "But I'll show you your place. I'll break you for this. Yes—you and your whole family."

"What's my family got to do with it?" said Jack quietly. He had moved a little from the front of the car now. His face was whiter than ever, but it was no longer frightened.

Lang said: "I won't have any of you near the place. I'll put the whole lot of you in the gutter." His face was a curious, dark, muddy purple and he spoke in gasping jerks.

"Oh, ah!" said Jack contemptuously. "You're the big boss, aren't you? Fire people out of your factory's all you can do."

Rosamund said: "Jack . . ."

He swung round on her and said: "Well, so it is all he can do. All he's fit for. Come down here calling me names and talking as though I was dirt . . ."

His eyes were full of tears.

Lang said: "You are dirt, you . . ."

Jack moved forward a trifle. "Oh, am I, mate? Well, I'm no more dirt than you are. My father was as good a man as yours, except that yours made a bit of money. Anybody'd think you was Royalty, talking about your daughter. . . . An' you keep her there by yourself and never care nothing about her . . ."

Lang gave an inarticulate grunt and lunged forward. Rosamund said: "Daddy . . ."

and grabbed at him. But Jack had flung up his hands defensively and seized Lang's arms just above the elbows. "Steady, now!" he said breathlessly. "steady! We don't want . . ."

He was a big, powerful, young man, and for a moment he held Lang helpless, struggling impotently to free his arms, like a child in a rage.

Then, with the last strength of pride, Lang wrenched himself free. He saw the half-frightened face staring at him as though he saw it through moving water, and tried to launch himself at it again. But though the top part of his body moved, his legs would not, and

To page 51

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the face vanished above him into darkness.

He was lying on the sand and there was some grit in one of his eyes. Rosamund was looking down at him. She had a handkerchief in her hand. He put his hand to get the grit out of his eye and she said: "Lie still, darling. It's all right," and dabbed at the side of his head with the handkerchief. It stung.

"Don't do that," he said irritably. "It hurts." He turned his head away and said: "Have I done something to myself?"

"You've given your head a biff on the bumper of the car. Just keep quiet, darling. The doctor's coming to have a look at you in a minute."

He remembered and said: "Where's that young . . . and half raised himself. But an intolerable pain shot through his head as soon as he raised it. He heard her say: "He's getting the doctor."

After that the only other thing was seeing her again quite suddenly, but inside now. He said very carefully: "Now, you will come straight home to-night, Roz. No nonsense, mind," and she smiled and said: "All right, darling," and that was all.

It was only half-past nine, and the milk-bar on the front did not seem to be quite sure whether it was open or not. It had given Jack coffee, but was still washing the floor rather resentfully round his feet.

He looked up as Rosamund came in and said: "Hallo," and then looked away again and went on staring out of the window at the sea.

Rosamund said: "Well—he's more or less all right. He's got some concussion, but there's no fracture or anything like that, thank goodness."

Jack nodded and said: "Oh," and went on looking at the sea.

Rosamund looked at him for a moment in silence. "But, of course, it will be several days before we can get him home. . . . She moved towards the counter for some coffee.

Jack fumbled in his pocket, produced a stub of cigarette, lit it, and went sullenly back to his seascape, all without looking at her.

After a moment she said: "I don't think I have to tell you how sorry I am for—for all this. . . ."

"That's all right," he said. "What's there to be sorry for? Had your bit of fun, haven't you?"

"Fun . . . ?" "I told you," he said bitterly, "right from the start—that he'd get on to it. But no. You knew better." He shrugged. "Well . . ."

Rosamund said: "But I still don't see how he can have got to know. Or, even if he did, how he can have found us out there . . ."

"Doesn't matter, does it? I say you've had your bit of fun . . ."

He dropped the stub on the floor and crushed it under his heel.

Rosamund said quietly: "I think you're being rather unfair. I know it was my fault, but . . ."

He turned and looked at her for the first time. "Fair!" he said. "That's good! I lose my job, and maybe dad loses his, and all because of a silly little fool . . ."

"Stop it!" she said rather sharply.

They stared at each other for a moment. Jack gave a slight shrug and looked sullenly away again.

Rosamund said: "I've told you I'm sorry. That's all I can do. But I'll tell you something else . . ."

"Well?"

"I love you," she said quietly. "And when I've got him home and he's better, I'll—"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1953

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

(from page 50)

come away with you if you like. Whatever anybody says . . ."

He swore with weary disgust. "Why? Don't you . . . ?"

He said: "You don't know what you're talking about. Don't know the first thing about anything. Always talking about 'going away' and 'getting married' and so on. You're just a play-acting kid." He was staring at her contemptuously. Rosamund had gone very white, and her lips were trembling. He saw this and raised his voice.

"What do you think I'm going to do now. I s'pose you never thought of that? This is my holiday, see? I get a fortnight a year and this is it. Doesn't mean anything to you, of course, yours all being holiday."

He turned quickly away and she suddenly realised that his eyes were full of tears. After a moment she said: "I'm terribly sorry, Jack. It's quite true. I—I hadn't thought of that. . . ."

"I'll lay you hadn't," he said bitterly. "Why should you, anyway?"

"What will you do?" she said after a moment's pause. "Only, you see . . . I rather have to be at the nursing home most of the time, and then in a few days I shall have to take him home . . . Will you . . . ?"

"That's my affair," he said curtly. "Don't you worry about me. You go and look after your Dad." He got up abruptly and waited for her to do so.

As they came out on to the front Rosamund said in a low voice: "And saying I'm sorry's no good?"

"You don't need to," he said more quietly. "You don't want to worry about it. Truth of it is, if you make a fool of yourself like I have, you got to pay for it." He half turned away.

Rosamund said: "And I shall see you when—when we get back?"

"Sure," he said vaguely. "Sure. Take care of yourself."

The front was very long and empty and it was only when she was almost at the end of it that she turned and looked back. Right down at the other end somebody was leaning on the rail looking out to sea, but it was too far away to be sure.

Henry said: "I don't really know. His daughter rang up, but I was out and she spoke to my secretary. All we know is that he's had some sort of accident and that he's in a nursing home with concussion."

Ryan said: "It is serious, Mr. Spellman?"

"Not very, I gather," Henry frowned. "I can't ring up because I don't even know exactly where he is, except that it's somewhere on the South Coast. Heaven knows what he was doing down there. They don't seem to know anything about it at the house."

Winter said: "I understand that he was going to London to see . . ."

"He did that and saw Francis. I had a telephone call about that."

Spellman and Winter looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"This seems to have happened the next day," said Henry colorlessly. "Anyhow, it seems likely that he'll be off for some time." He removed his spectacles and looked at them with ill-focused, unhappy eyes. "I've called a board meeting for tomorrow to decide how we'd better—arrange things. But I thought I'd better let you know in case anything was being held up."

He stood for a moment in silence, staring moodily out of the window. Then he said: "Well, there it is," put on his spectacles, and lumbered heavily away.

After a pause Ryan said: "Well, I suppose it's no good

talking about this if Mr. Walter's away?"

"Why?" said Winter. "He's agreed to the studies being made. We want to get on now we've got Parkes here."

"You reckon that'll be all right," said Ryan doubtfully.

"Why not? If he's going to be away for some time, we can't hold everything up."

"I suppose not," said Ryan, and hesitated.

"What's on your mind?" said Winter gently.

Ryan said: "I don't know whether I got the right to ask this, Mr. Winter . . ."

"You've got a right to ask anything you like."

"Well, there's a rumor going round that Lang's is being sold. On account of Mr. Gustavus dying and so on. Can you tell me if that's so?"

Winter stared at him for a moment. "Ah—that's rather a tricky one," he said in the queer, flat voice. "That's finance, and I'm not a financial man . . ."

"Only if it was, see—well, there's some old ones here who'd wonder what was going to happen. You know what they are. Think the world's coming to an end if there's anything new."

Winter said: "Well, I can't answer your question in so many words, but . . . His mouth twitched into an almost recognisable smile.

"Anyhow, Mr. Walter—he'll be carrying on when he comes back?"

"You know as much about that as I do."

There was a long silence. Ryan said slowly: "Of course, Mr. Walter did a lot for the place. But he wasn't ever an easy man to work with. Different stamp of a man from Mr. Gustavus altogether."

JOHN L.

PARKES was a shock-headed young man with a broad, beaming smile. He was twenty-seven, but he looked younger. Nine years' experience of time-study had left him still feeling that it was a delightful and fascinating game.

He was a good technician, but his main use was in places where the introduction of time-study might be regarded as an organised attempt to cut wages. John L. Parkes was so obviously not an organised attempt at anything.

Winter said: "Well, there you are, Parkes. You can get going as soon as you like. You've seen Ryan?"

"Yes, Mr. Winter."

"I don't think you'll have any trouble with him."

"He seems very co-operative, Mr. Winter."

"Yes, I've talked to him and so has his headquarters." Winter reflected for a moment. "Go easy and don't rush it. Keep it on the generous side, and mind you carry Ryan with you. You've got to remember that it's an old family firm and all that sort of thing. I doubt if most of them have ever seen a stop-watch before."

John L. smiled. "I understand, Mr. Winter. I'm used to that."

"Yes," Winter frowned thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I should be very surprised if there was any trouble. There's the usual talk about the family and their traditions and their particular way of doing things, but when you come down to brass tacks there's nothing much to it. Of course, the old man they really liked is dead."

On the third day Lang informed the nursing home that he was now quite well, and would be going that evening. On the fifth Rosamund went to the doctor and said: "I think you'll have to let him go home soon, or he'll go mad."

The doctor sighed and said: "Yes. He is restless. What I call an in-patient." He smiled and Rosamund smiled politely, too. He was a rather good-looking, youngish man with a confidential manner. He said: "Concussion's always a thing to be treated seriously . . ."

"The question is," said Rosamund, "whether you won't do him more harm by keeping him here fussing than by letting him go home." ("Always remember, darling," her mother had said, "if a doctor starts cursing you of something, he'll go on and cure you of it if it kills you, unless you stop him.")

"Precisely the thought that had occurred to me," said the doctor, nodding wisely. "Mentally, of course, he's rather upset, and sometimes home—the familiar background . . ."

"It isn't as though he had to go by train. We could make him comfortable in the back of the car and I could take him straight home."

"How far is it?"

"About four or five hours."

"Five hours?" The doctor considered. "Well, it's not really advisable, but if he's anxious to get home . . . of course, as soon as he gets there he must go straight to bed and stay there until—until your own doctor gives him permission to get up. Even slight concussion . . ."

When he had been in bed he had seemed fairly well except for times when he became very tired. But when they brought him down to the car he looked very pale and tottery, and Rosamund half wished she had made him stay. They made him as comfortable as they could in the back of the car and gave her a letter to Dr. Stevens, and explained to her about the dressing on his temple.

It was very odd to be sitting in the front driving, with him in the back, but luckily he seemed sleepy and said very little. Once he said: "What have you done about the other car, Roz?" but she was ready for that and said: "Oh, I arranged to have it driven home."

Lang said: "Oh, yes." After that he seemed to go to sleep and did not speak again until she was through London and heading for Aylesbury. Then he said suddenly: "You drive too fast. Like your mother."

She smiled at him in the mirror and said: "Who's driving this car, anyway?"

After a while he said: "Roz . . ."

"Yes, darling?"

"I don't want you to feel that—that this has done anything to you and me. I can quite see how it happened, and it's probably partly my fault, anyhow."

She was being forgiven and there was nothing to be done about it. She changed down and kept the car moving through a round-about and said: "Don't be silly, darling. Of course it wasn't."

Lang said: "I was bound to be angry that it should be a fellow like that. But it's all over now and I just want you to forget it . . ."

Rosamund glanced in the mirror. He was leaning back in the corner with his eyes closed. His face was very pale and drawn. She said: "Are you all right, darling, or would you like to stop for a bit?"

He muttered: "No—no. Let's get on home . . ." without opening his eyes. A minute or so later he said: "I think anybody could have felt the same. But I wouldn't like you to think I was angry with you."

She said: "No. Of course not. Try to go to sleep for a bit, darling, and by the time you wake up we'll be home."

Maddeningly, she felt her eyes filling with tears at the hopeless, agonising unfairness of



it all, and for a moment she could not see properly. But you couldn't possibly burst into tears when driving a motor-car at sixty miles an hour, so she kept her foot right down and blinked hard, and the blur soon cleared.

He was quite well now except for those occasional violent headaches, and it was nonsense to keep him in bed and fuss about the curtains being drawn, and to stop him from reading. Once he lost his temper with Rosamund and told her he supposed that she wanted to keep him in bed so that she could go out without his knowing. But most of the time he hadn't the energy to argue, and lay there in a sort of half-sleep, only waking up properly when they brought him meals.

Once or twice he decided that this was really an admirable chance for the hard thinking that had to be done. But as soon as he really settled down to it, his head would start up again, and as soon as that went away he would go to sleep, so that it never got anywhere.

But this morning he had slept very well, and when he woke there was no trace of the headache. He knew he had been asleep a long time, and for a moment he was afraid it might be late. But his watch said seven o'clock, which was the time when he always woke up. He lay for those last few luxurious moments and then got out of bed and stretched and yawned.

It made his head spin so that he had to lean against the wall for a moment. The dizziness soon disappeared, but it left a curious, rather pleasant feeling of lightness. He looked round for his clothes, but they were nowhere to be seen, and after a puzzled moment he remembered what he was up against, and that they were trying to keep him at home while Spellman and Proudfoot fixed everything.

He sat down on the bed and considered. There could be no question of bathing and going down to breakfast in the ordinary way, because they would spot what he was after at once and stop him. It was necessary to get out of the house as quietly and as quickly as possible, and be in his office when people arrived.

The idea of having to slip out of his own house like that made him smile grimly. But it was necessary to remember what he was up against. It was failure to realise it before that had been the mistake.

He found his clothes and a clean shirt without difficulty, but he could not decide about a tie. He stood and stared at the rack for a long time in helpless indecision. But in the end he shut his eyes and took one at random, and after that dressing was easy.

He came silently out on to

the landing and stood for a moment listening. There was no sound in the house at all. It was a quarter-past seven, and the Darts would certainly be up and about in the kitchen, but Rosamund would still be in bed.

As long as the door of the corridor leading to the kitchen was shut, there was nothing to stop him from walking quietly through the hall and out of the front door. They might possibly hear the car start. But the garage was a long way from the kitchen, and by then it would be too late, anyhow.

Everything went well. The door was shut. As he crept past it he could hear the Darts talking in the kitchen, and smiled quietly to himself. He had reached the front door before he realised that he had not got his brief-case with all his papers. It was somewhere in the house, but he could not remember where he had had it last, and it was too dangerous to go and look for it.

The first thing that told him something was wrong was that the garage doors were open and the little car was not there. His first thought was that Rosamund had got up early and gone off somewhere behind his back again. But there was something wrong about the light and the feel of everything, and it came to him quite suddenly and clearly that it was not the morning now, and that he had slept right through till the evening.

It was a tremendous blow, and for a moment he slumped against the car at the impact of it, and closed his eyes and nearly gave up. But he looked at his watch, and it was still only twenty-past seven, and there was a chance—just a chance—that they would be working late and still be there. He had no real hope, but there was nothing else left to hope for, and he got into the car and started the engine.

Piker wasn't the youngest of the apprentices, being older than both Les Gordon and Micky. But he was the smallest, and he looked young, and that was enough for everybody, so he was always picked on as the kid, and laughed at if he smoked or anything. It was because they laughed at him about smoking and said he wouldn't grow that had really started him on it, and that was how he came to make his petrol lighter on the Q.T., and started making things altogether.

He had made a lot of things now, and never been caught taking the stuff out, and now he'd got a hacksaw and a file at home, so that he could do some of it there, without having to watch all the time for the foreman coming round.

Piker knew exactly what he

To page 52

wanted, having marked it down when he went through the press-shop that day. They were just ordinary small pressings, only about four inches across, that looked like an end-cap to go on something. But if you could get four of them and slot them out to fit through the spokes, and polish them up or give them a lick of aluminium paint, they would look like brake-drums, like the expensive bikes had.

He knew there would be plenty lying about on the stil-lages in the press-shop. It was only a matter of getting in without the watchman seeing, and Piker knew all about getting into Lang's. He came to where the wall ended and the railings began, and slowed down to a casual stroll. The slightly bent bar was about twenty yards away, right down at the other end. All you had to do was to turn yourself sideways, and once you had your head through it was easy, if you were small.

The gates were locked and, though of course they would be, Lang knew instinctively that none of them would be there. But there was no going back now, and when Ted Heath came out and peered through the gate at the car, he called: "Open up, will you, Ted?" in an ordinary way, and waved a hand and smiled when Ted swung the gate open and touched his cap.

There were no cars in the park, and if he was too late and they had all gone, it was a little difficult to know what to do. He sat up for a while in the car and thought about it, but then Ted came up and said: "You want to get into your office, Mr. Walter?" and he said: "Yes," and followed Ted in.

The light was going fast now. He went through the outer office and noticed the cover on

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

(from page 51)

his secretary's typewriter, and wondered vaguely what on earth she had found to do with herself while he had been away. He went into his office and switched on the light. Suddenly realising that he was very cold, he put on the electric fire, too, and stood and looked round him.

The office was safe and reassuring, and with relief he sat down at his desk and closed his eyes. It was very quiet, and he remembered noticing several times that though you didn't hear the distant rumble of the factory when it was working, you noticed the silence when it was not.

After a while Lang opened his eyes and turned almost mechanically to his IN tray. There was the usual big pile of stuff in it, and he decided that since he was there he might as well run through some of it and get a clear desk. It would take some time, and after that one would have to do some hard thinking before they came back.

There was a sealed envelope on top of the pile, marked "Private." He opened it and read: "Dear Walter: I have felt for some time that my work here has given little satisfaction to either of us. . . . He was horrified for a moment, because he knew that if once Spellman resigned, Proudfoot had the option on his shares and it was all up.

Then he realised that it was not Henry Spellman but Lawrence Spellman, and laughed, because the sooner young Lawrence got out, the better he would be pleased. But it was possible that they had sent in their resignations together, and if so Henry's would be somewhere in the pile. He hunted feverishly through, but it was

not there, so there was still a chance.

As soon as he looked down to read anything, he had a feeling that they were all sitting there looking at him. Not doing anything—just sitting and waiting. Old Henry, and Lawrence with that supercilious grin on his face, and Proudfoot nodding and pecking, and Winter:

He said: "Gentlemen—let's put our cards on the table. You can probably run this business without me, but you can run it a sight better with me." He lowered his head and looked round the office and said angrily: "It seems to have been conveniently forgotten, but I'll remind you that when I took over the managing directorship the place had a turnover of about a third of its present size and was barely breaking even.

"Its present position is not due to a lot of pious talk and high-flown ideals, but to my hard work and initiative. Some of you may remember the fight I had to get the new press-shop built. I had to fight my way through against every sort of opposition, and obstruction from people who . . ."

He stopped short and jumped up and shouted: "Get out of my factory, the lot of you . . . and stood there erect and powerful and dominant. But the silence swung back into place as though he had struck a velvet curtain, and after a while he sank back into his chair and said wearily: "Very well. If that's the general view, I'll go."

Piker had not thought the press-shop would be all locked up, because what did they think, that somebody would come and steal a press? But it

was, and he was near giving up when he saw the window a bit open. Piker hesitated, because somehow getting through the window wasn't like just slipping through the fence. But he thought of the brake-drums all polished up, and put his hand in and unlatched the window so that he could swing up and get through.

It was only half light inside the shop, and very quiet with all the presses standing there so still, as though they were waiting, and for a moment he was frightened of it. But he set his teeth and made himself go into the gangway and walk down it towards the end with the small presses, where he had seen Reg Hathaway and the German chap working on the things that would do for brake-drums.

They were all right, like he'd known they'd be. A whole stillage of them. Piker had picked up three and was looking for a fourth one with a proper smooth edge when he heard the voices. He only had time to slip round behind one of the presses, leaving the caps out in the gangway, before there was the key in the lock and he heard the door open.

Piker was crouching down behind one of the small presses and he couldn't see, but Ted Heath said: "You'll want a light on, and somebody else said something he didn't hear. Ted Heath said: "All right, Mr. Walter. You let me know when you're going, see, and I'll lock up after you." Then the door shut and it was all quiet.

Piker thought they had gone away again, being so quiet and no light on, and after a bit he half stood up; but he bobbed down again mighty sharp, because there was Mr. Walter Lang standing not five yards away in the gangway, and if

ENTERTAINING NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "JOURNEYS EVE," a diverting new serial by Elizabeth Cadell.

Readers thoroughly enjoyed "THE SPELL," our previous serial by this author. They will find just as much entertainment in this story of a young man whose sudden romantic engagement takes many people by surprise—including himself.

This serial again follows our policy of bringing you outstanding present-day novels in generous serial instalments, and it will be completed in three extra long parts.

there'd been a light on, he couldn't have missed seeing him. Piker moved just an inch or two so that he could see, and Mr. Walter was standing there quite still, staring down the press-shop.

After a bit he moved on till he was right in front of the little press that Piker was behind, so close that Piker could almost have touched him, and in the half dark like that he looked ten foot high. Piker's heart was beating so that he was sure Mr. Walter would hear it and spot him. But Mr. Walter went on down the gangway, walking very slowly and turning his head from side to side and sort of peering at the presses.

What bit of light there was left was on his face and it was queer and sort of twitching about as though he was going to sneeze.

There was a click as he kicked something, and it was the caps left out in the gangway, and that gave Piker a nasty turn again. But Mr. Walter bent down and picked them up and looked at them for a long time and felt them as though he was looking for ones with smooth edges, too. Then he went over slowly and put them on the stillage with

the others, except for one that he kept, and went on down the gangway with it, still looking at it and stroking his hand over it.

It was a long gangway right down the length of the shop with smaller ones going off each side, and it was getting darker all the time. By the time Mr. Walter was right down the other end by the two biggest presses they called Goliath and Carnera, Piker couldn't see him properly when he was in the shadow.

Mr. Walter stood so still and quiet down there that once Piker thought he must be gone and was just going to come out. Then he heard a bit of a sound as though Mr. Walter was coughing to himself, but very quietly; and when Piker stared hard he could just see a shadow as if he was leaning up against the wall by the big presses.

It being so dark by then, Piker didn't actually see him go, but after a long while he thought he saw something move, and then the coughing had stopped and he couldn't see the shadow any more, so he reckoned Mr. Walter was gone all right, and very cautiously got up.

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A Shetland shawl half-a-century old ...STILL SOFT AND FLEECY!

"What a Tribute to Velvet washing!"

says AUNT JENNY



Read how Miss Winchelo of 21 Wheeler Pde., Dee Why brought Velvet Soap into the life of her good neighbour Mrs. Parsons.



2 "Thank you, dear neighbour, for your excellent advice which led me to use Velvet Soap," smiled Mrs. Parsons. "You see, Aunt Jenny, Miss Winchelo gave me one of her shawls when baby Carolyn was coming. Velvet has kept it soft and white all these years. Now I use Velvet for all my washing."

3 "Just feel this blanket, Aunt Jenny," said Miss Winchelo. "Fifty years old and still on my bed! Yes, Velvet is a very good soap, indeed. Not only for woollens, but for the coloured things, the cottons and the silky materials as well." She smiled. "It must be those extra-soapy suds you're always talking about."

4 Take Miss Winchelo's advice! Use gentle Velvet for everything you wash. Its extra-soapy suds mean less rubbing and longer life to your clothes. Velvet is kind to your hands too.



GIVES MORE SUDS FASTER!

1 "You may be surprised how soft and warm the shawl is," said charming 83-year-old Miss Winchelo, who was playing the piano when I called, "but that's because I'm careful when I wash it. Nothing but Velvet Soap for me! It's a tried and trusted friend of years standing."

here for a month. My father asked me to call. He wondered if you could be persuaded to be lenient."

"You mean the mortgage, eh? Um." He wagged a reproving head. "The interest's a year overdue now. Can't he pay off something?"

"He's doing his best. You know, life in Washington's very expensive. A military attaché's pay doesn't cover it."

Ned Moss grinned. He said: "Your trip over here must have cost him a packet."

"It cost him nothing," she said icily. "The Ambassador's wife had to come back to London for a month. I'm acting as a companion to her."

"Sorry. Didn't mean to be rude." Those boyish eyes asked for forgiveness. "Nobody would ever want to be rude to you. Not likely!"

She had to laugh. "Why not likely?"

He looked away, sighed, and fiddled with some papers. After a while he said, "I'll do what I can. I'll have a word with my father. He was talking about issuing a writ—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" She made a pleading gesture. "He retires in two years, and it would break his heart if he lost Lingcombe. It's been in the family for centuries. As you know, Mr. Moss, it's only a small place, and once he's settled down there I'm certain he'll keep out of debt."

"Money's the devil, isn't it, eh?"

"Lack of it is." There was a long pause. When he spoke again, he seemed to be curiously nervous. His fingers played with the papers on his desk. He never looked at her, but addressed himself to the carpet in a jerky, groping fashion.

"O.K. I'll tackle the old man. Won't be easy. He started from nothing, Miss Ashburn. We're not like you."

"What do you mean?" "Oh, you know. We've got wads of money—and earned every penny of it. Worked for it like niggers. But we're not out of the top drawer. That's the difference."

This personal touch was embarrassing. She said gently: "Does it matter?"

"Of course it matters, even these days." And then he added a startling question, and his throat sounded taut as he asked it. "Are you engaged or tied up in any way?"

Helen stared. He was so painfully nervous, her expression changed to amused bewilderment.

"No, I'm not. Why?" He made himself meet her

Continuing . . . You Can't Buy Love

from page 3

clear blue eyes. A husky little laugh came from him.

"I've never seen anybody like you. Dot was right. She came in and said you were a smasher. Please, I'm not trying to get fresh."

Again there was that queer little laugh.

"I wouldn't dare. Only something's happened to me. I suppose it's love at first sight."

She was too fine to handle this the wrong way. She said steadily: "I've an idea there's something else you want to say. I'm not offended. So tell me what it is."

The gratitude in his eyes was pathetic. He moistened his lips, fiddled with the papers, struggled to find the right words.

"It's like this. To take you to a dance or a show would be the most wonderful experience I've ever had in my life. It would, honestly. I'd be terribly proud to be seen with you. I'm trying to pluck up courage to ask if you'd let me."

She hesitated, and he went on: "Sounds nearly like blackmail, doesn't it? But I swear it isn't meant to be. Lord knows, you must think I'm either a knave or a fool," he ended in a mumble.

"I don't think that at all." Again she hesitated, touched by his complete humility. "If you like to ask me to a dance, I don't see why I should refuse."

To him, those words of hers might have been the sudden revealing of the pearls again. His eyes shone. His smile was exalted. He flipped the papers on to the floor and performed a wild ballet.

"Sorry. I feel drunk. This is all so marvellous, I can't believe it!"

Before she left Land and Finance Limited he had arranged to call at her hotel the following evening and take her to the Orpheum. She felt sorry for him, and faintly worried. He was not her type, but he was a very, very decent sort.

He arrived in a sleek, purring car. His dress clothes were immaculate, except that two diamond studs glistened loudly from his shirt-front.

He brought her an enormous orchid and handed it to her in an awkward, surprised fashion, as if it had somehow turned up without his knowledge.

More than ever he reminded her of a schoolboy. And it contrasted strangely with his other side, the shrewd and calculating young man of business.

His behaviour was perfect. Back outside her hotel, as he handed her from the car, he said: "I know it sounds soft for a man to use the word, but it's been Heaven for me tonight."

She had to be kind. She said: "I enjoyed it immensely. And I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Is there any hope of—another?"

Helen's forehead wrinkled. "I don't know. You can call me Helen if you like, Ned. But you mustn't get wrong ideas."

His answer was utterly young in its candor. "That's all right. I know I haven't a hope. But I'd like to be in Heaven as long as I can. Wouldn't you?"

What was the answer to that? She laughed and said: "Provided you've got things quite clear, there's no harm if we dance again."

In the next three weeks they went to two theatres and four dances. By his restraint, he might have been a brother. Because of it, she respected him.

There was a quality about his reverence that touched her deeply. On the last occasion, as he handed her from the car after driving her back, she noticed that he was trembling. The pitifulness of it made her say: "I feel guilty. I ought not to have let you take me out."

"Don't worry about me."

"I do worry about you. You're much too nice to be hurt."

"That's my affair. I can take it. I've got to."

Standing there in the warm night, she let her hand rest on his arm. She said: "Ned, we've got to be frank. I know you're in love with me. I wish you weren't. I like you more than anybody I've met, but—"

"I know, I know. I'm not in your class."

"Please don't say that, because it's nothing to do with it—and that old-fashioned stuff is silly, in any case." She paused, wondering how to avoid an emotional good-bye. "We're flying back on Wednesday."

He nodded. "Could you spare me an hour to-morrow? It'll be the last time."

Put that way, it was difficult to refuse. She agreed to meet him by the Admiralty Arch at two, and the first half-hour of that meeting turned out to be a kind of uneasy prelude.

There were long, dead silences broken by attempts at conversation that were meant to be natural and sounded very much otherwise.

They found a secluded seat in the park. He glanced at his watch, and there was a touch of desperation in his manner. But still he could not get out the thoughts that mattered.

"What do you do with yourself over in Washington?"

"I've acted the hostess since mother died. Apart from that, I dabble in painting. Second-rate, amateur daubs. But I'm very keen on art."

He said suddenly and almost fiercely: "I've been thinking all night. What I'm going to say may sound crackers. I can't help it. It's this. If you ever got to like me enough, would you marry me?"

There was such agony in his voice that she had to deal with him gently.

"I've told you, Ned. I like you very much, but—"

"Yes, but suppose a miracle happened and you got to like me more? After all, you've said there isn't anybody else, yet."

He was tugging something out of his pocket. "What I'm darning to hope is that absence might make the heart grow fonder."

"What have you got there?" "This," he said, and snapped back a catch, and a magnificent engagement ring glared at her. His voice rose in a feverish gable.

"I've got to finish. I must, or I'll go mad. Would you accept this ring, and then, later

on, if you feel I matter enough, you could put it on, and—"

Pity is a dangerous thing. She said unsteadily: "Oh, Ned, why can't you forget me?"

"Forget you? I'm as likely to forget to breathe. I'm not asking you to be engaged. Honestly, Helen, I'm not such a fool as that. But the idea of you having this ring tucked away somewhere—you might look at it occasionally and remember me and—"

She said: "Sometimes I think you're fifteen instead of thirty. It's hard to resist that side of you. It's like disappointing a young boy."

"You'll take it, then?" he said exultantly.

"I can't, my dear man. For one thing, it's much too expensive. For another—"

"I couldn't insult you with a cheaper one." He stared abjectly at a distant clump of trees. "I can think only in terms of money. There you are. That's my trouble."

Commonsense urged her to refuse. But pity was uppermost.

"If I take it," she said gently, "you mustn't imagine that—"

"Of course I don't. All I ask is that when the right man comes along you'll write and tell me, so that I'll know finally I've got to stop hoping. And, whatever happens, I'd like you to keep the ring."

She sighed, and thanked him. "This is all very unusual. That's the bother with you, Ned. You're unusual. If only you'd been aggressive, a thorough nuisance, I could have dealt with you. As it is—"

She leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead. "There. Now we must go."

He said in a sort of ecstatic daze: "My father thinks money's everything. I've discovered it's nothing at all."

Her laugh was deliberately casual. "I wouldn't say that. Sometimes it's vital. Take that mortgage—"

"I've been working on Daniel Moss. I've made him agree to another six months' grace."

"You've been terribly kind. Have you told him you're in love with me?"

Ned gave the boyish grin. "No fear! That wouldn't have moved him. Just the opposite."

They parted where they had met, by the Admiralty Arch. His last words were whispered: "Good-bye. Miracles happen to some people. I might be one of them."

The air passage back to Washington took two days. They might have been two months, such was the difference between the resumption of the old, familiar ways and life in London. Here things ran smoothly, almost elegantly, under the growing shadow of expense.

On the third morning of her return, her father said with buoyant relief: "What magic did you use on Moss? I've had a letter from him. Another six months' grace."

"They were reasonable."

"Reasonable?" He laughed. "Helen, you've got a charm that would be worth a fortune to some of the professional diplomats." His eyes twinkled.

"Talking of charm, you haven't met Gerry Seldford, have you?"

"No."

"Come out while you were away. He's a junior in diplomacy, but he'll go far. The right type. And he's one of the few left with a really fine estate waiting for him and enough money to keep it going."

"I don't know that I care for young men with so much charm."

Her father smiled. "I'd like you to meet him. I'm playing polo this afternoon. So is he. Come down to the ground and tell me what you think of him."

New style suspender belt

EVER since women began to wear stockings the problem of how to support them, wrinkle-free, has exercised the minds of fashion designers.

The woman of 1953 wears a girdle or step-ins or—if she prefers more freedom of movement and has the right figure—a suspender belt.

Now there's something new in foundation garments. It's a suspender belt which looks as though it might have been inspired by a parachutist's harness. Instead of being worn around the waist, it clings to the hips and stretches diagonally across the thighs.

The July 7 issue of A.M., the popular fortnightly family magazine, contains an illustrated article on this new feminine fashion.

He never attempted to make love in the conventional way. That set her rather wishing that he would. One morning, while having a drink after a ride, he said in that slightly brittle fashion: "People must be talking about us."

"Oh! What d'you imagine they're saying?"

"They're saying, what an ideal pair!"

"Flattering to both of us."

"Not to you. And not to me,

To page 54

PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN

. . . because DISPRIN is soluble



Pain goes faster because Disprin quickly dissolves and is rapidly absorbed into the bloodstream. This is why Disprin must act faster than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., which merely enter the stomach as undissolved particles. As Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid), it is far less likely to cause stomach discomfort.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 25, and the handy 4 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.



DISPRIN Regd.
THE NEW Soluble ASPIRIN

"FEARED COMING OF NIGHT" SLEEPLESS HOURS FROM



BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

**4 MONTHS IN BED...
NOW GARDENS AND KEEPS HOUSE
WITHOUT EFFORT**

Here is a remarkable letter from Mrs. J. V. Pollett of Waratah Street, Leichhardt, one of thousands of men and women all over the world caused to bless the day they first started to take Lantigen 'B'.

Lantigen 'B' is the oral vaccine treatment which has brought such prompt, long-lasting relief from the misery of Catarrh and Bronchitis infections. If you suffer the nasal congestion, obstructed breathing,

throbbing, splitting headaches and pain of Catarrh and Bronchitis, read every word of what Mrs. Pollett has to say about her own wonderful recovery after years and years of misery. Six years ago, she wrote—

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchitis and Catarrh. Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. I used to long for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and about again and I have improved ever since. I am up and about again and I have dragged down. I can sleep full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I just use well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache. I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B'. If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."

Since that letter was written, Mrs. Pollett has suffered no return of the infection which caused such misery and distress.

AND NOW TODAY...

"I might well have died had it not been for Lantigen 'B'. Now I am able to do my housework, to garden and to live a normal, active life. During the years since I first took Lantigen, I have followed your instructions carefully and have regularly taken the weekly maintenance doses you recommend. I have always been glad to tell anybody what Lantigen has meant to me and that is why I freely give you permission to publish this letter as well as the previous one I wrote you."

CATARRHAL POISONS INFECT YOUR TISSUES AND SAP YOUR VITALITY!



LANTIGEN has changed the lives of thousands of sufferers all over the world!... IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU!

HOW LANTIGEN WORKS!

Lantigen 'B' is not merely a temporary method of getting short-term relief. It is an oral vaccine, taken just like ordinary medicine which stimulates the natural healing power of the body to produce antibodies. These antibodies are the natural antidote to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation and thus clear up congestion, ease aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and thereby help to restore general good health and sound sleep. In addition, as Mrs. Pollett's letter demonstrates, they promote the development of long-term immunity against the return of infection.



SCIENTIFIC BACKING FOR ORAL VACCINES

Oral Vaccines are taken by mouth instead of being injected with a needle. Of the oral method of administering vaccines, leading experts on the subject, D. and R. Thomson, in their book, "Oral Vaccines and Immunization by Other Unusual Routes," say, "If it" (the oral vaccine) "is given frequently enough we can be sure that it is gradually getting into the system and thereby producing a cumulative immunizing effect."

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe, writing in the British Medical Journal, says, "In my experience the oral vaccines have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis... Clinical response has also been quite definitely marked in numerous cases."

Go To Your Chemist Today!

Get the first bottle of Lantigen 'B' and take it as directed. If you get the same sort of benefit as Mrs. Pollett and others have received, you can look forward to relief from troubles which have plagued you for years.

Ask Your Chemist Today for

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE

taken just like ordinary medicine for
CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS
RECURRENT COLDS

- COMMON COLDS: Lantigen 'A' quickly relieves distressing symptoms, clears up embarrassing skin complaints helps to promote long-term immunity without painful injections.
- RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS: • HAY FEVER: Lantigen 'E' is proved Lantigen 'C' is the proved treatment for successful in even long-standing cases. Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago.
- BOILS AND PIMPLES: Lantigen 'D' helps to promote long-term immunity without painful injections.



**HOW LANTIGEN CAN HELP YOU
IF YOU SUFFER FROM...**

OVER 3,000,000 BOTTLES OF LANTIGEN SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

Continuing . . .
to be truthful." The corners of his mouth crinkled. "It seems to me we're both lucky."

"You sound rather certain of yourself."

He smiled lazily. "I always get what I want. I'm a little bit selfish, naturally. But that's part of me, in the same way as another man may have big feet."

"That's an excuse, and I don't agree with it."

"I haven't asked you to, Helen of Washington."

She happened to feel in the bottom of her bag for a handkerchief, and her fingers touched the ring. A curious sense of guilt tugged at her. She ought to write to Ned and tell him. But it was going to be terribly difficult to break the news gently.

The more she thought about it, the more she shrank from composing that hurtful letter. It would have to be done some time, but—not yet, not yet.

"A dollar for them," said Gerry.

"They're not for sale."

"Then tell me for nothing."

She shook her head. Gerry was the last person in the world to understand a thing like that. Gerry and Ned were poles apart. Gerry would never be nervous in love, never reverent, never openly sentimental.

In a way, he appealed more to a girl's head than to her heart. She realised that she would be ashamed to tell Gerry of that episode. He was too sophisticated.

Three times she started to write that letter to Ned. Three times she tore it up, failing to find the right, unswerving words and sentences. She deceived herself with the idea that it would have been easier to explain things to him with her own lips.

Without any warning, she was given the chance. Her father said: "Listen, my dear. Gerry Sefton's being sent to London for a week or two. Course of duty. They're giving him a spot of leave as well. He's flying on Monday."

"Well?"

He patted her shoulder. "I'm your father. I can see which way the wind's blowing. You were made for each other."

She said slowly: "I'm not absolutely sure."

He laughed tolerantly. "No girl is until she's married. Anyhow, Gerry would love to have you trotting around with him in London. You could stay with your Aunt Georgina in Knightsbridge."

"Apart from the cost of the fare—"

"I'm coming to that. I had a lucky flutter on the Kentucky Derby, so," he added with the manner of a benevolent magician, "it's all fixed up. I've booked you a seat in Gerry's plane. And I've cabled Aunt Georgina."

The news excited and yet scared her. In London, she would have to see Ned and tell him. There was no getting out of it. The mere thought of that meeting made her feel she had behaved abominably to him.

She should never have gone around with him in the first place, never accepted the gift of that ring. She had let him hope for a miracle. And all this had come about because of misplaced pity.

"What's the matter?" said her father.

"Only thinking."

"Girls of your age," said her father, who could be somewhat fatuous at times, "shouldn't bother themselves with thinking. They should just enjoy themselves. You're only young once."

It was almost three o'clock when Dot came back from lunch. Land and Finance Limited had had a busy morning, keeping her hard at work

You Can't Buy Love

from page 53

until two. As she walked in, Ned was taking a file from a shelf.

She said: "Oh, Mr. Ned, who d'you think I saw just now?"

"Ask me another."

"That Miss Ashburn."

He looked at her in quick disbelief. "You couldn't have done. She's in America."

"I tell you, I did," said Dot indignantly.

"You've made a mistake."

That riled her. She said perkily: "Think I'm blind, or daft, or something? I'd know her anywhere. She was wearing a royal-blue frock and a light blue coat, and a bow in her hair. I just caught sight of her going into the exhibition of French art at Burlington House. I've made no mistake. Not me!"

Then she noticed his curious, stilly manner. "What's up?"

He said: "I'm going out for a while. May not be back for an hour or two."

Something in his expression gave her the clue. Her eyes widened. As he grabbed his hat and hurried out, she whistled and said to herself: "So it's like that, eh? Well, I hope he's lucky. She's a smasher, all right."

Ned was walking fast, while his thoughts cropped for an answer. What did it all mean? Surely, if she had come back to London, she would have let him know? Perhaps she had sent him a cable and it was on its way. Planes were sometimes quicker than cables these days.

That's what it was. The explanation cleared the puzzle from his eyes. Exultant delight tingled through him. The pavement became springy turf. He felt he could jump over the traffic with bubbling, effortless ease. He was going to see her again.

Heading for Burlington House, he stopped at a jeweller's where he was known. The absolute ache to give her another present would not be denied. He would like to give her the world, if only she would accept it.

He said: "I want a lady's wrist-watch. Something good."

They showed him a dozen. He selected one. "This'll do. How much?"

The assistant murmured: "Ninety-two guineas."

"O.K." He wrote out a cheque, pocketed the case, and walked out on air. His throat was taut with nervous excitement. London itself had become suddenly filled with beauty. Life trembled with splendor.

At Burlington House he paid the admission fee and went in. It might take him a while to find her. That didn't matter. Every second of anticipation was more heady than the one before.

He began to wander through the many rooms, looking for her. There were plenty of people around, and oceans of pictures. Among this confusing jumble of color and movement his eyes kept searching for anything blue—a blue coat and a bow in her hair. That's what Dot had said.

At the end of twenty minutes he started to wonder if Dot had made a mistake, after all. As far as he could gather, he had been through all the rooms. A notice proclaiming "To the Tea-Room" gave him another field of search. He scamped down the stairs, peered his head through the doorway, and studied all the tables. No, not here.

Back upstairs, he tackled an attendant. "I'm looking for a lady in a blue coat. Brownish

To page 55

hair and blue eyes, and about twenty-three."

"Well, sir, there're a lot of people here."

"You're telling me! Think I could have missed any of the rooms?"

"Maybe." The discerning attendant grinned. "Why not have another shot, sir?" He jerked his thumb. "Try that way."

He tried that way, searched through two rooms, and came to the doorway of a third. Here there seemed fewer people. On the walls were comparatively modern pictures, some of them strangely casual in their treatment. And yet even he could gather the genius of them.

In the middle of the room was a seat. And she was there, reading a catalogue.

He stood where he was, in a climax of enchantment. The profile of her face, the curve of her cheek, the lights in her hair—these things were woven of magic and kept him spellbound.

He had an absurd, delicious urge to creep up behind her and slide his hands over her eyes and say: "Guess." But perhaps it wouldn't do in public. She might not like it.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . You Can't Buy Love

from page 54

His fingers went into his pocket and drew out the case. He patted at his tie and straightened it. He drew a little breath and walked towards her.

Through the doorway opposite strolled a graceful young man. Ned scarcely noticed him. With the case in his left hand, he was standing within a yard of Helen, his mouth opening to say: "Hello!"

The young man spoke. He said: "Excellent. You gave the right map reference. Praise me for being punctual. And now, my Helen, what about some tea?"

At the same time Helen caught sight of Ned. A paleness crept through her skin. Her lips smiled at him, and her eyes had a startled, hunted look.

She said: "I never dreamed away."

There was a silence. The graceful young man glanced inquiringly at Ned. Ned thought he could hear Helen's heart beating.

In a low, dry voice she said: "Let me introduce you. This is Gerry Seldford—Ned Moss."

Gerry nodded. Ned held out his hand. Helen seemed to be groping for something to say. It was left to Gerry to break the tension. He looked discerningly from one to the other and said in his easy, casual way: "I'll see you later, Helen. I'll give you a ring at your aunt's. I'm sure you two are wanting a chat."

He smiled and sauntered out, and there was another silence.

Ned found his voice at last. He said calmly enough: "If you could spare half an hour,

we might cruise in a taxi. It's as good as anywhere to talk."

"Yes," she whispered.

They went out and he hailed a taxi and told the man to go for a drive round. Helen sat looking at her lap. Her hands were making aimless movements.

Ned said: "I think I can guess. You're not to upset yourself. Please, please, don't. He's the right sort for you. That sticks out a mile."

"Ned, I was going to write to you. And then, when father fixed this trip, I thought it would be easier to wait until I saw you."

Her mouth was trembling. He could not bear that. He said again, with cheerful pretence: "You're not to upset yourself. It was all my fault for not taking 'No' in the first place. I'm glad Dot happened to see you. It's given me the chance to tell you not to worry about me at all."

"Ned, I—"

"My dear, I understand, I tell you. I've learned a lot lately. One thing I've learned is, you can't buy love."

"Ned! I never tried to!"

"Oh, yes, I did, in a way. Take my money from me and what's left? Something very ordinary. You're streets too good for me. It was only my money that made me think I had a ghost of a chance."

She said chokily: "You're wrong."

"No, Helen, I'm right. Thank you for being kind to me. That's something to remember all my life."

For a moment his jaw hardened. "If that chap doesn't make you happy— But he will; of course he will. Oh." His hand came out of his pocket as if it had found something unexpected. "I bought this on the way. Could you possibly accept it—as a parting gift?"

She was crying now, and it took the heart out of him.

"For heaven's sake, don't!" he said desperately. "You mustn't be sorry. Why should you? Your happiness is the only thing that counts. Nothing else. And, by the way, about that mortgage. Would you allow me to pay it off as my present to you when you're married?"

She fought to say something and failed. He said gently: "Don't you realise I've lived in a sort of fairyland for months, thanks to you? Some men never get that at all. Now, please smile."

He had shot his bolt. He was sitting very still, like a man who dared not say another word, for fear of breaking down.

What happened next was incredible. Her head was on his shoulder. She was still crying in a quietly unrestrained way. She was saying: "I know the truth at last. You're so splendid you've made me see it! You say you can't buy love. You can, but not with money. You've done something to me, Ned. You've bought me without money. You've bought me with yourself."

The taxi-driver, happening to glance around, smiled broadly, and glanced discreetly away.

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NOW! WORLD FAMOUS
FORHAN'S
announces sensational new

CHLOROPHYLL
TOOTH PASTE



A completely new scientific formula with a super-cleansing action! Contains a special detergent which imparts shining whiteness to even the dull, badly stained teeth—quickly removes unwholesome nicotine stains.

- * Combats decay—helps keep gum tissues healthy.
- * Destroys mouth odours.
- * Keeps breath fresh.

The perfect toothpaste for all the family! Pleasant foamy action, refreshing minty flavour. Children love it! Ask at your chemist or store to-day.



Forhan's (Regular) Toothpaste is also still available everywhere—1/8—and large tube 2/7.

Asian Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

FIRESIDE PARTY QUIZ AND PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Guess Who" answers

HOLLYWOOD stars pictured as children are: 1. Elizabeth Taylor. 2. Richard Widmark. 3. Gregory Peck. 4. Gene Tierney. 5. Jeanne Crain. 6. Jimmy Stewart. 7. Donald O'Connor. 8. Shelley Winters. 9. Susan Hayward. 10. Gene Kelly.

"Poets' Australia" answers

1. Dorothea Mackellar, "My Country." 2. Arthur Balydon, "Sunset." 3. Henry Lawson, "The Roaring Days." 4. A. B. Paterson, "Clancy of the Overflow." 5. Dorothea Mackellar, "My Country." 6. Will H. Ogilvie, "After the Horses." 7. Will H. Ogilvie,

Below are the answers to the quizzes and puzzles in our Fireside Party section. The "Guess Who?" film star picture puzzle is on page 13, the "Poets' Australia" memory test on pages 14 and 15, while the sports quiz and music quiz are both on page 16.

"From the Gulf." 8. Henry Kendall, "September in Australia."

Sports quiz answers

1. Football, hockey, basketball, ice hockey, polo, water-polo, polocrasse, lacrosse. 2. Bowls. The correct term is "a bowl." 3. Ken McGregor, Keith Miller, Kel Nagel, Ken Rosewall.

4. Ice hockey, golf, pole-vaulting, speed car racing, cricket, bowls, wrestling. 5. The 100 metres. 6. Wrestling. Diving. Tennis. 7. Flyweight. Bantamweight. Featherweight. Lightweight. Welterweight. Middleweight. Light-heavyweight. Heavyweight. 8. Skating. 9. In sculling.

10. A cannon. 11. Sailing. 12. Baseball, Rugby Union, Basketball, Lacrosse, Cricket, Hockey, or Soccer.

Music quiz answers

1. "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen," "Screenade in Blue," "My Devotion," "White Christmas," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," and "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings." 2. Edison is wrong. He was responsible for the phonograph, which used cylindrical recordings. The gramophone, using discs, was invented by Emile Berliner, a German who lived in Washington. His first machine appeared in 1887. It played five-inch discs, and was rotated by hand.

3. Old-time music hall and comic songs. 4. Miklos Roza. 5. Fred Gaisberg and Percy Honri.

6. Vaughn Monroe. 7. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band. The record was a Victor, made in 1917, and combined "Dixieland Jazz One-Step" with "Livery Stable Blues."

8. 1925 marks the invention of electrical recording. 1927 the year of the first electrical reproduction of records.

9. Eve Boswell for Vera-Allen, Helen Kane for Debbie Reynolds, Annette Warren for Ava Gardner, Jo Ann Greer for Rita Hayworth.

10. "Mary Had a Little Lamb," spoken by Edison. The tinfoil cylinder was never used commercially.

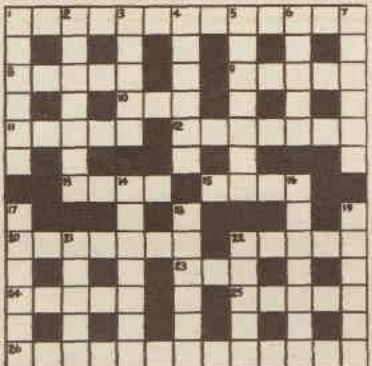
11. "Oklahoma!" It has sold more than 1,500,000 copies.

12. "High Noon."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This unappealing quality sounds as if the devil has no mental faculty (13).
2. Gateway of a Shinto temple (5).
3. Lunter took his seat on an article (5).
4. Before (3).
5. This State produced the first escalator, but could be wrecked by flying machine (5).
6. Alice or a mixed unit of heat (7).
7. Pitfall but not the whole when it turns (4).
8. Weakened Nelson's blood (4).



DOWN

1. Purpose in temporary shelter (6).
2. Wall of a balcony in equality with a favorite (7).
3. You come across this gazelle in the temper (5).
4. Look as one hundred in darling (6).
5. Narrow-minded (7).
6. Bury (5).
7. Roy and Ned together are confused at a distance within view (6).
8. Perigalthe makes a Greek god get old (7).
9. Load dog put in order in Venice (7).
10. Speaker or a rocky peak (6).
11. Surname of the "Young Pretender" (6).
12. Journey's end is in their meeting (6).
13. The number one in my French short advertisement (5).
14. It would repulse if you turn this sick man (5).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1953

You can rely on
NUGGET

Because . . .

- IT COMPLETELY COVERS SCUFF MARKS
- IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
- NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER
- NUGGET TINS REALLY OPEN WITH A TWIST



★ The world's largest selling shoe polish



FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm. Nixoderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

Cherub shoes
for children
AT ALL GOOD STORES



Taste that Chicken!

Taste Continental!



EVERYONE'S EATING IT ... LOVING IT ... BUYING IT ...

You know first sip that you're enjoying Continental Chicken Noodle Soup. It's that home-cooked chicken flavour that brings families back for more.

As keeper of the family purse-strings, you'll know that there's another reason for serving Continental, too. Continental makes 4 big man-sized helpings, costs even less than regular home-made soups.

Because Continental is such a complete and satisfying soup just as it comes, you may never have discovered the dozens of

delectable possibilities in that slim silver envelope. Why not serve it next Sunday and then—for variety and good eating—ring flavour changes for your weekday meals.

You can serve a brand-new variation every day

MONDAY



Chicken-in-the-Corn

What with the washing and one thing and another you probably haven't much time for cooking, but you can still cheer the homecomers with bountiful bowls of wonderful hot soup.

Add 1 package Continental, 1 cup canned corn and 1 tablespoon minced onion to 2 cups boiling water. Cook 7 minutes, add 1 cup milk and reheat without boiling.

P.S. Why wait for Monday?

TUESDAY



Creamy Curried Chicken

Problem: a chilly day—and the Sunday joint down on its uppers. *Solution:* Get off to a fine hot start with a delicious curried soup.

Cook 1 package Continental in 2 cups boiling water for 7 minutes. Add 2 cups white sauce flavoured with 1-2 teaspoons curry powder and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Request from the family: "Let's have this often!"

WEDNESDAY



Garden Soup

Sandwiches are pretty cold comfort in the lunchbox this weather. Why not fill a vacuum flask with good, hot, appetising soup—chick-a-blokk with vegetables for health? To 4 cups boiling water add 1 package Continental, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each finely-grated carrot and parsnip and 1 tablespoon each minced celery and onion. Cook 7 minutes.

N.B. Stay-at-homes will race about it, too.

THURSDAY



French Brown Onion

You say "Do stay to lunch?" hoping they won't. They do, of course, and you save the situation—in minutes, mind you—with a soup that would do credit to a chef. Fry 2 peeled, thinly-sliced onions in $\frac{1}{4}$ an oz. of Copha till golden-brown. Add 4 cups boiling water and 1 package Continental. Cook 7 minutes.

Prediction: They'll ask for the recipe.

FRIDAY



Golden Chicken Soup

Home late from shopping? Getting dinner in a rush? These little pots of gold will be welcome as the rainbow. And they'll be ready in less time than it takes to set the table.

Add 1 package Continental and 1 cup finely-grated carrot to 4 cups boiling water. Cook 7 minutes, serve with toasted appetits. Comment: Taste that flavour, taste that chicken!

SATURDAY



Chicken Velvet Soup

It's hungry work, cheering the home team to victory—so make it hot, make it hearty, make it easy on the cook! Win or lose, they'll be crazy about your thick, hot chicken soup.

Cook 1 package Continental in 2 cups boiling water for 7 minutes. Add 2 cups thin white sauce. Reheat and serve with parsley or paprika.

Footnote: They'll say you're a reiz of a cook. They'll be right, too.

You can be sure of the products recommended by BETTY KING

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, Mellah Dessert, Copha, Lipton Tea. ★

Address all correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.

WB 35/10/53

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1953

Make a little go a Long Way

By
**OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS**

• **Sauces, gravies, vegetables, rice, potatoes, bread, and spaghetti are useful for stretching a small quantity of meat or fish to make more servings.**

WHEN extending small amounts of meat and fish by adding sauces, vegetables, or cereals, it is wise to follow the recipes carefully so that the original flavor of the food is not lost.

Seasonings should be added judiciously. Do not be afraid to taste and taste again.

Ingredients used to make meat or fish go further are usually of a starchy nature and are very satisfying. To make a more balanced meal, start with a fruit appetiser or finish with a tangy fruit dessert.

Meat balls which feature in most of the recipes below may be prepared well ahead of time and kept in the refrigerator or ice-chest until required for cooking. Flavor is improved by advance preparation.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

MEAT BALLS

One pound topside steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-sized onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste.

Trim steak and put through mincer, add finely chopped or grated onion, cheese, and breadcrumbs. Bind with beaten egg, season with salt and pepper. Shape into balls slightly smaller than a golf ball. Cook as suggested in the following recipes.

MEAT BALLS WITH TOMATO, ONIONS, AND PEAS

One quantity uncooked meat balls (prepared as above but made smaller in size), 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 small chopped onion, 1 small tin tomatoes (or 2 whole skinned tomatoes and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice or purée), salt and pepper to taste, 6 or 8 small whole white onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. baby carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peas.

Melt shortening, add chopped onion, and brown lightly. Stir in chopped tinned tomatoes and juice (or chopped fresh tomatoes and tomato juice or purée). Stir until boiling. Add meat balls, cover closely, and simmer gently 1 hour. Small whole onions and carrots should be added after meat balls have been simmering 15 minutes; peas should be added 20 minutes before serving. If preferred, baby carrots (or carrot wedges or thick slices) may be cooked separately. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

COTTAGE-STYLE MEAT BALLS

One quantity meat balls prepared as above, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon gravy browning (or a little Parisian essence), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock or water, pepper and salt to taste, 1 cup sliced prepared beans, 3 medium carrots cut into chunky pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked potatoes, 1



tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Cook chopped onion in melted fat until lightly browned. Add flour and cook until the flour begins to color. Stir in gravy browning (or Parisian essence) mixed with stock or water. Stir until boiling. Season with salt and pepper. Add meat balls, cover, and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add prepared beans and carrots, cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer. Turn into ovenware dish. Mash potatoes, beat in milk and butter, cream well. Pipe or spoon around edge of dish. Place in moderate oven until potato is lightly browned.

LIVERWURST BALLS

(A piquant titbit to serve with cocktails or as a before-dinner appetiser with plain crackers.)

Half-pound liverwurst sausage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft, white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, salt, cayenne pepper, finely chopped parsley.

Place skinned liverwurst into a basin. Add breadcrumbs, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, and mayonnaise. Mix well, seasoning with salt, if necessary, and cayenne pep-

per. Shape into small balls—about the size of a marble—and roll in finely chopped parsley. Spear each one with a cocktail stick before serving.

FISH BALLS WITH CURRIED RICE AND EGG SAUCE

Two cups flaked cooked fish (fresh or tinned), 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ beaten egg or 1 or 2 tablespoons white sauce, flour, egg glazing, browned breadcrumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 2 teaspoons curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Combine fish, mashed potatoes, parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Bind with beaten egg or white sauce. Shape into small balls, using a little flour to coat surface. Dip in egg glazing, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden brown. Drain and keep hot.

Mix hot, freshly cooked rice with onion, butter, half the curry powder, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix balance of curry powder into hot white sauce, add chopped, hard-boiled egg. Serve hot fish balls with rice and sauce, garnish with lemon and parsley.

ITALIAN MEAT BALLS

One chopped onion, 2 tablespoons fat, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped tinned or fresh tomatoes, 1 cup stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove of garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ beaten egg, cooked spaghetti.

Brown onion in fat, add tomatoes, stock or water, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly 30 minutes until reduced and thickened. Combine steak, breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, and finely minced garlic. Bind with egg. Form into small balls. Brown lightly in hot fat, add to sauce; cook gently 15 minutes. Serve with cooked spaghetti.

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE are three satisfying main dishes. They are meat balls with tomatoes, onions, and peas, cottage-style meat balls, and fish balls with rice. Liverwurst balls (at left) are good before-dinner appetisers. See recipes below.

6 wonderful NEW ways with - "CHOCOLATE CRACKLES"



ONE BASIC RECIPE makes all these variations

8 ozs. Cofpa, 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons (heaped) cocoa, 1 cup coconut, 4 cups Rice Bubbles.

1. Combine dry ingredients in a mixing bowl.
2. Melt Cofpa in a saucepan pour onto dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.
3. Spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set, or follow variations below.

NO COOKING



PIE SHELL

Turn mixture into greased 9" or 10" pie plate, press out evenly to cover base and sides. Chill. Use for cream type fillings.



TARTLETS

Turn mixture into greased shallow patty tins and press out evenly to shape. Makes 12 tartlets for ice cream or other cold fillings.



SNOWBALLS

Allow to cool until firm enough to handle. Mould into balls and roll in coconut. Chill till firm. Twenty small balls.



SNOW PEAKS

Mould mixture into pyramid shapes. Top with coarse or shredded coconut and place on a tin lined with greased paper until firm. Makes about 16.



FUDGE

Press mixture firmly into 6" square tin. Allow to set. Cut into 1" blocks. Makes 36.



ICE CREAM WAFER

Spread mixture thinly on greased paper. Allow to chill. Cut into squares, triangles or oblongs.

Always ask for delicious, nourishing

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

* RICE BUBBLES is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its brand of oven-popped rice.



Avoid this

Baker's CAKES

Obtain this

Sold by Stores Where Quality Counts

in 6d. and 1/- Cartons

Tempting sweet wins £5 prize

Moulded trifle de luxe, a luscious and simple sweet, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THE layers of this sweet are arranged in a plain mould. Although only the custard is jellied, the sweet retains its shape when turned out if it is well chilled.

If coconut macaroons are not available, add 3 to 4 tablespoons of coconut and 1 dessertspoon of sherry to the custard before putting it into the mould.

An appetising rabbit dish, savory steak casserole, and orange and caramel pudding win consolation prizes.

Unusual, interesting, and original recipes from readers are welcomed for this popular weekly recipe contest.

All spoon measurements used in our recipes are level spoons.

MOULDED TRIFLE DE LUXE

One 7in. sponge, 2 cups hot milk, 2oz. glace fruit, vanilla, 3 tablespoons hot water, 8 coconut macaroons, 14 table-



MOULDED TRIFLE is an easy-to-make sweet which is ideal for a special occasion luncheon when you want to impress your guests. Glace fruits add to the flavor and can be cut into pieces to make an effective decoration for top. See prize-winning recipe.

spoons gelatine, 2 eggs, sherry, 4 tablespoons sugar, whipped cream, almonds.

Warm milk; add sugar, stir until dissolved. Add beaten egg-yolks, stir over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool. Add

gelatine dissolved in hot water. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Fill into mould to depth of 2in. Moisten macaroons in sherry, press into partly set custard. Cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Sprinkle with chopped glace fruits. Cover with tin. layer of sponge. Prick with fork, sprinkle with sherry. Chill. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with whipped cream, almonds, and extra fruit.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Graham, 49 Pemberton St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

SAVORY STEAK CASSEROLE

One pound bladebone steak (cut thinly), 4 sausages, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1½ tablespoons fat, 1 large onion, 1 large tomato, 1 small white turnip, 1½ cups stock or water.

Cut steak into 4 even pieces. Roll each piece of steak around a sausage, and secure firmly with cotton. Roll in seasoned flour, and fry in hot fat for 10 minutes, turning frequently. Place in casserole. Fry thinly sliced onion, turnip, and tomato for a few minutes. Place on top of meat rolls. Add balance of flour to remaining fat in pan, allow to brown. Stir in stock or water, when boiling pour into casserole. Cover and cook gently 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Morrissey, P.O. Box 10, Boyanup, W.A.

ORANGE CARAMEL PUDDING

Two ounces sugar, 2½ cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1oz. shortening, 1 cup hot milk, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 egg.

Mix together sugar and breadcrumbs. Melt shortening in hot milk and pour over breadcrumbs. Set aside for 10 minutes. Add orange rind and juice to beaten egg, and fold into breadcrumb mixture. Place in a greased piedish and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Sprinkle top thickly

with extra sugar and caramelize under hot griller.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

RABBIT, FAMILY STYLE

One young rabbit, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 rasher bacon, pinch mixed herbs, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 2 teaspoons sugar, salt and pepper to taste, juice of 1 lemon, 1 egg.

Soak rabbit in cold salted water ½ to 1 hour. Joint rabbit, place in saucepan with chopped onion and water to cover. Bring to boiling point, simmer until nearly cooked, about 1 hour. Add chopped bacon, herbs, breadcrumbs, parsley, ginger, sugar, salt, and pepper. Continue cooking until rabbit is quite tender. Beat egg with lemon juice and add to rabbit, reheat without allowing to boil. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. K. Clark, Taranna, Tasman's Peninsula, Tas.

Care of the teeth

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

THE responsibility of mothers as guardians of their children's teeth cannot be too much stressed.

Ill-health in later life is often directly or indirectly due to unhealthy teeth.

Pre-natal influences, natural feeding to promote good development of mouth and jaws, proper diet, hard foods to encourage correct mastication, a choice of mouth-cleansing foods, and careful dental hygiene all help to ensure a healthy set of teeth.

The prolific use of sweets, starchy biscuits, and similar foods in the diet is the main factor in early tooth decay.

A leaflet giving hints on how to safeguard children's teeth can be obtained from the Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with the request.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:



IRIDESCENT NAIL VARNISH will renew the lustre of pearl buttons or ear-rings that have lost their brightness. Faded frames of sunglasses can also be rejuvenated in this way.

WHEN washing blankets, rinse in water in which a block of camphor has been dissolved, to guard against moths.

TO cook potatoes quickly, pierce in several places with a skewer before putting them on to boil.

PLACE oranges in a moderate oven or in boiling water for a few minutes before peeling. Pith will then come away easily.



SHOE POLISH will last longer if a disc of buckram or coarse net is glued or taped firmly over the top of the tin. This not only acts as a filter for the polish but stops it from spilling should it break into pieces.





ACCESSORIES TO MATCH YOUR DECOR

By JOAN MARTIN

THE personal element is so strong in the selection of accessories for the home that almost anything is suitable provided you like it enough.

But placing these accessories so that they are shown to their best advantage is quite an art.

To learn you must study the lovely effects achieved by professional decorators, or, better still, by those talented and artistic people whose homes reflect their impeccable taste.

Whenever possible, look through the latest home decoration magazines, and pay particular attention to the decor when watching a play or seeing a movie.

Small accessories for small rooms, large accessories for large rooms are obviously desirable, but if you are like me and cannot resist bits of charm in the way of bowls, vases, and all the other colorful odds and ends, you probably have a not-altogether-untable collection on your hands.

However, you bought them because you liked them, and for that reason you want to use them, so sort them out.

Some may not be important enough for the living-room, but would look charming in a bedroom or the dining-room.

If the ornaments are small and apt to look lost when placed singly, group them on a little hanging shelf (see picture at right).

Useful accessories such as clocks, ashtrays, lamps, cushions, book-ends should be in keeping with, and

scaled to, the rooms in which they are used.

In a formal room, for instance, don't use accessories which would be more at home in a modern and more informal setting.

Pottery ashtrays and ornaments, hand-woven cushion covers, and lamps of somewhat geometric design look well in a room furnished in the contemporary style.

One of the most important items on your furnishing list is a lamp.

For formal rooms many beautiful vases and ornaments in period design can be converted with great success into lamps. The shades should be kept in harmony and in scale.



IN the two pictures above I have tried to show how accessories can be used to improve a room.

Comparing the pictures, you will see that in the bigger one I have moved the furniture, added a screen, and replaced the small hearth mat with a medium-sized rug.

The screen balances the bookshelves, which, being high, tended to

make the room look lop-sided.

The bigger rug is in proportion to the size of the fireplace. For the same reason the large picture replaces the inadequate mirror above the mantel.

The chair and the standard lamp have been placed conveniently to the bookshelves, and the various ornaments are in keeping with the scale and style of the room.



Housework is hard ...until you find relief from **BACKACHE**

No wonder housework is hard ... no wonder there seems more to do than one pair of hands can possibly manage ... for backache turns the most ordinary tasks into weary toil. But when backache is due to sluggish kidneys, that is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, soon ... because many women gain relief simply by relying on DeWitt's Pills. This diuretic medicine acts promptly to stimulate sluggish kidneys back to normal activity, so that harmful waste matter is properly expelled from the system. If you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come with the recommendations of grateful people all round you.

Read what Mrs. R. W. of Murrumbidgee, N.S.W., writes:—

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MW10-53

Pattern for beginners

F2657.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make lace-trimmed waist petticoat. Sizes: 26in. to 32in. waist measurement. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. 1in. lace insertion. Special price, 2/6.



F2657

F2651.—Box-pleated skirt. Sizes: 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F2652.—One-piece with sharp, knife-pleated skirt and moulded top. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires ½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2653.—A charming new-look ensemble features a slim sheath dress and matching box jacket. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires ¾ yds. 54in. material and ¾ yds. contrasting braid. Price, 3/6.

F2654.—Modulated skirt fullness and contrast bodice trim for a softly styled one-piece. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires ¾ yds. 54in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2655.—Matron's daytime dress designed on flattering lines. Sizes: 36in. to 42in. bust. Requires ¾ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2656.—Boy's safari jacket. Sizes: For 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 485.—INFANT'S FOUR-PIECE LAYETTE

Lace-trimmed layette, including dress, carrying coat, petticoat, pilichers, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The frock, coat, and petticoat are in rayon crepe-de-chine and the pilichers in white dannellette, the complete layette is also obtainable in cream cotton. The lace trimming is supplied. Size: Infants to six months. Price, rayon crepe-de-chine, dress 19/11, petticoat 9/3, carrying coat 20/11, pilichers 13/11, postage 1/4; pilichers (dannellette) 9/3, postage 7d., complete set 18/11, postage and registration, 2/6. Cream, dress 26/6, postage 1/4; carrying coat 28/6, postage 1/4; petticoat 18/11, postage 1/4; pilichers 9/3, postage 7d. Complete set, 82/6. Postage and registration, 2/9.

No. 486.—THREE TEA-TOWELS

The linen-finish tea-towels are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. The towels are finished with a multi-colored border of red, green, yellow, and blue or a plain blue. To finish, finish machine or hand hem edges. Size 22" x 32", price, 6/11 each. Postage, 8d. extra. Set of three, 20/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

No. 487.—INFANT'S NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET

The pretty two-piece is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in white dannellette. Size: Infants to six months. Price, nightgown 10/3, postage and registration, 1/4 extra; jacket 7/6, postage, 8d. extra; complete set 17/9, postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 488.—SMALL BOY'S SUIT

Tailored ranger suit for a small boy is obtainable cut out ready to make in crease. The color choice includes cream, yellow, brown, grey, and green. Sizes: 17in. for 1 year, 20/6; 18in. for 2 years, 20/3; 19in. for 3 years, 20/11; 20in. for 4 years, 21/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



AMERICAN-STYLE SWEATER

● This smartly styled sweater is designed for two-way wear. For snug warmth it has a separate tuck-in dicky with a high polo neck. It can also be worn without the dicky as a dainty short-sleeved sweater.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" crepe wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 7oz. (A), 7oz. (B), 8oz. (C), 8oz. (D), 9oz. (E), white; all sizes 2oz. sea-pink, 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles, crochet hook No. 12; 2 small pink buttons; 5 small white buttons.

Measurements: To fit (A) 32in., (B) 34in., (C) 36in., (D) 38in., (E) 40in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, (A) 19in., (B) 20in., (C) 21in., (D) 22in., (E) 23in., length of sleeve from underarm, (A) 3in., (B) 34in., (C) 4in., (D) 4in., (E) 5in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1in.

BACK

Starting at lower edge with white wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 102 (B-10), (C-120), (D-130), (E-138) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 54 (B-34), (C-34), (D-34), (E-34) in.

Next Row: Change to No. 10 needles and knit across, inc. 26 (B-26), (C-24), (D-22), (E-22) sts. evenly across, 128 (B-136), (C-144), (D-152), (E-160) sts.

Purl next row. Now work in st-st. (knit one row, purl one row) until work measures 124 (B-13), (C-134), (D-14), (E-144) in. from commencement.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (once each side). Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (once each side). Dec. once at both ends of every alt. row until 100 (B-106), (C-112), (D-116), (E-118) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 4in. from first row of armhole shaping, ending with purl row.

Back Opening: Knit across

50 (B-53), (C-56), (D-58), (E-59) sts., place rem. sts. on a stitch holder to be worked later.

Work across sts. on needles until work measures 7 (B-7), (C-7), (D-8), (E-8) in. from first row of armhole shaping, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 (B-7), (C-9), (D-10), (E-10) sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row 3 (B-4), (C-2), (D-3), (E-2) more times.

Sizes C and E only—Cast off 11 sts. at same edge.

Cast off rem. 18 sts. for back of neck.

Pick up sts. from stitch holder, cast on 5 sts. at divided edge of placket, work these 5 sts. in ribbing and the rem. sts. to correspond with other side, reversing shapings and casting off 23 sts. for back of neck.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shapings have been completed, ending with purl row.

Front Opening: Knit across 50 (B-53), (C-56), (D-58), (E-59) sts., place rem. sts. on stitch holder to be worked later.

Work across sts. on needle until piece measures 44 (B-5), (C-54), (D-54), (E-54) in. from first row of armhole shaping, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 6 sts. at front edge, then cast off 2 sts. at same edge every alt. row 3 times. Dec. once at same edge every alt. row until 32 (B-35), (C-38), (D-40), (E-41) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 7 (B-7), (C-7), (D-8), (E-8) in. from first row of armhole shaping, ending at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as for back. Pick up sts. from stitch

holder, and work to correspond with other side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Starting at lower edge with white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 90 (B-95), (C-100), (D-105), (E-110) sts., and work in st-st., inc. once at both ends of 5th row and every following 4th row, until there are 100 (B-105), (C-110), (D-115), (E-120) sts. on needle.

Work without shaping until work measures 3 (B-3), (C-4), (D-4), (E-5) in., ending with a purl row.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (once each side).

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (once each side). Dec. once at both ends of every alt. row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.

BRAID

With two strands of white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 5 sts.

1st Row: Slip 2 sts., k 2, pass 2nd slipped st. over two k sts. or to left-hand needle and knit this st. through back of loop, knit next st.

2nd Row: Slip 1, p 4. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows alt. for patt., making piece long enough to go around half of neck and one edge of front opening. Make a second piece the same length.

Work 2 more pieces 14in. shorter than lower edge of each sleeve.

White wool and right side of work facing, d.c. closely around back opening. Break off wool.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew side and shoulder seams. Using crochet hook, work 4 rows of d.c. along left side of opening. Work 2 rows of d.c. along right side, making 5 buttonhole loops in 2nd row. Sew underlap in position. Sew



KNITTED BRAIDING trims the neck and sleeves of this versatile sweater, which can be worn with or without the dicky. Directions for 5 sizes are given on this page.

on buttons to correspond with loops. Sew braids around neck edge and front opening as illustrated. Sew sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Sew braid around lower edge of each sleeve, easing sleeve in to fit under braid.

BIB

Commencing at lower edge of front with No. 12 needles and pink wool, cast on 52 (B-56), (C-60), (D-64), (E-68) sts. Knit in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 15 (B-15), (C-16), (D-16), (E-17) in.

Neck Shaping: Work across 26 (B-28), (C-30), (D-32), (E-34) sts. and place on stitch

holder to be worked later. Cast off 10 sts. for neck, work across rem. sts. Cast off 4 sts. at neck edge every other row twice. Dec. 1 st. at the same edge every other row until 8 sts. rem. Work without shaping until piece measures in all 15 (B-16), (C-17), (D-18), (E-19) in. Cast off. Pick up sts. from stitch holder and work to correspond with opposite side, reversing shapings.

COLLAR

With pink wool cast on 124 (B-130), (C-136), (D-144), (E-152) sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 6in.

Cast off in ribbing. Sew centre of long edge of collar around neck edge of bib. Insert bib in front of sweater and sew lower edge in place. Sew free edges of neck edge of collar to back edges of neck. Sew the 8 cast-off sts. of bib to each shoulder seam of sweater. Crochet 2 button loops near neck edge of collar, spaced to correspond with loops on sweater. Sew buttons on opposite side of collar to correspond with loops.

This design has been made available exclusively to us by "Good Housekeeping."

Smart striped-yoke sweater

Materials: 12oz. Patons "Azalea" crochet wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 11oz. grey (shade 3463), 1oz. blue (shade 3079); 6 buttons; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit a 42-44in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 234in., length of sleeve from underarm, 17in.

Tension: 8 sts. to the in. in width.

FRONT

**** Using No. 10 needles, cast** on 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit 2. **2nd Row:** (K 1, p 1) into first st., (p 1, k 1) into second st.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., knit plain to last st., inc. once in last st.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., purl to last st., (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows until there are 96 sts. on the needle. Leave these sts. on a stitch holder and work another piece in a similar manner.

Sl. sts. from st.-holder on to end of needle in use (192 sts.). Join in wool and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., knit to last st., inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., purl to last st., (p 1, k 1) into last st. (196 sts.).

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k 95, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 95, inc. once in last st.

4th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows eight times.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 2 tog., k 94, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 94, k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 2 tog., purl to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 91, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 91, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 88, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 88, k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k 85, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 85, k 2 tog.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k 82, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 82, k 2 tog.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 79, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 79, k 2 tog.

12th Row: Like the 2nd row. **13th Row:** K 78, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 78.

14th and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

15th Row: K 77, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 77.

Cont. in this manner, working 2 sts. less in every alt. row until 140 sts. rem., ending with right side of work facing.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Inc. once in first st., k 67, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 67, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Join in blue wool and rep. 1st and 2nd rows, working four rows of blue and six rows of

grey alt. until the 5th blue stripe is worked.

Shape for shoulders as follows:

Keeping cont. of stripes (six rows grey, four rows blue), proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 66, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 66, k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 64, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 64, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 62, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 62, k 2 tog.

Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row until 72 sts. rem.

In the next row k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog., turn.

Keeping cont. of stripes dec.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

15th Row: K 77, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 77.

Cont. in this manner, working 2 sts. less in every alt. row until 140 sts. rem., ending with right side of work facing.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Inc. once in first st., k 67, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 67, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Join in blue wool and rep. 1st and 2nd rows, working four rows of blue and six rows of

● Knitted on the cross, this sweater has a slimming effect.

one st. at each end of every alt. row until 3 sts. rem.

K 3 tog. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre, cast off 50 sts., and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work from ** to ** as given for front.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Inc. once in first st., k 67, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 67, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twenty-four times.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 2 tog., k 66, k 2 tog., turn, leaving rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: Cast off 3 sts., purl to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows three times.

Cast off rem. sts.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Cont. working on these sts., dec. one st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 30 sts. rem., ending with right side of work facing.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Cast off 2 sts., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. **5th Row:** Cast off 3 sts., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

6th Row: K 1, purl to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows three times.

15th Row: K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre, cast on 4 sts. for underlap and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 70, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Cont. working on these sts., dec. one st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 34 sts. rem., ending with wrong side of work facing.

Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Cast off 2 sts., purl to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. **5th Row:** Cast off 3 sts., purl to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows three times.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 58 sts., and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in plain smooth fab-

ric, inc. one st. at each end of the 1st and every following 6th row until there are 112 sts. on the needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 17in. from commencement.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next six rows, then dec. one st. at each end of the next and every alt. row until 46 sts. rem., then dec. one st. at each end of every row until 26 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

FRONT WAISTBAND

Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up 140 sts. evenly along lower edge of front.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Cast off in rib.

BACK WAISTBAND

Work exactly as given for front waistband.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams with back-st. seam. Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, knit up 154 sts. evenly around neck.

1st Row:

2nd Row:

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

Cast off:

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces carefully. Gans 4in. back-st. seam and flat seam for ribbing, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back neckband and sl-st. on wrong side. Work one row of d.c. down back opening, making six loops for buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond, and stitch underlap in position.

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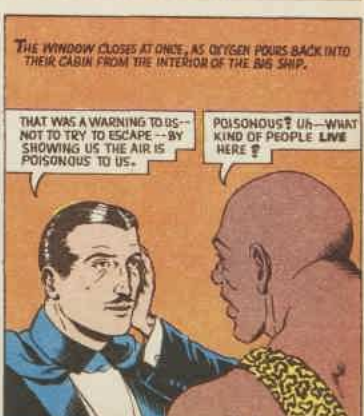
Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trapped inside a strange dome which suddenly takes off into the air with them inside. The dome lands on the side of a mother ship, which takes off for an un-

known destination. Mandrake believes they are being taken to another planet as specimens of earth life.

PRINCESS NARDA: Meanwhile, tells her story and is not believed. She calls on her friend the astronomer for help. NOW READ ON:



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"JANET" — Two-piece pyjamas with a pretty floral trim is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality flannelette. The color choice includes pink, blue, lemon, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/6.



"LEILA" — A trim skirt styled with soft fullness and two large pockets. The material is check cotton gingham, the color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, and lemon and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 45/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 34/6.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 80. Frocks must be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 642 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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photographs.

No one knows better than a
mother how active children
can be.

When she gives them Arnott's Famous Milk
Arrowroot Biscuits, she gives them the sup-
port they need in the way she knows is best.

famous
MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality